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SINGAPORE

An American Problem

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WHERE the Pacific meets the Indian Ocean, the world's most powerful naval base guards the white man's stake in the Far East. Will American ships be called upon to defend it? Imperial Singapore bristles with fortifications; it has the guns, the docks, the planes, the men needed to keep an enemy at a respectful distance. But it has no ships. Britain can spare no battleships for use east of Suez, and the cruisers, destroyers, and submarines of her Asiatic fleet, based at Hongkong, are nothing much to crow about. The United States, on the other hand, maintains a formidable battle fleet in Pacific waters but lacks adequate Far Eastern bases to operate from. This is why a British-American agreement, covering the use of the Singapore base by American ships, sounds like a reasonable give-and-take proposition. It makes sense.

The Singapore fortress was built, with a capital outlay of roughly \$80,000,000, to serve as a concentration point for a gigantic fighting fleet. A look at the map shows that the place was well chosen. The tropical island of Singapore

dominates the nine-mile-wide entrance into the Indian Ocean where Britain's vast and practically defenseless Indian Empire beckons — Asia's most tempting prize. It lies, moreover, in the hub of a huge circle which embraces the Netherlands Indies, French Indo-China, British Hongkong, and the rich Malay States. Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines lie within the range of Singapore, and even the eastern coast of Africa and the western coast of Canada could benefit from its strength. Three quarters of the land territory of the British Empire is grouped around Singapore.

There was only one potential enemy in the minds of the honorable M. P.'s who passed the Singapore bill in 1923: Japan. And the effort of making the fortress impregnable gathered momentum with the growing strength and aggressiveness of the Japanese Empire. True, the islands of Japan are some three thousand miles removed from the base. But Japan's navy is rampant in the China Seas, and Japan's armed forces have crept alarmingly nearer in the last three years. Hainan, the strategic island off the

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coast of South China, is in Japanese hands. Indo-China, at this writing, is rolling into Japan's broad lap; and the southern tip of that French colony, with the fortified port of Saigon, hangs over Singapore's head at a distance of only five hundred miles. Japan, seen from the palm-studded beaches of Singapore, is not a mirage, but a reality.

It was to defend the white man's colonies from the hungry Japanese that the Singapore fortress was voted into existence; it is for this purpose that it may be used in the near future. Japan's armies are mired in China; they have won all the battles, but victory is not in sight. Even if victory were complete, however, China could yield no riches. Thus, while Japan's army is striving for a face-saving compromise in the dusty plains of China, Japan's navy is getting up steam. It is waiting for the signal to lift the anchor chains and to steam down into warm equatorial waters, where islands rich in oil, rubber, tin, and ores invite conquest.

We do not know where the Japanese will be going next. It depends on what is happening over London, in the Balkans, in the deserts of Africa. It depends, too, on the immediate future of Singapore. For while Japan's keen and ambitious admirals are waiting for their European partners to give them the green light, Singapore is the only place where a red light could stop them.

It is no secret that a southward expedition aimed at the Netherlands Indies has long been mapped in every detail by the admiralty in Tokyo. These wealthy islands, scattered through a space almost as large as the territory of the United States and inhabited by 65,000,000 brown people, are the most precious of the floating prizes of this war. They have everything the Japanese haven't got — rubber, iron, tin, some gold, almost all the world's quinine, most of its kapok and pepper, and the largest oil fields in the Far East. These raw materials would pump new blood into Japan's industries. They would, through

sale abroad, pump new gold into her nearly empty coffers. And the vast population of the archipelago would constitute a safe and valuable market for products made in Japan.

Can the Indies be defended? The islands are well fortified, and the local Dutch administration has done a splendid job of building up a large army of bright and loyal Eurasians. Naval forces of considerable strength are based in Soerabaya and other ports, and the Dutch air force, made up of fast and expensive American planes, is said to be in top shape. But whether these efforts will suffice to keep an approaching enemy away from the islands' shores appears doubtful. The defense problems of the archipelago are strangely similar to Norway's. There is an immense coast line which affords innumerable points where a landing could be made. There are bays and inlets which open up patches of valuable territory inaccessible from the rest of the colony. The vital port of Balikpapan on the island of Borneo, for example, where the oil pipes meet the sea, is surrounded by impenetrable jungle which insulates it from the remainder of Borneo. It could be invaded by relatively small units of an enemy fleet; and after a surprise landing it would take a colossal effort to dislodge such enemy forces.

Military observers doubt whether Japan could spare enough ships for such an expedition; they also doubt whether an expedition could get that far without being spied, and bombed or torpedoed out of existence. But, at least for argument's sake, it could be assumed that a totalitarian nation can always spare enough of anything if its leaders mean business; besides, an expedition aiming at the local occupation of one or two strategic ports (not of the entire archipelago) would not have to be large. The Germans did not use large armadas to steam up the Norwegian fjords. As for the discovery of a southward move in time to stop it, it must be said that those

are tricky waters, that the expedition would not have to come all the way from Japan, but from some advance base such as Hainan or Indo-China, and that a lot of open water would have to be surveyed day and night to achieve the purpose.

This is where Singapore comes in. Ships can carry men and equipment from Singapore to Batavia in ten hours. Planes can get there in less than two.

The protection of the Netherlands Indies was a part of the Singapore scheme even before the islands were orphaned by the German occupation of their mother country. Britain's economic stake in the archipelago is considerable. Through the partly British-owned Royal Dutch Shell combine, Britain has a hand in the exploitation of the islands' oil resources; the British investment amounts to over \$130,000,000. Britain's share in the colony's trade and shipping is heavy. Apart from such economic interests, however, British statesmen knew that they could not afford to let the islands fall into the hands of an enemy; they could not afford to have the Empire's communications with Australia severed at will, and to face the muzzles of enemy guns across the street from Singapore. Today, Britain's interest in defending the Dutch islands is even greater.

The United States has solemnly affirmed, through the Secretary of State, her vital interest in the preservation of the status quo in the Netherlands Indies. A look at our import statistics shows that we depend heavily on the islands' rubber. Along with the tin produced in near-by British Malaya, we need it for the smooth execution of our armament program. To help in the islands' defense, however, American forces might have to be based in Singapore rather than rely upon the existing American facilities in the Philippines.

Battleships want to have their bellies scraped at least twice a year. There is no dry dock in the Philippines where battleships or large cruisers could put in for

such essential repairing and overhauling jobs. The nearest dry dock is in Singapore. It was erected there to save British ships the trip to Malta, six thousand miles away. A huge floating dock, which can handle ships larger than any units in existence, was towed all the way down to Singapore from England. Thus, two of the world's largest capital ships can be refurbished simultaneously at Singapore. With not a single ship of the line stationed there, the base is like a chicken farm without chickens.

There is another ironical aspect to this situation: even to defend the Philippines, a fleet might have to be based in Singapore rather than in Manila Bay. Despite General MacArthur's efforts to build up a native army in the islands, which would be able to take over when the Stars and Stripes are hauled down in 1946, Philippine defenses remain pathetically inadequate. The islands lie directly in the path of a Japanese thrust to the south, and their northern outposts are almost in sight of Japanese Formosa. A Japanese landing could be effected without much ado along any of thousands of points of the unguarded coast line: chromite, iron, copper, and gold would be the booty.

This, again, is where Singapore comes in. Advocates of an American 'visit' to Singapore suggest that our ships, with the facilities and resources of the British base at their disposal, might issue from that port unhampered by Japanese torpedoes, bombs, and mines. They might steam up some fifteen hundred miles to intercept a Japanese expedition and to give battle victoriously. Such an event, however, is apt to remain hypothetical. The mere stationing of large American forces at Singapore is likely to deter the Japanese from an armed venture to the south. It was this thought that prompted Japan's Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, to register his profound concern when plans for British-American coöperation at Singapore were first mentioned in the press.

II

As long as Singapore is a naval base without a navy, the visitor who first sets foot there does not feel that he is entering the arena of tomorrow's war. The city, which was a jungle-surrounded fishing village when Sir Stamford Raffles acquired it for the East India Company in 1819, is one of the world's largest commercial ports. The first impression is one of peace rather than of armed preparedness. Thanks to its position on the main thoroughfare between the West and the East, Singapore enjoys the monopoly of Europe's trade with East Asia; some \$750,000,000 worth of commerce moves through its harbor every year. Some two hundred and fifty steamers are tied up along its piers every day. They have to put in here on their way out to China, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan. In times of peace, Singapore was the great commercial clearinghouse for all of south-east Asia. Today, with many of the China ports paralyzed by the Sino-Japanese war, it has taken over much of the China trade. Incoming cargo is transhipped here for the precarious voyage over the Burma Road, and Singapore harbor is humming with activity.

Behind the bustling waterfront there is a hot tropical city, with all the color and the excitement and the strange contrasts of the Orient. In the windows of Western stores the luxuries of five continents are arranged in dazzling displays. Shiny black automobiles carry colonial officers, white business men, and an occasional Chinese millionaire. They are easily outdistanced by alert rickshaws (rickshaws for two!) and the bearded Sikh policeman will stop both rickshaws and automobiles to clear the path for a trackless trolley. The town's white rulers congregate for whiskey and soda which they call *stengah* — the Malay word for 'half' — in the lobby of one of the cosmopolitan hotels, or in their club. They spend the evening in an air-conditioned theatre and they may

take a drive along the beaches where the dark surf reflects a silvery moon, or across the causeway to the sultanate of Johore, before retiring to their bungalows. Coconut and rubber plantations surround the city.

According to our geography books, the Malay Peninsula is inhabited by Malays. In this city of Singapore you won't see many of them. Those brown, gracious, slow-moving, and lazy people, Mohammedans by religion, still prefer the leisure of the jungle. Most of Singapore's 700,000 people are Chinese immigrants, alert, hard-headed, businesslike fellows, and good and orderly citizens, whether they are rickshaw coolies or wealthy merchants. The colony's richest man is a Chinese who is said to have made his fortune with a gambling concession. It is the Chinese element that gives Singapore its peculiar color. Chinatown, with its picturesque signs, abacuses, noodles, lacquered chickens, and long chopsticks, extends over most of the city.

The Japanese have filtered in more recently. There are, by now, several thousand of them, and they have given the British administrators the 'yellow fever.' They form a closely knit group which shows a remarkable *esprit de corps* and whose activities are difficult to check. Many of them are traders — Japanese cotton goods in the Singapore market sent shivers down the spines of Lancashire merchants years ago. More recently the anti-Japanese boycott of the local Chinese community has squeezed some of those Japanese out of business. But Japanese fishermen still roam Singapore waters doing more business than any other group, although some of those fishing licenses have recently been revoked. There are Japanese barbers, shopkeepers, and the representatives of large Japanese merchant houses and shipping lines. There is a Japanese golf course, and a large luxurious Japanese Association building. Whether all this adds up to a Japanese fifth column is difficult to say.

Some twelve miles away from Singapore city, the 'fortress' lies hidden in the thick jungle. Ammunition dumps, repair shops, and the two huge docks form the naval base at Seletar, on the northern shore of Singapore Island. There, reclaimed from swamps and jungle, are the sites of the RAF air base, oil stores that can keep an entire fleet afloat for half a year, and the most powerful radio station in the Orient. The base is protected by eighteen-inch guns, the largest coastal batteries in the world, which are placed at Changi. There are colossal searchlights, anti-aircraft guns, and steel nets for protection against submarines.

Singapore's preparations for 'the day' revolve, however, around the island's air force. It consists largely of Lockheed bombers which were ordered in the United States before the war began. They were shipped to Australia early in 1940 and were taken to Singapore by members of the Australian air force who are now stationed at Sembawang, outside Singapore city. These planes, flying in formations of five, are constantly on patrol over the fortress, often flying out over the ocean for a distance of five hundred miles. Singapore's fighting man power is being augmented rapidly. On the ground, there are three battalions of British infantry and a large number of troops from British India, including an Indian anti-aircraft regiment. An army of seven thousand technicians and mechanics stand with screw drivers handy.

It is evident from all this that the Singapore scheme was conceived from the viewpoint of defense, not attack. An approaching enemy would think twice before tackling the 'Gibraltar of the East.' Singapore's big guns, firing over a distance of twenty-five miles, are likely to keep the Japanese at more than arm's length. The only possible danger, then, that remains is the danger that the architects of the Maginot Line inexcusably ignored: aggressors are curious people; they do not like to attack fortifica-

tions known to be impregnable. They'd much rather take a detour.

Singapore is out on a limb. The limb is the long and slightly crooked Malay Peninsula on whose southern tip Singapore lies. In its northern reaches, the limb is alarmingly thin. Some five hundred miles above the fortress, only the narrow isthmus of Kra separates the Pacific from the Indian Ocean. Cut the limb at this point, and Singapore will be left without life. As it happens, the Isthmus of Kra belongs to Siam, a colorful, Oriental jungle kingdom, the only independent nation in southeastern Asia. For years the British rulers of Singapore have cast a worried eye on their neighbor to the north. Siam, which is now Thailand, might well turn into another Belgium in the event of an Anglo-Japanese clash.

III

Few of us have been aware of the very realistic war which has been raging for months along the jungle-overgrown border between Thailand and French Indo-China. As soon as Japanese troops filtered into that French colony from the north and east, the well-trained armies of Thailand attacked it from the west. The details of this war are not known — chiefly because of a scarcity of war correspondents in that insignificant corner of the world. But it can be surmised that Thailand's action was welcomed by Japan, which for a good many years has played the rôle of Thailand's protector. Japanese influence in Bangkok has grown stronger of late, and there is little doubt that Thailand's place in greater East Asia has already been specified. Japan at present contemplates raising the legation at Bangkok to embassy status, and, with Japanese troops all over neighboring Indo-China, Thailand may well be expected to 'look up to Japan as an elder brother.'

Singapore is within easy bombing distance of a base which the Japanese might like to establish in the green jungles of

Thailand. But a far more formidable danger lurks behind Thailand's friendship with Japan. The Isthmus of Kra, at its narrowest point, is only twenty-five miles wide. The range of mountains running the length of the Isthmus is interrupted by a valley here, and the alluvial soil and the equal water level of both oceans would make the construction of a shipping canal possible. For several years rumors have asserted that such a canal would be built by Thailand with Japanese financial and technical aid. Thus far, no steam shovel has scratched the Isthmus. But Singapore merchants look up north with apprehension: a shipping canal at Kra would deprive them of their monopoly, as it would cut the trade route between Europe and the Orient by three days. And the military wonder what good their eighteen-inch guns would be if another gate opened into the Indian Ocean.

As long as the British Empire stands, the Kra canal is not likely to be built. Its western entrance would lie in the shadow of British guns mounted on the southern tip of Burma. Besides, Britain still holds the purse strings in Siam; practically all of Thailand's public debt is made up of sterling loans, floated in the London market, and most of Thailand's securities are deposited in London banks. A British financial adviser draws up the Thailand budget, and a large proportion of Thailand's public utilities and private industries is British-owned. Sir Josiah Crosby, Britain's envoy in Bangkok, is said to have offered Thailand a loan of \$20,000,000 together with a promise to help her recover her lost territories from French Indo-China. As long as larger issues are in the balance, little Thailand might like to wait and see, profiting from the wooing of both London and Tokyo. If she should jump to Tokyo's side of the fence, revisions of the Singapore scheme will become necessary.

These are the stakes. As the defense of France was based upon the Maginot Line, so the defense of the colonial em-

pires of eastern Asia is based upon Singapore. The British Government, in the teeth of a strong parliamentary opposition which refused to support this 'colossal folly,' poured its millions into Singapore to stop the march of Japan. At the time the Singapore scheme was born, nearly two decades ago, such a plan appeared quite realistic. Japan was in the process of modernizing her army and navy, her industries were making rapid strides, her markets were expanding, her power was growing fast. It seemed appropriate to build a naval base to check that power. Europe was at peace, and Britain could afford to envisage a clash between herself and Japan which would involve no other nations. Then, as Nazi Germany rose in Europe, the chances of such an isolated conflict in the East became less likely.

Until the outbreak of the European war, Britain was ready to station a full-fledged battle fleet, including four or five of her largest units, at Singapore. This is no longer possible. Will the American Navy fill the gap? The risk of such a venture is terrific. With every day, as Japan creeps closer to the equator, the narrow waters around Singapore become more perilous. Japanese airplanes and submarines stationed at advance bases are likely to hamper the operation of large cruisers and battleships. Battleships are expensive, and the hitting power of Japan should not be underrated. While it is still easy to get into Singapore, it may be difficult to get out of it.

Under the circumstances, it is quite likely that the Singapore fortress will remain intact. But is it not likely that the Japanese may turn it into a death trap? What is needed to fight Japan in Oriental waters is a complete navy, a complete army, and a complete air force. Nothing would be more welcome to Nazi agents, both in Tokyo and in the United States, than the diversion of such large forces, whether they be British or American, from the theatre of the European war.

INSIDE JAPAN

BY JAMES R. YOUNG

I

THE Japanese people enter a New Year weary of three and a half years of an undeclared war which their army calls holy, and irritated with the sacrifices and deprivations resulting from that struggle. Militarily, the campaign in China was won by Japan. But the real battle is with the millions of Japanese homes affected by death, disease, shortages of food and commodities, and the viciousness of uncontrolled inflation, which has become a serious social-welfare problem.

The Japanese, a regimented and orderly people at home, do not mind the 72-hour week, but they object to four fifths of a pound of sugar monthly, no pure butter, milk only in certain areas, four matches a day, and no cotton or wool for clothes. Rice is short. Wheat is gone. A few extra pennies in the housewife's hand are no longer sufficient temptation to the bird of high cost of living, which has flown out of reach of millions of Japanese families.

Japan is overrun with economic police and thought police.

The first category includes the squads which in two years arrested 688,000 Japanese business men, suspected of bootlegging commodities: foods, metals, medicines, gasoline, leather, cotton, and even tires and tennis balls. The thought police imprison people by the scores — people suspected of not thinking in line with government decrees. If the Spiritual Mobilization Committee orders the people to endure personal sacrifices, the

population grumbles, and the duty of the thought-police squads is to round up those who dare to think out loud, at dinner parties or in private group conversations. They have jailed over 1200 professors from colleges and universities. The seriousness of this situation is mirrored by the recent surprise appointment of a Lieutenant General as Minister of Justice and the appointment of Baron K. Hiranuma as Minister of the Interior, under whom the economic and thought police operate. This is part of the army's move to prosecute more severely those who attempt to escape the emergency legislation.

Laborers in the giant war-industries plants are earning boom-time wages. The deprivation hits hardest at the white-collar class — the doctor and his nurses, teachers, students, store clerks; their costs of living have mounted three to five times, with no adjustment in wages. The quality of their food has depreciated. The clothes they buy are made of staple fibre and last but a matter of months.

Epidemics are feared. Water is low in the two municipal reservoirs — feeding Tokyo's 6,500,000 people. Scarlet fever, diphtheria, and dysentery are mounting. The water shortage is due to the enormous increase in building munitions, armaments, and heavy-industries plants which have mushroomed around Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka. Coming to work in these plants are hundreds of thousands of families. Their demands for water have added to the distress of

city authorities in conserving the supply. The army blames the shortage on lack of rain. The public growls and does not believe this explanation. If a citizen grumbles too loudly, he will be summoned by the thought police. If he uses more than his ration of water or electricity, he is chastened by the economic police.

Farmers face the worst rice shortage in years. They blame the lack of rain for poor rice crops. Japan has had to ration rice, her main staple. All this, behind-the-scenes Japanese say, is due to the war in China, and not to a lack of rainfall.

Japanese prefer polished rice — its whiter, full-bodied kernels and flavor have more appeal. In polishing, the bulk content is reduced as much as 30 per cent. The government has decreed that in homes and restaurants at least 70 per cent of unpolished rice must be used with 30 per cent of the polished grain. This is an attempt to cover on fast-depreciating government stores and to meet the shortage brought on by lack of water from mountain reservoirs which feed the irrigation ditches. Heavier rice supplies are needed to send to China for Japan's soldiers. More rice too is needed for army horses and mules. Farms are short of labor; wages in factories have drawn men and women to the urban industrial areas; less rice is planted and harvested. People dislike the 70-30 ratio, for the unpolished kernel produces a brownish rice less flavorful, although more nourishing.

Japan is forced to import rice from Burma and Siam (Thailand). To the Japanese the imported grain has not the accustomed taste; it is more costly, and this forces the government to release depleted reserves of foreign currency to help feed the people.

If the present season shows no improvement, there may be a rice famine in Korea and Japan proper this winter, duplicating the serious shortage in Manchuria last season.

Milk consumption in Tokyo has been

reduced to 12,000 gallons a day for 6,500,000 people. Powdered milk, always a big item in the grocery stores, is scarce, in part because of the shortage of containers. Butter is a rarity, and the once fine Trappist cheese blocks have disappeared. In densely populated Tokyo, milk is at a premium. If once you had three bottles a day for your family of six, today your ration is half a bottle. The cows do not give as much milk as formerly, since the fodder, rice, and feed are being largely appropriated for army mules and horses. The dairy farmers are up against it: they are forced to pay higher prices for feed but must sell their milk at a government-controlled price; their gasoline is rationed, and in certain cases their trucks have been commandeered by the army.

Ice cream is fast disappearing, as is ice itself. Chocolate is no longer imported, and all the spices, oils, and condiments once in favor in so many Japanese homes are gone with China. Even the time-honored custom of serving wine at funerals has come under a ban. Village elders in some of the country districts have taken such action in the belief that no use is served by following this old custom when the nation's way of living is being so drastically reformed.

The shortage of rice has cut down on the feed mixtures for chickens; the chicken gets even by producing fewer eggs. Pigs are being slaughtered because there is not enough feed for them. Farm horses suffer because of the feed reservations for the army horses.

II

Before continuing with this story of privation, one might pause to ask how the Japanese are taking this situation. The Japanese are a docile and patriotic people, and at first they accepted these economic sacrifices as a necessary make-shift. For months the National Spiritual Mobilization Committee sought to maintain the proper point of view among the

people. But, despite the Committee, masses of the people have become pessimistic and all too questioning of the outcome of the war. Those who have money are beginning to hoard commodities. They participate in illegal transactions. They bootleg cotton goods, leather, and rice. Those who have less to spend eat porridge with sweet potatoes, do without medical supplies, thin their rice, and grumble under their breath. One housewife has developed what she claims is a military secret — a brew which looks and smells like coffee but which has actually been concocted from baked sweet potato.

In a year and a half, 200,918 persons were hauled in by the Japanese economic police in the city of Tokyo alone for illegal transactions. There are not sufficient jails in the city to hold the violators. Persons detained are finally placed on probation and repeat their offenses, knowing there is not enough cell space to house them if they are again caught. They deal in leather, cotton, woolens, silk, rice, wine, copper, iron, gasoline, lumber, sugar, and many food products.

American and European women left in Japan since the evacuation order their silk stockings from Wilshire Boulevard stores in Los Angeles or Market Street, San Francisco. At controlled government prices, Japanese silk manufacturers, in the land of silk, make no profit. Hence they do not manufacture stockings for local retail stores; they export what they make. The dearth of labor, shortage of electricity, and lack of permits for new machinery have combined to wreck the hosiery industry.

Japanese wives of business men and diplomats, and Americans returning to their homes in Nippon, stock up with a traveling grocery store before they leave Seattle or San Francisco. The quiet Mrs. Kensuke Horinouchi, wife of the former Japanese ambassador to Washington, reached her home in Tokyo in November with a Dutch oven, leather shoes, powdered milk in tins, canned butter,

crates of canned goods, particularly tomato juice, cereals, cotton piece goods, clothing, woolens, stockings, frying pans, black tea, soap, cold cream, powders, sterilized cotton, gauze, medicines, sugar, and crates of lemons and oranges — a single orange brings one dollar and a lemon more than that on the bootleg market if it has an American label.

III

Japan's present government could be labeled a 'staple-fibre cabinet.' In their first enthusiasm the people called staple-fibre material 'patriotic fibre.' Then, as the novelty wore off, the Federation of Women's Societies in Tokyo began to compile a list of defects in staple fibre. Japanese wear split-toe socks. Made of staple fibre, these fell apart after a few washings in boiling water. A cabinet minister complained that his children were buying too many socks, that the maidservant was extravagant in buying so much toweling; as a government official he found the ersatz policy had hit home. Staple fibre undoubtedly saves on importation of American cotton, but, as the women's societies point out, to make the itchy and inferior ersatz material the manufacturer requires chemical, coal, water, and special machinery, which, in turn, are badly needed elsewhere.

The sale of cotton goods was prohibited over two years ago.¹ Now even cotton for medicinal purposes is procurable only with a ration ticket, the army and navy excepted. Hospitals have experienced a shortage of cotton gauze and bandages and materials for anæsthesia. The dearth of iodine, aspirin, and quinine makes the situation extremely serious.

Bare feet are encouraged. Imitation leather is expensive, and staple-fibre shoes last but a few months. In some

¹ But the government sees to it that Tokyo's 7000 policemen are in new cotton uniforms, made of pure cotton and guaranteed not to wash away in the rain. — AUTHOR

prefectures, school children have gone barefoot. The army needs the leather on its long march through China. But, with fewer buses and streetcars, the populace must walk, and poorer-quality shoes deteriorate quickly under these conditions.

The once valuable foreign tourist trade is gone. In 1936, the year before the undeclared war on China, the famous Fujiya Hotel had 15,000 Americans and Europeans. The number has fallen to less than 4000. This coming winter, tourists to Japan will be inconvenienced by the shortage of sleeping and dining cars on the railways. The cars are needed for army hospital trains and military purposes, and there are insufficient steel and iron to build new rolling stock. Sightseeing parties and cherry-blossom excursions are frowned upon. Travelers must stay at home. This is hard on the Japanese, for, like the Germans, they are great hikers, tourists, and shrine visitors.

If you are a hotel manager, this is your dilemma: no more coffee, less tea, restrictions on milk, and no pure butter; steel beds are not manufactured; cotton sheets and towels are prohibited; and the porters and maids prefer to work in ammunition factories. The coal shortage causes guests to complain; elevators must not operate, and there is little profit in the depleted bars. No wonder hotels are being converted into office buildings.

Japan — as is true of all Europe — has a paper shortage. Candidates for election this year are in a fix — the ballot is shortened and the use of printed matter for campaign material is restricted. No more engraved wedding or engagement cards — that saves on paper, and prevents the use of copper plates needed in the munitions plants. Thinner postcards are being issued by the government to save paper and pulp. In one year Japan used 140,000,000 postcards. Three thousand newspapers and magazines have suspended publication, many

under government compulsion, on the grounds that newsprint must be saved. Telegraph blanks have been reduced in size, and the government is campaigning to reduce greeting and condolence messages. In Korea, telegrams are accepted only two hours a day, which helps to discourage the number of messages sent. The acuteness of paper shortage affects school supplies, textbooks, paper towels and rolls, and paper windows in Japanese houses. Newspapers have but four pages in the evening and four in the morning. Extras are prohibited. Paper novelties are no longer on sale. New Year and Christmas greeting card sales were practically prohibited, the latter as part of a growing anti-Christian campaign.

IV

While the economic police seek out the hoarders, criminal police are looking for thieves in the metal market. People take in their pumps at night. Water thieves steal the water, and metal thieves steal the pumps themselves to sell for military scrap iron. Metal fences, man-hole covers, doorknobs, kitchen utensils and gadgets, have a way of disappearing. The metal scarcity has hit the telephone business. No copper wire, and a lack of switchboards, have run the price of a telephone up to over \$500, and you wait a year of Sundays to get it. Once you do get a telephone at this price, you can mortgage the instrument as you would an automobile or tractor, provided the economic policeman does not catch up with your transactions.

The Japanese have a policeman for everything.

The plain-clothes man wants to know what you are thinking. The specialist checks on how much water you use. Now comes the electric squad. In contrast to the service idea of American utilities, Japan does not want her people to use electricity, though they have had in use every type of electrical appliance known in America.

Electricity consumption was ordered voluntarily reduced 35 per cent. That failed to work, so the government in some areas turned off the current every other day. If you violate the electricity control law, you are liable to three years in jail and a fine up to \$1200. Electric refrigerators, irons, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, beauty-parlor apparatus, and dentist's drills are no longer manufactured. There arose the problem of power on off days for the armaments factories; the people would not turn off their meters voluntarily. New power lines had to be erected to run electricity exclusively into factories, as the public could not be trusted to keep their lights and fans turned off. The extra lines meant increased use of expensive and scarce copper wiring. Electric clocks would not keep time because the cycle of electric power was so reduced, and have had to be turned off. All such clocks have strips of paper pasted on their faces with the obituary notice 'Not running.' To overcome this predicament, millions of homes and business houses had to buy new clocks of wood frames and metal parts. For a people as prompt as the Japanese must have their clocks — if not electric, then the key winders.

Tokyo is a nine o'clock town — during shortages, the water is turned off at 9 A.M. and the electricity weakens at 9 P.M. If you must read in the evenings, 30-watt bulbs are permitted. Contrariwise, the Minister for Education wants better lighting to aid eyesight, and larger book and newspaper type so that the people can be better trained in reading propaganda. The eyesight gets worse, the newspapers cannot obtain larger type owing to a metal shortage, and the light bulbs are reduced in size, since the import of Chinese tungsten has been cut off by guerrilla activities.

Gas and gasoline are controlled. At 9 P.M. taxis are scarce. Fares are nearly doubled, and the number of taxis halved. After nine o'clock you bribe the driver, who takes you half the

distance and then wants a new bribe to finish the trip. Taxis are not permitted to do business after midnight. You can, however, pay a dollar to sleep in the cab until 6 A.M., when the police will permit the vehicle to operate. If late at night you are seriously ill, you walk to the nearest police station, fill out a typical Japanese questionnaire, and, upon approval, are permitted by the police to have a taxi for a trip to a hospital — provided you can find a taxi with gasoline, and provided you have the necessary funds.

A Japanese friend remarked to me jokingly that sickness should be encountered early in the month. The gasoline ration is greater the first twenty days. From then on, the supply is less and the ambulance may be unable to make a trip until the first of next month.

To save gasoline, the government allots \$500 for each bus and truck as a subsidy to use charcoal-burning apparatus. This is a costly saving. The engines choke, sputter, and stop on slight inclines. In winter they do not heat quickly. High-precision engines were not made to run on charcoal or corn-cobs. Everywhere on the streets and in the country you see buses and trucks stalled by the wayside. Passengers pick up their bundles and walk. Streetcars run on less power, so fewer streetcars operate. Going out tonight? Better plan to stay with your host and hostess. There will be few taxis or streetcars after you've finished your bridge game. Going to the movies? Remember the government has reduced the power and with it the sounds from the screen. Some people would call that a blessing.

Lack of coal has reduced the amount of gas available for heating, cooking, and industrial uses. No more can you get gas stoves, gas appliances, or even a small piece of lead pipe if you want the stove moved to another side of the kitchen. The lack of coal miners holds down the production of coal for the gas works. The lack of trains holds up

delivery if the coal is taken out of the pits. To replace the men who are in the army or in factories, women and children are working in the mines of Western Japan.

An American business man, just returned from nearly thirty years in Japan, reported to the State Department that 'Japan's domestic situation is approaching hysteria. The commodity shortages and lack of war materials will become worse. The antiforeign campaign is an attempt by the government to divert the people's attention from their insecurity and lower standards of living. People everywhere are asking, "Why should the war continue? When will it end?"'

People are lucky to get a Saturday-night bath, and in Japan, where bathing is a national and almost daily custom, this is quite a blow. For a city the size of Tokyo — 6,500,000 people — 600,000 tons of water is not enough. School children bring water with them in little bottles. My wife was in a beauty parlor on the third floor of a downtown building. The women working there had to bring up water in small cans from downstairs to handle the shampoo work.

Japan is suffering a water drought, but one of the chief and unexplained reasons is the demand for water by factories and the hundreds of thousands of new homes in factory districts. Every plant needs tons of water in its storage tanks. Tons and tons more are required in the air-conditioned spinning industry, rayon factories, cement plants, leather tanneries, and chemical works. Tokyo itself has had a million people added to its armaments population. These people need water; so do their factories. Less than two weeks' water supply is contained in the city's reservoirs. When rain does fall, families turn on the faucets to fill wells or tubs. The water shortage has increased the fire hazard, and, with more combustible areas, the danger has increased.

If your house or office is on a hill, no more water comes through the pipes. You wait for the man with an oxcart to bring the neighborhood supply. Send your servant on her wooden shoes with her two bamboo pails to buy some water for today's cooking. The city's trucks cannot fetch water, for they have no gasoline available for the engines. Tires cannot be replaced, because rubber imports are for making tires for export. Metal containers for water are taboo; the government wants these for the armament industries.

Japan's shortage does not portend collapse or famine, but it is very definitely a prelude to severe internal distress, rendering exceedingly difficult the government's efforts to maintain public morale and support of the war in its fourth winter.

The shortage of common food products affects the masses at home and holds back the development within the occupied zones of China. The Chinese are not raising normal crops, and have only sufficient food for themselves — not for the invaders. This compels the great Japanese shippers to use most of their vessels for the transportation of food and clothing and medicine to China. Other ships must be diverted to bring maize and rice from Indo-China and Siam — an economic necessity which has seldom before arisen in Japan's existence. As an inevitable consequence, there are fewer ships available for the overseas export trade. Shortages within Japan reflect the sacrifice essential if the troops in China are to be fed and clothed. And this drain is in turn intensified by the withdrawal of gold reserves for importing food from abroad to keep the home kitchens going.

Beyond this shortage (for which there is no Japanese solution at present in sight), just over the rim of the horizon, lie the threat of inflation and the economic consequences of demobilization, if and when the war ends. But that is another story.

COME IN

BY ROBERT FROST

As I came to the edge of the woods,
Thrush music — hark!
Now if it was dusk outside,
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird
By sleight of wing
To better its perch for the night,
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west
Still lived for one song more
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went —
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked;
And I hadn't been.

BIG BUSINESS AND DEFENSE

BY BRONSON BATCHELOR

I

THE relationship between government and big business has been put to an unexpected strain by the defense emergency. The official admission that the rearmament program is fully 30 per cent behind schedule in its production of bombers, fighting airplanes, and munitions for this country and England gives unfortunate emphasis to this fact.

Yet the basic causes for this slowdown will not be hard to find when Congress gets around, as it will, to assessing responsibility. Part of the blame will fall on interdepartmental jealousies, red tape, and bureaucratic inefficiency. The real bottleneck, however, reaches beyond questions of organization to purely subjective factors which are not discernible on blueprints or charts of accomplishment.

Aroused by the threat to our security, the country expected that the production of urgently needed defense supplies would be given the 'green light' and assigned, as a matter of course, to the best industrial brains available. Yet the plain fact is that men as influential in directing government policy as A. A. Berle, Leon Henderson, and Lauchlin Currie, because of their own critical attitude toward the system of free enterprise, cannot quite bring themselves to entrust this full responsibility to business men. The gulf of misunderstanding, so sharply revealed at hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee, remains as wide and dangerous as ever.

President Roosevelt, recognizing this need for mutual collaboration, declares that 'in this joint effort there must be provided proper rewards for labor, proper incentive for enterprise, and proper return on investment.' The crucial problem which confronts the new four-man board for armament production headed by William S. Knudsen is how to reconcile that declaration with other governmental policies which lead in an entirely different direction.

National unity and national production are hardly furthered when another important branch of government, the Department of Justice, decides to proceed, the emergency notwithstanding, with wholesale prosecution of many branches of industry for violation of the antitrust law. Encouragement is thereby given to other government officials to continue the attitude of suspicion and distrust which, during the past decade, has so often frustrated normal recovery.

Thus the ideological conflict between government and business continues, with disastrous consequences to defense. Unfortunately, the impression is created that the nation's external danger is secondary to the necessity of providing for the public's 'protection' against the natural functioning of the nation's economic machinery. The underlying idea apparent in all the new regulatory devices created and projected is that we must defend ourselves against foreign aggressors *possibly*, but even more against

an assumed rapacity of a *privately administered* enterprise system!

The nation accepts without question the belief, so powerfully stimulated by the Nye Senatorial Committee munitions investigation of a few years ago, that 'profits must be taken out of war.' To achieve this, we see the government, despite billions of idle private capital, acting as banker for a large part of the defense activities. Even though industry protests, the RFC finances the purchase of vital raw materials and the building of new industrial plant facilities. Any factory can be taken over summarily on Presidential edict while Congress rubber-stamps the demand that wealth, along with man power, shall also be conscripted.

This drafting of wealth becomes, under present and prospective revenue acts, a near actuality. Earnings are no longer a *right* of capital; they are merely a *permissive* return, now regulated by government. All 'excess' profits over and above a nominal rate — not on defense contracts, but on *all* corporate income — are being sequestered by government. The justification for this is that such earnings were made possible only by what the government spends and that morally the government should reclaim a large part of the resulting benefit.

Now the point need not concern us here whether or not these steps are necessary in the existing emergency. What is important is the pattern they project for the future, the motivation of policy, and the definite distrust of business that are thus clearly revealed. Of all these the American people are largely ignorant. Yet these steps fit in logically one with another, and add up to an inescapable conclusion. This is that the public is being skillfully and psychologically conditioned for one of two impending eventualities.

There is, of course, the ever-present possibility of direct involvement in the war itself. Here the spectre is not only the additional sacrifices that would be

called for, but its very first consequence. Immediately effective then is the famous 'M' plan, which overnight completely socializes the national economy.

The second eventuality is, of course, the vital transition period that will arise once the capital outlays for the defense program are completed. Government economists are already at work planning how to prevent a new slump in business, or a new depression of even greater dimensions than the last. Thinking in terms of such dimensions, Dr. Richard V. Gilbert, Harvard economist, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and adviser to the Defense Commission, forecasts that in all probability it will then be necessary to raise federal expenditures to the still higher unprecedented total of 17 billion dollars per year!

II

These uncertainties, grave as they are, are further complicated by the fact that no business man now knows from one day to another exactly where he stands. Anxious and willing to serve the nation as best he can in the emergency, conscious of this distrust of industry, he literally does not know what is expected of him. He may be summoned to Washington to confer with War and Navy Department officials on how to expedite munitions shipments to Great Britain. He may also find that his office has been invaded by Department of Justice agents with subpoenas for books and records and an order to stand trial as a monopolist for violations of the Sherman Act.

Hundreds of such cases are now on the dockets of the Federal courts. Industries like cement, building materials, agricultural fertilizer, electrical appliances, glass, petroleum, and railroads are under blanket indictment. Whatever their legal merits, such proceedings do create, in the public mind, the unfortunate impression that industry is still unregenerate, that business executives are less loyal to the government than the labor

they employ, and that high profits are industry's sole objective. Illustrative of this zeal for persecution, one typical instance may be briefly examined here.

Bausch & Lomb, one of the best optical instrument manufacturing firms in the world, has been an American institution since 1853. Among its products are gun sights, range finders for battleships and artillery, anti-aircraft height finders, searchlight lenses, and so forth — all indispensable items among the precision instruments required in modern war.

Ever since the Civil War, Bausch & Lomb has collaborated, on a most intimate basis, with the Army and Navy. Despite its German name, no breath of suspicion ever attached to the company, even during the first World War, and its loyalty is unquestioned today.

However, like many other American companies, Bausch & Lomb has had a number of important foreign business affiliations. For years it has had a contract with the world-famous Zeiss Company, of Jena, Germany, manufacturing and selling many Zeiss products in the American market. This agreement lapsed during the first World War, but was revived in 1921 and revised in 1926. One of its provisions carefully safeguarded the firm's relationships with the United States Government. In the course of time the Zeiss firm became a foundation in which the German firm's employees and managers, together with the Reich government, held a stock interest. All these facts were known to Washington authorities.

The new contract had, as one of its major aims, the bringing together, in closer collaboration, of the research activities of the two German and American firms, each maintaining its own scientific organization. Another provision more clearly delimited, as between the two companies, the selling arrangements for different foreign countries. This was the weak spot in the contract. The Department of Justice has attacked this agreement as constituting a 'monopoly'

which contemplated a 'division of world markets.' Despite the close association with the Army and Navy, it is doubtful if these departments were consulted before the attack was launched on Bausch & Lomb. The suit received wide publicity, the inference being drawn in the press that the German Government, by reason of its ownership of stock in the Zeiss firm, actually dominated Bausch & Lomb and thus controlled the American optical instrument market. The contention was that the German Government might thus obstruct the American defense program! Rather than face prolonged litigation, the company, which was already jammed with defense orders, pleaded *nolo contendere*, was fined \$40,000, and went ahead with its work.

In some respects this case resembled the prosecution and conviction of a score of major oil companies in 1939. At the instance of the Department of the Interior, these companies had formed, during the early days of the depression, a pool to purchase 'distress' gasoline and crude oil and thus aid small producers and refiners. That the operation had been in the public interest and without profit was conceded by the government. Yet the court refused to permit the introduction of the Ickes document of approval in evidence, and the companies were duly convicted of having 'conspired to restrict competition.'

Similarly, eleven corporations have been haled into court charged with conspiracy to control the supply and prices for both Chilean and domestically produced nitrates, an essential ingredient for commercial fertilizer and high explosives. The odd feature of this case is that the *indictments were kept secret for an entire year* before being served, in December 1940, upon the defendants. Thus another vital defense industry faces prosecution at the very time it is being called upon for a maximum productive effort.

Next to monopoly, the most important word in the lexicon of the Department of

Justice is 'competition.' Competition not only is the great motivating force in the American economic system, but for generations past it has been an 'issue' of great potency in American political campaigns. However, as to the meaning of competition the Department of Justice and industry differ widely.

To Assistant Attorney General Arnold, a specialist in procedure, the test of competition as an active force in the economy is determined solely by whether prices move up or down and are freely responsive to supply and demand. Absence of such movement or prolonged price stability within a given industry is taken as *prima facie* evidence requiring grand-jury investigation of possible secret agreements or an open fixed-price policy such as prevailed until recently among the steel companies under what was called 'Pittsburgh plus.'

Within industry, the concept of competition is quite differently interpreted. While competition is still a powerful and dominant force, without need of artificial legal stimulants, its form has changed. Today, competition is for business *volume*, in which price is usually secondary to *extra* services provided the customer by the manufacturer through coöperative advertising and merchandising, special allowances and discounts, and so forth. Such inducements have been found more effective in creating business velocity than mere price incentives. Even when trade associations endeavor to keep an eye on observance of price schedules within an industry, they are strictly forbidden to inquire too closely into the 'trade practices' which their members pursue. Not only are such practices often abused, but they are today the principal source of many of the difficulties that beset all business.

Nothing is more abhorred in stabilized lines of business activity than an old-fashioned 'price war.' No sensible business man wishes to undermine, as a matter of deliberate policy, the basic margin of profit that is now more necessary than

ever in maintaining a healthy enterprise.

Indeed, many companies incur criticism from government economists by curtailing operations in periods of business recession rather than attempting to sustain volume by price reductions. This so-called price 'rigidity' is accused of creating unemployment and maladjustments in the entire economic structure. But unless wage and raw material costs are simultaneously reduced, the margin of profit may have disappeared without any compensating advantage's being gained. The point is that prices do not stand alone; they are merely a part of a highly involved and intricate mathematical formula which underlies industrial management and which can be disregarded only at a serious risk. Mass production constantly provides *more* for *less*, but its basic corollary is a constantly growing production volume.

III

Business men are completely mystified concerning the forces at work which energize this punitive spirit toward industry. But they are even more at sea when it comes to understanding the philosophic background of these professional economic advisers who are now so influential in government councils.

This philosophy is a strictly American product without counterpart elsewhere. It is something of a cross, mixing Marxian and Fabian Socialism with a native ideology evolved through the American social worker's passionate sympathy with the lot of the 'underprivileged.' It stems far back in American history and traces a lineal descent down through populism, agrarianism, free silver, and the 'progressive movement' which came to flower in Theodore Roosevelt's 'square deal' and Woodrow Wilson's 'new freedom.'

This new political creed, skillfully tuned to the popular ear, rests upon three major tenets now widely propagandized: (a) that the present economic system has

not succeeded in doing its job; (b) that the modern corporation has brought about so great a concentration of economic power that the power of the state itself is challenged; and (c) that neither the claims of ownership nor those of management should be permitted to stand against the paramount interest of the community. These themes run through an extensive literature which has grown up in recent years.

The question is first posed: 'What is an economic system for?' The answer is, of course, 'To provide the great majority of the people with at least a minimum standard of living.' Thus the burden of proof is skillfully placed on the enterprise system to *justify* its existence. So long as any substantial proportion of employable persons cannot find jobs, so long as surpluses exist which might provide everyone with a minimum standard of living, industry must remain on the defensive, condemned as having failed to meet its primary obligation. To correct these defects, government steps in and takes over essential economic functions. This leads to fresh modifications of the free enterprise system, its further undermining, and possible eventual replacement by a new order of society.

A few sentences from Berle and Means's *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* provide the key to this concept of social change: 'It remains only for the claims of the community to be put forward with clarity and force. Rigid enforcement of property rights as a temporary protection against plundering by control would not stand in the way of modification of these rights in the interest of other groups. When a *convincing system of community obligations* is worked out and generally accepted, at that moment the passive rights of today must yield before the larger interests of society.'

Social agitation in the United States has developed along quite different lines from those followed in Europe. Until comparatively recently, it had little con-

tact with either the socialist or the trade-union movement that so largely shaped trends abroad. Critics of American industry have been drawn not so much from labor as from among teachers in schools and universities and from among ministers, sociologists, and young lawyers and writers.

While this agitation began initially, as did that of the British Fabian movement, as a protest against the greed and self-complacency of the late Victorian and McKinley eras, it thrived for other reasons. It was a by-product of the liberalizing of university education which went forward concurrently, and gave expression to that fundamental adventurous American spirit that rejects an easy-going *status quo* in order to explore new horizons and to crusade for this or that cause designed to ease the lot of mankind. Sympathy with the underdog, as well as the desire to get ahead in the world, is a definitely ingrained trait of the American character.

Only in recent years have industrialists become aware of and concerned over this deep social undercurrent which, as the depression wore on, became quickly translated into a major political force. Its intellectual leadership sprang from a comparatively small group remote from the public; particularly noteworthy were John Dewey, Charles A. Beard, and Rexford Tugwell, of Columbia; Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis, of Harvard; A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, Leon Henderson, of the Securities and Exchange Commission, and Dr. Lauchlin Currie, probably the President's most influential economic adviser; Lloyd Garrison, of the University of Wisconsin, and Paul Douglas, of the University of Chicago. On a different plane, and in part the movement's inspirational source, were the two great liberal dissenting justices of the United States Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis D. Brandeis.

The intensity of conviction held by

this group as to what is wrong with the present economic system may be illustrated by two quotations. The first is taken from a colloquy which took place between Senator Bailey, of North Carolina, and Professor Tugwell, when the latter was being examined for confirmation to the post of Undersecretary of Agriculture. After reading from Dr. Tugwell's bitter philippic against business, *The Industrial Discipline*, Senator Bailey said: 'You argue to this effect: When industry is government and government is industry, the deepest conflict in our modern institutions will be abated.'

Dr. Tugwell: 'Yes.'

Senator Bailey: 'That is your destination?'

Dr. Tugwell: 'Yes, sir.'

Senator Bailey: 'That is your goal? And with that background, you argue that business will be destroyed by planning and you argue here *that it must be destroyed*, otherwise government is hopelessly corrupt.'

During one of the hearings held at Washington by the Temporary National Economic Committee, our Assistant Secretary of State, A. A. Berle, Jr. testified: 'The government will have to enter into direct financing of activities now supposed to be private, and a continuance of that direct financing must mean inevitably that the government will ultimately control and own those activities. . . . Over a period of years the government will gradually come to own most of the productive plants of the United States.'

Events may be bringing a realization of this goal even sooner than Mr. Berle anticipated.

IV

Thus an entirely unforeseen situation, of which the nation is not fully aware, has been precipitated by the defense emergency. Great decisions are now shaping our economic destiny for generations to come. These decisions are

being made for the most part by men who have no direct responsibility to the people. They are men of great ability and reputation, summoned from the fields of science and education as disinterested experts, and thus given an unrivaled opportunity for public service.

In a world of growing economic and political complexity and uncertainty, the rôle of the social and economic analyst and interpreter must, of necessity, become an increasingly important one. It has already become so in Great Britain. In studies such as the Macmillan Commission Report and the work of permanent career officials of the British Civil Service, this new profession has achieved extremely high standards.

America has not had such a fortunate experience. We have few Lord Stamps who are permitted to serve government and industry with the same degree of impartiality. The record would seem to indicate that the American economic expert, when called to Washington, brings with him a set of theories which often admit very little practical compromise with the existing situation. Lack of previous experience is no handicap to the writing of new and untried economic prescriptions.

And so to the problems that confront industry — government distrust and hostility, widespread prosecution, the indictment of the enterprise system itself — is now added an even greater impending danger.

The necessity of defense has given, of course, fresh emphasis to theories of government spending as motivating forces in the economy. Professor John Maynard Keynes's famous 'Multiplier' thesis is now being tried on a gigantic national scale, with results that are likely to alter profoundly the future status of private industry. As with the Schacht plan in Germany, based upon the same theory, we are embarking upon a tremendous experiment, the outcome of which remains unpredictable.

A basic premise of the Keynes argu-

ment is that capital financing by the use of government credit increases national income by *more* than the amount so spent. A dollar put into such capital outlays is supposed to multiply itself by from one and three-quarters to three and one-half times. Thus 10 billion dollars in capital financing is counted upon to increase the national income by between 17½ billion and 35 billion dollars. To the criticism that this prescription has failed in the government's CWA, PWA, and other projects, the answer is now given that such expenditures were not on a sufficiently large scale!

One of the leading exponents of this short-cut-to-prosperity program is Mr. Berle. Before the New School of Social Research in 1939 he thus expounded its philosophy:—

Apparently one result of a rapidly industrialized society is that a large amount of that spending which is required to create a continuous accretion to wealth is of the variety which cannot adequately be handled by private capital. Perhaps the social needs of the community have been neglected as the private commercial needs have gone forward. It is even possible that, as the great urban developments took place, the social, or non-commercial, needs increased in arithmetic progression, that is to say, faster than the net commercial needs. It may even be that there is today a necessary field in the national economy for non-commercial spending which did not exist before: such fields as low-cost housing, public power developments, the health system of the country, the necessary hospital and municipal developments with which we are familiar in cities like New York and the like. All of these, properly considered, are nothing more than the organization of men and materials to create needed wealth. When you have a situation like that it may well be that public spending is more a question of national accounting than of political principle.

Many business men not only regard all such theories with deep misgiving, but are concerned over still another aspect of their possible consequences. They see that once the point is reached where approximately half the nation's

annual income is being channeled for expenditure, either directly or indirectly, through government, it becomes more and more difficult for a system of private enterprise to sustain itself. For it is industry that must largely foot the bill for what government spends.

Taxes and dividends flow from the same source: industrial production. Under the compulsion of an ever-widening necessity, the government increasingly ignores the principle of an equitable distribution (which Mr. Roosevelt has himself stressed), and commandeers a larger and larger share for itself. As has been demonstrated abroad, when government becomes so big as to dominate *half* the economy, the transition from private enterprise to state capitalism is well on its way to completion. With governmental expenditures still rising toward an unpredictable total, America is rapidly approaching that danger point.

Finally there is the task that confronts America when the war is over. Turning to the United States for help will be a bankrupt Europe, an impoverished and exhausted British Empire. In some way or other, the shattered fabric of international commerce must be mended, currencies stabilized, and millions of jobs found for demobilized armies. The first essential for rebuilding democracy abroad is to create, as its foundation, permanent economic security for its peoples.

Our own future may depend upon the skill with which this job of world reconstruction is handled. It can only be handled by an America that is economically strong, that has not been profligate of its resources, that has competent and intelligent leadership. That leadership calls for unity, not division of effort; for the release of the unmatched energies of the American people, not for the repression and controls of super-government, which, after all, cannot rise above the finite minds in its service.

This is the lesson that America must learn for itself while there is yet time.

LIVING BY DEFICIT

BY HAROLD M. FLEMING

I

THE present fiscal situation in the United States is the most extraordinary in our history.

We have been running peacetime deficits so consistently that they have become a national habit. We have embarked on a defense program which may double that rate of deficits for the indefinite future. We have raised the price of gold 60 per cent, accumulated something round 22,000 tons of the precious metal, run our bank reserves up to levels inconceivable ten years ago, and begun to teeter on the edge of war.

All these things, by all historic precedents, spell runaway commodity prices, and yet commodity prices calmly stay put. Nothing like this has ever been seen in American history, and nothing remotely like this was forecast, before it happened, by any of the practitioners of the art of economic forecasting. Something new and novel has happened in monetary matters, and it behooves us to examine it.

At the present writing the President has not yet presented the budget for 1941-1942 — the fiscal year to begin next July 1. Unofficial guesses are that non-defense outlays, which had come to run somewhere between 8 billion and 9 billion dollars, will be cut to 7 billion, while defense outlays will run up to another 7 billion, perhaps to 10 billion, for a total outlay of from 14 to 17 billion. Against this there should be an unprecedented Treasury income. The grapevine rumors from Washington, however, are

now putting our total outgo as high as 18 billion dollars and our total income at only 8 billion, which would mean a deficit of 10 billion.

But even if that comes close to the official estimate, there are several reasons for supposing that the Treasury may be wrong.

First is the fact that it has been pretty consistently wrong in the last ten years, once with a gross overestimate, usually with a gross underestimate. Again, a 10-billion-dollar official deficit estimate for 1941-1942 may be exaggerated for the further reason that it takes a long time for a defense program to get under way. It has taken the present program over six months to expand from approximately 150 million dollars a month to about 450 million a month. For the Treasury to spend, say, 17 billion dollars in the fiscal year beginning in July 1941, it would have to step up defense costs, by the end of that period, to something like a billion dollars a month — and by that time most of the original construction of factories to build the machines of war will have been completed. On the side of those who hold to the larger deficit estimate, however, allowance should be made for extensive outlays for Britain's defense, plus heavy credits — at United States Treasury expense — to China and South America, and perhaps Canada and other portions of the British Empire.

The most decisive influence on the size of the deficit is public opinion. If the public is not afraid of a 10-billion-

dollar deficit, it will put no pressure on Congress for more taxes, and will tolerate no curtailment of the present non-defense spending schedules. On the other hand, if it wants a deficit something nearer the standard of deficits to which it has become accustomed, it will, through Congress, impose more taxes and pare down the present outlays for farm and urban relief, and so forth.

In any case, it is safe to say this: that we shall, during the present emergency, run deficits certainly as large as those of recent years, and probably much larger.

After the war is over, we can look forward to no end of deficits. Business will have heavy inventories to liquidate; millions of men will be released from the armament industries and from the armed services, to find what jobs they can; and an unprecedented business depression is likely to be avoided only by a Gargantuan pump-priming program.

After that, perhaps we shall get back to normalcy. And normalcy today is a deficit of $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars a year.

So there is no prospect of budget balancing. And according to all classical economic theory this can only mean inflation — runaway commodity prices and a booming cost of living, sooner or later.

Perhaps the permanence of the budget deficit outlook may be put another way. In the days of *Life with Father*, nearly everybody who mattered held the notion that the national budget, like a personal or household budget, was something to keep balanced as to income and outgo. Today, however, we have grown up to — or slid down to — an entirely different idea of the first duty of the Treasury. The government has become social-minded. Protecting the needy, the unemployed, and the underemployed has come to be a first duty of government. Budget balancing is generally considered a poor second in importance.

There is no reason to suppose that these two objectives can be made consistent; indeed, the evidence all goes to show that, given the present temper of

the electorate, the social-minded ideal will override budget balancing indefinitely.

II

As if budget deficits had not been enough of a hostage to offer to inflation threats, we have made plenty of others through our monetary policy. In the early thirties the price of gold was lifted from \$20.67 an ounce to \$35. The intention was to raise commodity prices. The chief result was to set in motion a flow of gold to this country, which was urged further by the decay of political conditions abroad, until the unprecedented flow drained most of the world's central banks into this country, mopped up all the world's new production, and is now ramming up our gold holdings to a book value at the new price of something like 22 billion dollars, and no top in sight.

The secondary result was to raise bank reserves to well over 13 billion dollars and excess reserves to nearly 7 billion. Compared to this, the member banks were 'into the Federal' in 1929 to an average of around one billion before the crash; in other words, they were short one billion of reserves at the time of our previous greatest business expansion, instead of being long by more than 6 billion as they are now. Bank deposits have risen to over 60 billion dollars, well above the old peaks, and this money has more purchase power, for prices are lower.

Still and all, prices do not rise. They haven't made up the drop they suffered in the three years 1929-1932. They aren't back to 1937 levels; in fact, they aren't even back to the levels reached just after World War II broke out. And prices, particularly on the futures market, discount the future, not merely the present.

This is all in violent contradiction to precedent and tradition. It used to be a cliché that consistent deficits mean inflation. The proofs could be laid out in

standard textbook form — the spree of John Law and the Mississippi Bubble; the deficits of the Continental Congress; the rise and bursting of the assignat money during the French Revolution; the greenback inflation during the Civil War; the fourfold rise of post-World War French prices driven up by reconstruction deficits, and the astronomical explosion of the German mark and the Soviet-controlled ruble into microscopic bits between 1917 and 1923.

To be realistic, we must draw a historic dividing line at about the year 1932. Before that time, these precedents worked. Since then, they haven't. Germany long ago abandoned all pretense of a balanced budget, and has hidden an incalculable deficit in a multitude of banking devices, without appreciable rise in the cost of living. France, whose budget is normally a shade out of balance and in the last generation has been balanced only between 1929 and 1932, did all her expensive rearming on the cuff, suffered a 66 per cent drop in the external value of the franc and a heavy capital outflow, yet underwent no conspicuous inflation in the cost of living. Britain balanced her budget up to shortly before World War II by heavy taxes, but is now spending double her intake. She has, it is true, suffered a 25 per cent increase in prices, but this is in substantial part due to her heavy dependence on imports, which have to be marked up to allow for external sterling depreciation, ship losses, convoying costs, and material losses due to bombing.

The outstanding difference is that since 1932 modern governments have discovered vastly greater powers over economic activity than ever before — powers which enabled the governments to begin this war virtually where they left off the last. These powers include meticulous control of production, consumption, prices, profits, and public opinion. The one thing that has remained politically out of control is wages, and even that, in the most advanced

totalitarian country, Germany, has come under rigid control. From mine and field, through processing and distribution, commodities are clocked by cautious bureaucrats who, if they don't know their business, at least know their powers. There were no such governmental powers in French and American revolutionary times, in the American North during the War of the States, or in France, Germany, or Russia after World War I. In fact there never have been any such powers before in the history of the world, directed from a central authority.

III

This larger government power has forestalled inflation. For one thing, the heavy hand of reform has kept business from expanding vigorously into new fields of technical venture. Regulation has prevented the building of another of those ever-new, ever-old ramshackle credit structures such as in the past financed every great material prosperity and then collapsed.

As a result, available man power has backed up, unused, while idle field, factory, mine, and workshop capacity has accumulated. The social-minded ideal of the budget has permitted the government, in taking care of this by-product of its zeal, to support in partial idleness millions of men for whose employment nobody wanted to go in debt in the old-fashioned enterprising ways. This backed up surplus producing capacity for our leading farm and mine products. During the decade of the 1930's, for example, we had a net movement of about two million people back to the farms, instead of the hitherto normal movement into the cities. And this occurred during a period of extraordinary improvement in farm machinery, which normally would have released men from the farms by the millions. The notion became popular that the farmer's purchasing power should remain indefinitely at the same level, as though the nation were to aban-

don the benefits of the progress of the industrial arts which normally permit, decade after decade, its food and fibre requirements to be met by a shrinking farm population.

In fact, the government went much further. It not only subsidized people to stay put, but it began accumulating, by operations of which the original Farm Board was the prototype, an ever-swelling granary of farm products. It now has over a billion dollars invested in inventories of farm products, and is the largest holder of food surplus in the world and in all history, not excluding ancient Egypt.

All these supplies now 'hang over the market.' Farm prices can't go far above 'loan values,' or some of these holdings, now on 'non-recourse loan' with the government, will come on the market. If the market went on through that, the government could simply quit paying the farmers to restrict production; then it could abolish the present high tariffs on raw materials like wheat, corn, copper, oil, and so on, or circumvent them as it is now doing in the case of copper. Twenty-five years ago it took about \$2.25 a bushel to bring the last required bushel of wheat to market; today \$1.00 would probably do it if the brakes were taken off production, and somewhat the same holds good right down through the commodity list, with rare exceptions like scrap steel, coke, and paper.

And the government has two other important sedatives for inflation. In the first place, it could turn around and use the budget deficit to finance production instead of restriction. It could subsidize farmers to grow more raw material. It could subsidize a marginal, high-cost manufacturing plant that would not need to receive higher open-market prices in order to keep going. It could even build government plant to take care of growing requirements. It has begun to do so in two major industries where interest, depreciation, and taxes are major items — the utility busi-

ness and housing. It threatens to go into other industries in connection with the defense program, and government officials are now putting pressure on many industries to expand plant from here on, so as to be able to meet our added military requirements without having to curtail civilian wants.

The government's second sedative for the calming of prices is its power to ration goods and services. In the case of industry, this means imposition of priorities. It is already under way in the machine-tool, aviation, steel, zinc, and aluminum industries, and is likely to go much further. And it is an obvious alternative to price increases. If there are too many buyers, price increases will head some of them off, but rationing and priorities can do it just as effectively.

IV

Old-fashioned experience with deficits, money, and prices went somewhat as follows.

Continued deficits forced a government to sell bonds. After a while private lenders wouldn't take any more except at excessive coupons. The government then had to go into the short-term money market. Surplus cash there was soon mopped up, and the central bank had to be 'asked' to issue its circulating, legal-tender notes of hand to the government in exchange for the government bonds, notes, and bills that nobody else wanted. This process, continued indefinitely, put so much money into circulation that, despite output increases, government threats, and everything else, demand outran supply and prices started mounting, beginning with the prices of imported commodities. To put the story another way, the government fell into the habit of financing itself by borrowing printing-press money to take into the market to compete with its own citizens. When two buyers thus grew where one grew before, prices rose.

In ten years' time we have not yet

reached the first stage of this process. Quite the contrary — we have moved away from it. Government bonds are now selling at prices far and away higher than anything ever seen in this country in the days of budget balancing. As for short-term money, the cost to the Treasury of borrowing it is microscopic. It actually costs the Treasury less to borrow a million dollars on its discount bills than it does to keep in circulation the same amount of legal-tender currency.

What happened was that the government corralled, almost entirely for itself, the book gains from its mark-up in the price of gold. First it took a chunk of about two billion dollars — the Stabilization Fund — as its original cut. Then reform discouraged private enterprise from capitalizing the easier money rates resulting from the increased United States monetary gold stock, and has continued to do so as the gold has poured in for the better price. The government has been far and away the chief borrower — and, with other borrowers scared away, it has had the money market largely to itself.

Now where in the world do we go from here? It looks as though we should have budget deficits indefinitely, and it looks as though they would not be followed by the traditional consequence of a painful increase in the cost of living and industrial prices.

But, if that is so, is there no limit to the total debt which the nation can 'stand'? Or, if there is, is it 65 billion, 100 billion, or 300 billion? How much is a safe annual deficit — $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion? Why couldn't it be twice that amount, and who is to gainsay the Washington hopefuls who say that the stimulating effect of the defense program on everything but prices proves that in the peaceful past 'we didn't prime the pump enough'?

We shall get nowhere with the problem if we try to think in these terms, however. It is purely arbitrary to pick some figure out of the air, and say that an an-

nual deficit of $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion is safe and anything more is dangerous, or that the national deficit can safely go up to 78 billion but not any farther. There is already far too much of that kind of thinking inherent in all our calculations about money and credit, and such static estimates are always being pushed around because they never stay put. For instance, when excess reserves started rising, there was a feeling as each billion was added that the next billion would be about the safe limit. By the time excess reserves pass the next billion mark — 7 billion — the estimated safe limit will probably be put at 8 billion. For all these things some other totally different kind of calculation is needed.

For this purpose the man in the street has, in the last analysis, a better answer than the erudite economist. He skips all the old-fashioned and laborious calculations involving the money market, cost of borrowing, effect on the gold standard, and so on, and holds one firm conviction. Things are all right with him unless the cost of living starts to pinch. And since, at the polls, he has the last word, we may say that it is politically safe for the United States Government to continue financing by deficits until, despite all its powers of control, and despite all the excess producing capacity and all the overstock of raw materials we now have, prices start to rise uncomfortably for the ultimate consumer with the decisive vote. Deficits can continue until the cost of living rises painfully; then they will have to stop. Perhaps next to the word 'totalitarianism' the actual threat of inflation is the most unpopular thing in the modern world. In fact, some people seem willing to embrace the first to avoid the second.

But though this is a more realistic, practical way of looking at the deficit problem than the traditional way, which became useless when balanced budgets and free enterprise went out the window, it is vague. How high a price level will people stand for? When should Congress

feel free to increase the deficit and when should it feel called on to cut it down?

It would be a great advance in the so-called science of economics if some working formula could be devised for the control of the deficit. Then the energy spent on ceaseless theoretical budget quarrels could be saved for more useful purposes, and what remains of private business venturing would have more certainty of the future, and something more definite in the way of future price levels and government budget policy to adjust to; for, of all things, business most needs certainty.

V

In looking for such a price-level-deficit formula, we may draw on our experience with the old free gold standard. At least in theory, the master formula then was fairly simple. The credit structure consisted of valid, or supposedly valid, golden promises. It was safe for this structure to expand to the point where the validity of these golden promises came in question. The one trouble with the arrangement was that nobody had any effective way of telling when this point had been reached. The demand for gold was extremely fickle and not subject to ordinary trade forecast.

For credit expansion in the old-fashioned picture, substitute expansion of the national debt. Debt and credit are merely the obverse of each other. The perennial borrowings of the Federal Government are no different, intrinsically, from the perennial borrowings of business and government during former times.

And for golden promises substitute something like 'promises of a reasonable, fairly constant amount of the necessities of life.' To the propertyless man it never did matter that his twenty-dollar bill carried a golden promise. What mattered to him was that it carried more or less of an implied promise by the government that he could get a certain amount of groceries, shelter, clothing, or trans-

portation for that bill. To him it was always a 'commodity dollar.'

So we have a new formula, analogous to the old. The national debt-credit can continue to expand, with political and economic safety, as long as the validity of the dollar, as a promise of a given quantity of commodities, remains reliable.

Now how shall we work out that formula? The gold standard had machinery. The United States Treasury and the Federal Reserve System pegged the price of gold for all time (in theory) by freely buying and selling gold for dollars at a fixed price. Huge gold reserves or inventories were maintained for the purpose, so that any bulge in demand could be readily met. By and large, the fluctuations in that 'monetary gold stock' or inventory of gold gave a clue as to whether the credit structure could be safely expanded or should be contracted.

The modern equivalent consists in the Treasury's holdings — through its filials the Commodity Credit Corporation, the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, the Defense Metals Corporation, the Defense Materials Corporation, the Defense Rubber Corporation, and so on — of basic commodities. By and large, though so far only roughly and informally, those corporations work like the old-fashioned gold-reserve machinery. They hold prices from falling by taking in the excess offerings, and they *could* hold prices from rising, by letting the excess out. The changes in their holdings signal whether prices are safe or not. They not only are a guarantee to producers that they can get something near a 'fair price' for their products, but also are a potential guarantee to consumers that their dollars will not shrink in purchasing power in these commodities. The ups and downs of the inventories held by these Treasury affiliate corporations will at any time give a better clue to the possibilities of further deficit ('credit expansion') than the fluctuations in the now politically outmoded

'United States monetary gold stock.' So long as their holdings continue to increase, no 'inflation' impends and no budget balancing is politically likely or economically necessary.

The most important fact about the whole situation is that new, adventurous thinking is required. To stick to old-fashioned concepts is like thinking about warfare in terms of World War I. There is intellectual dry rot among the monetary strategists of Wall Street, and, as has happened in warfare, imaginative men without orthodox financial preconceptions have seen the new possibilities and capitalized them to the discomfiture of the old-fashioned monetary generals. But, as might be expected, these bright new strategists are using the new possibilities only for the greater glory of the Washington administration, by doling out deficit-financed Treasury subsidies to true believers for a political price, while discouraging private business from

taking any advantage of the new credit-expansion possibilities. Thus, for example, Jesse Jones, pseudo-conservative, loans out federal funds for peace and war while Marriner Eccles, pseudo-radical, would put the credit brakes on private business for old-fashioned reasons.

Among the questions on which we need adventurous thinking is how to crystallize the new circumstances into actual formal machinery such as we had with the gold standard. Another is whether, in order to avoid the indefinite accumulation of debt service, the government might not defray some of its deficits with non-interest-bearing, legal-tender notes. The inhibition on them used to be their danger to the gold standard. The inhibition today would be their effect on commodity prices. That might be a fruitful subject for economic speculation, if a path could be cleared to it through the clutterings of outmoded monetary preconceptions.

FOR ATLANTIC READERS AND WRITERS

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, in association with the American Institute of Architects, will award a prize of \$1000 to the author of the best essay on 'The Fine Arts in America.' A second prize of \$500 will be awarded to the runner-up. Manuscripts intended for the prize should be not more than 5000 or less than 2000 words in length; they must be submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly* on or before April 1, 1941. The judges reserve the right to reject any or all of the manuscripts, but it is their hope that the prize-winning paper will be available for publication in the June issue.

These awards have been made possible thanks to the generosity of the Waid Education Fund of the American Institute of Architects.

If you have definite and constructive ideas about the place of the fine arts in America today, *now* is your time to speak out. Detailed announcements will be sent on request to those who are interested.

FIGHTING THE FLU

BY MONA GARDNER

I

BEHIND the factory smoke and the roar of machinery for national defense there is another, greater defense for humanity being worked out these days in laboratories where influenza is being studied. Patient, persistent, brilliant experiments are being made in California, Puerto Rico, England, Malta, Minnesota, Suez, Pennsylvania, South Africa, Budapest, and New York to defeat a baffling enemy that is so small it cannot be seen with a microscope.

Influenza! It was a dread word in 1918-1919. It is a dread word now to anyone who has the memory of that winter. Just what is its present threat? Will it now become rampant again? If it does, have we any better protection in February 1941 than we had in February 1919?

Six foremost influenza specialists in this country and in England say that we now have far, far better protection. Startling new weapons have emerged from the laboratory in the past few years. With these, they feel, we are equipped to put up a fight, a sufficiently stiff fight to keep a pandemic from raging and causing the havoc of the last. Another month, another week even, and some one of the many investigators at work on the subject may give us even better means of control.

Our greatest weapon is the vastly increased knowledge of the disease collected by the Rockefeller Health Foundation, the United States Public Health Service, university laboratories and bac-

teriologists all over this country and in the British Empire — particularly the English bacteriologists C. H. Andrewes, P. P. Laidlaw, and Wilson Smith, who should be placed foremost among the contributors of knowledge on this subject. None of that 1919 nonsense of running around with masks on this time. We know now that influenza is a virus capable of passing through filter paper. We know it attacks children and young adults in double proportion to older people. We know it particularly attacks expectant mothers, probably because of their increased hormone activity. And when we know more about hormones we'll know the specific *why* of that. We know that influenza is weakening out of all proportion to the severity of the illness. In common with many of the virus diseases, it reduces white corpuscles in the blood. After the disease has run its course, it in turn produces antibodies against itself. If a high antibody content in the blood could be set up *before* exposure, the chances of immunity would be greatly increased.

Three vaccines which may lead to the production of antibodies — none of them expensive or difficult to prepare — are now available. A self-administered spray for the mouth is being tested to make sure that its promise of a three-day immunity is valid. How effective any of these will be in a pandemic is unknown, because they have yet to be put to a severe test.

A different sort of protection is offered

by a new ultra-violet lamp, constructed to cast rays in the form of a curtain that kills all air-borne germs entering a room. Detailed research now tells us that 50 per cent of the mortality from influenza in 1918 was due to the various sorts of pneumonia which complicated the attack of the disease. If the influenza virus this year should again become associated with certain of the bacteria which cause pneumonia, we may be able to prevent the terribly high death rate. We have many of the miraculous new sulfonamide compounds to combat many types of pneumonia. But what worries us is that influenza has a striking tendency to join forces with other public enemies. It is the rôle played by these secondary invaders which still makes the behavior of the disease so unpredictable, still makes it impossible for health officers and doctors to prophesy even one week beyond this present one of writing whether the existing scattered local epidemics will completely subside or whether they will change their mild nature and start roaring as a pandemic.

'Pandemic' is not another word for 'epidemic,' any more than 'hurricane' is another word for 'breeze.' Influenza becomes epidemic every year in some part of the world. It creeps into a city, — sometimes in winter, sometimes in summer, — attacks the children and young adults, and burns itself out a month later. Once in three, in eleven, twenty, or even thirty years, one of these epidemics explodes into a pandemic and sweeps around the world. No medical man knows yet what it is that keeps it local, or sends it rampaging across continents, any more than meteorologists can put their fingers on the precise combination of low and high pressure areas that will turn an ordinary Caribbean gale into another 1933 New England hurricane.

The 1918 pandemic affected 500,000,000 people throughout the world and killed 20,000,000, according to the fig-

ures of the United States Public Health Bureau — nearly four times as great a mortality as that of the war itself. Here in the United States there were more than 550,000 deaths, approximately five times the number of American soldiers officially stated to have died from all causes in the war. Many of these men, too, were victims of influenza. Among children and young people between twenty and thirty the death rate soared. It was higher everywhere for men than for women, except for the appalling toll it took of expectant mothers. And all along the way, colored groups weathered the disease better than the white population.

These are bare numerical facts. Those who remember the plague describe it with horror, and dwell not upon the details of masks, of mass panic, of closed theatres and schools, but on how whole towns were stricken, schools turned into pesthouses, nurses and doctors exhausted. In many places it was simply taken for granted, for endless weeks, that anyone who could stand up would take care of those who could not.

In the past one hundred and fifty years of medical history there have been six influenza pandemics. There has been no regular spacing between them, no predictable cycle of activity. According to records of the United States Public Health Service, they occurred in 1830, 1833, 1836, 1847, 1889, and 1918. However, each pandemic — and this fact now arrests the attention of health authorities — coincided with widespread natural disaster. At the time of each pandemic, war had marched over fields and crops, or an earthquake had scattered multiple misery, or some river, like the Yangtze, had suddenly changed from a river into a sea.

The 1918 visitation followed the general wildfire pattern of previous pandemics. It fanned out from one country — Japan, in that instance. It spread eastward, westward, and southward. It crossed the Pacific in two weeks,

struck at San Francisco, and in one week reached peak proportions; four weeks later it was gone. But meanwhile it had moved across the Rockies to Salt Lake City, and progressively to Kansas City and to Chicago. By the time it reached New York it met itself coming across the Atlantic, by way of Europe, from Asia.

Influenza travels exactly as fast as man. In oxcart days its progress was slow. In 1918 man could girdle the globe in eight weeks, and that is exactly the time it took influenza to complete its own encirclement. Today, by clipper planes and air transport, man moves like the wind. Influenza will move at that same speed. This modern speed makes its advent unpredictable from day to day, and means that our control over it must be in proportion swifter.

II

Ask the average young doctor what influenza is and he will say: 'It is a symptom-complex, characterized by sudden onset, fever, headache, chills, muscular pains, and a cough.' 'And that,' he will add, pounding the desk in a kind of frustration, 'is precisely the same behavior as that of half a dozen other diseases.'

Ask the doctor who labored through the 1918-1919 visitation and he will tell you that influenza was then a prairie fire, variously diagnosed as tonsillitis, pneumonia, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, and spinal meningitis.

In other words, influenza is a sort of clinical diagnostic wastebasket, and always has been. Italians in the seventeenth century were the first to call the plaguing, recurrent disease 'influenza,' thereby adroitly shifting all blame on to 'the influence of the stars.' And that is about as accurate as the six or seven other medical explanations offered in the intervening three centuries.

Only within the past seven years have bacteriologists reached into the wastebasket, extracted scraps of knowledge,

and fitted them together into a factual scientific unit. There are still many unidentified scraps in the basket: there are still an unknown number of units to be pieced together before the large and complex picture of influenza is completed.

The first important piece of the puzzle fell into place in 1933 in England, when Andrewes, Laidlaw, and Smith isolated a virus which proved to be influenza. They inoculated washings from the throats of influenza patients into ferrets (whose reactions to infection and immunization in this disease are very close to those of human beings). A mild febrile disease occurred in these animals as a result. Andrewes likewise established the fact that, during convalescence from the virus, antibodies appeared in the blood of ferrets and of man, which, mixed with the virus, would prevent its inducing an infection in a normal ferret. This identification was a tremendous step. It was obviously fundamental — a mark from which all further studies could take their departure. Doctors everywhere took heart. None of them realized at the time that the tough little virus would turn out to have more relations than a rabbit. Many strains of type A have been isolated, some showing certain differences from others, but all belonging to a group known as Influenza A.

The first photographs of Influenza A, made quite recently at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia and the Radio Corporation of America laboratories in Camden, New Jersey, magnify it 150,000 times until it is a ball about the size of a pea, and show it to be quite without distinguishing features. Laboratory workers have now distinguished a strain of virus quite distinct from any of those belonging to Influenza A, which they have designated as Influenza B. Highly magnified, the B virus looks to be the same purplish-red mass as type A.

Dr. Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., who has done much intensive research on influenza for more than four years in the

New York laboratories of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, says: 'There is no reasonable basis upon which to doubt that virus A has caused many epidemics of influenza in the last seven years. There is equally good evidence that this virus has not caused all of them.'

As examples, Dr. Horsfall cites the 1936 epidemic in California, the 1939 epidemic in England, and the 1940 epidemic in South Carolina. All of these cases were clinically typical of influenza, yet the attending doctors and the bacteriologists who hurried to the districts could not recover virus A. Nor did the patients have the definite antibody response to the virus following the disease.

On the other hand, the very recent December outbreak of influenza in California and other West Coast states proved to be caused by virus A. Health authorities are not sure of the source of this epidemic, but at present they are linking it to those that have successively hit Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Hawaii within the past eight months. Vaccines were rushed to California, but, as they were administered after the epidemic had gained headway, their immunizing effects were negligible.

III

The story of the development of the vaccines for Influenza A is not a dramatic one, in the sense of colorful, theatrical incidents. It has been, not a pitched battle, but a long campaign — the slow, bit-by-bit accumulation of data in which one doctor builds upon the laboratory experience of another. Yet already it ranks with any of the great stories of man's conquest over microbes.

Laboratory work has been constant since 1918. Army doctors in the United States, England, France, and Germany have studied their scanty data and tabulated them. In England the bacteriologists Andrewes, Laidlaw, and Smith

began their intensive experiments and eventually identified virus A. Since the death of Sir Patrick Laidlaw, Andrewes and Smith have continued their experiments and are still making valuable contributions.

The International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation has advanced hundreds of thousands of dollars to equip laboratories and put trained bacteriologists in such field stations as California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Budapest, Hungary. In its New York laboratories the Health Division has maintained a corps of influenza specialists — among whom have been Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr. (who did much of the pioneer work), Dr. Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., Dr. Thomas Magill, Dr. E. R. Rickard, Dr. C. H. Stuart-Harris, Dr. T. F. Lennette, Dr. Dorothy Beck, and a score of assistants.

One of the most important studies of influenza has been conducted by Dr. Joseph Stokes, Jr., Dr. Werner Henle, and Dr. Leslie Chambers for the past five years at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia and at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Dr. Richard E. Shope of the Rockefeller Institute for Animal Diseases, Princeton, N. J., has been engaged on specialized studies of swine influenza and its relation to human beings. The New York City Public Health Laboratories, under the direction of Dr. Ralph Muckenfuss, have also been doing considerable experimental work with vaccines.

When the vaccine experiments were begun there was, of course, no trace of the 1918 strain of influenza to study. It will never be known whether it was virus A type. There have been, however, in the past twenty years, a number of epidemics which could be studied, in Puerto Rico, Alaska, California, Detroit, Philadelphia, Alabama, New York, and South Carolina.

Identifying — or failing to identify — the minute virus each time the disease appears in scattered parts of the world

is a lengthy procedure, and the necessary delay is one of the major handicaps in emergency. Because the virus is so infinitesimal, identification can only be made by the injection of nose and throat washings from patients into the noses of ferrets. At least three weeks are consumed from the day throat washings are taken until positive results are obtained from these animals. If, then, an injection of vaccine is given, all of ten days must elapse before the dose can produce a high antibody content in the patient. But by this time a good month will have elapsed since the onset of influenza in the district.

Three types of vaccine have been used in the past few years. Dr. Stokes in Philadelphia has used an active tissue culture. Another type is a formaldehyde-inactivated virus from mouse lungs used by Andrewes and Smith in England. The third is a formalinized complex vaccine worked out by Dr. Horsfall and Dr. Lennette of New York, containing both Influenza A virus and canine distemper virus.

The length of immunity produced by these vaccines varies with the individual. In some cases it lasts three months, in others six or eight. Dr. Horsfall found in certain experimental cases that 40 per cent of the individuals were still immune at the end of one year.

In England, where the 1939 epidemic was bad, though not nearly as bad as some exaggerated reports made it, vaccinations were given to volunteers at the Woolwich, Windsor, Shorncliffe, Aldershot, and Colchester barracks. A five to one hundred and twenty-five fold increase in the antibody content of the blood followed such vaccination.

For five years Dr. Stokes has been administering experimental vaccines intramuscularly to more than 7000 children and adults. The children's groups were at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, while the adult groups were at five large state colonies in New Jersey. In general the results have been promising.

In the fairly severe 1936 epidemic in that district, of each one hundred persons vaccinated only two contracted the disease, and their attacks were mild, with temperatures never exceeding 103 degrees — relatively moderate for influenza. Immunity in these groups varied from three to eight months. Each year there have been routine vaccinations. This winter, in the face of sporadic epidemic outbreaks, two sets of vaccinations were given.

A large emergency supply of these vaccines has been made up. Following a process of freezing and drying, they are being stored at the Philadelphia hospital in case of a general outbreak. In addition, the E. R. Squibb & Sons Laboratories have been making vaccines in large volume the past year.

Meanwhile Dr. Stokes, Dr. Henle, and Dr. McGuinness at the Children's Hospital are trying to perfect a vaccination short-cut. This would be in the form of a nasal and mouth spray made of pooled human serum obtained from some seventy-five people with high immunity to influenza. A locally protective spray, it could be administered quickly and easily by individuals at the first warning of epidemic influenza, and would become effective immediately. The spray is not expensive to produce, but it is still in the experimental stage, and its positive protection for large groups is not yet assured.

Quite recently Dr. Horsfall and Dr. Lennette have reported the use of a formalinized complex vaccine prepared from chick embryo (infected with virus A and canine distemper) which has proved very effective in stimulating antibodies by a single subcutaneous injection in man. Moreover, these antibodies did not diminish during the first three months after vaccination and gave cross immunization against several strains of virus A.

More than a million doses of these vaccines have been made up and given by the International Health Division of

the Rockefeller Foundation to Dr. Andrewes in England to be used among military groups. Another batch of the vaccines is being prepared for use in the refugee child groups of continental Europe. Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, Director of the Health Division, who recently returned from a survey of child refugees in certain of the German-occupied countries of Europe, has expressed himself as very hopeful of the protection this vaccine may afford.

Some groups of city health officers and epidemiologists have considerable faith in the value of the new ultra-violet lamp. This curious, unwieldy-looking weapon, with its square glass shade, was developed by Professor William F. Wells and his wife, Dr. Mildred Wells, in the laboratories of the Harvard School of Public Health and the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. It does actually what its name implies — installed over a doorway in mess halls, classrooms, barracks, hospitals, workrooms, and theatres, it lets down a solid curtain of ultra-violet rays which instantly kill all air-borne germs.

A recent example of its power was given at the Home for Hebrew Infants in Bronxville, New York. In wards adjacent to one in which the lamp was installed, 165 children out of 168 developed chicken pox. Where the lamp was used, not one case developed.

More than five hundred lamps are already in use in various parts of the United States — schools and hospitals have installed them to protect children, not only from influenza, but from measles, chicken pox, and other infectious diseases. English and Canadian medical authorities have ordered lamps for use in troop barracks, in children's dormitories, and in other quarters where there is abnormal crowding.

These lamps may offer a way to reduce the menace exerted by apparently well people who spread the influenza virus. In one hospital study it has been found that 30 per cent of those exposed to in-

fluenza remained perfectly well and developed their own antibodies in sufficient force to withstand the disease. But while they were doing this they were carriers of the virus, capable of infecting many others. Doctors regard such persons as a greater menace than the acutely ill, because, continuing their daily work, they may spread infection widely.

IV

No general plan of national influenza control can be worked out in advance by health authorities until doctors know which type of influenza they are fighting. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service, says: 'So little is known yet of the factors of epidemicity of influenza that no pre-devised plan of control can be recommended as having specific value. The incubation period of the disease is extremely short. Victims are perhaps most infectious before they actually become ill enough to withdraw from public circulation, and consequently the infection is rapidly and widely spread by apparently well people. It is impossible to prevent all human contact even when an epidemic threatens, which makes administrative control impracticable.'

The United States Public Health Service has no hand in planning or administering health measures in draft and in army camps. All of this is handled by army doctors, but at this writing no general program for influenza control has been agreed upon for barracks and cantonments in this country.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur P. Hitchens, M. C., who is Professor of Public Health at the University of Pennsylvania, gave this note of hope to a meeting of the American Public Health Association in Pittsburgh last winter.

'Just as,' Colonel Hitchens said, 'the Spanish-American War gave Walter Reed the opportunity to conquer yellow fever, I feel that the conquest of influenza will come out of the present war.'

ENGLISH PILOT

A Letter

BY RALPH HOPE

WE had a grand day on Friday with three patrols. On the first we had a glorious dogfight with about nine Messerschmitt 110's which caught a proper pasting: I must admit they were heavily outnumbered. On the second trip we had an uneventful brush with some Messerschmitt 109's. It was the last trip which was the most fun. About twelve Junkers 88 bombers came in, and, after losing two from anti-aircraft fire, were set on by some Hurricanes. As we climbed up to them we had the pleasure of seeing one dart past us, hotly pursued, large chunks falling off it and the star-board engine on fire. When we were at last in a position to attack, there were only seven left, four in front and three behind. They looked just like beautiful expensive *crochets* flying along. We had a real field day, making attack after attack; a few Messerschmitt 109's turned up, but did not hinder us. The Junkers 88's went down all over the place. The scrap started at 13,000 feet and the bombers just pushed their throttles wide open and screamed downhill in a vain attempt to get away. We bagged the lot, the last three coming down in the sea. My ammunition ran out at about 2000 feet, so I was unable to administer a *coup de grâce*, but it had been a great day.

Saturday was not quite such a success from my point of view, as on our third patrol I lost my aircraft. We were at about 21,000 feet when we got involved with a squadron of Messerschmitt 109's.

They got me before I even saw them, which is very annoying. I first felt a kind of funny bump, and as I turned to see what was up my controls suddenly felt funny, a lot of red sparks and black smoke appeared round my feet, and a cloud of white smoke, probably glycol, began streaming back from the engine. The aircraft began going downhill fast. I slid back the hood and began to get out; my goggles were shipped off and my helmet began to lift up in the slip stream. I realized I hadn't undone my straps, so I pulled out the retaining pin and stood up, standing on anything which came handy (the seat, the instrument panel, or the stick — I don't know really). The air seized hold of me, there was a wrench as my oxygen tube snapped off (I had forgotten to undo it), and I shot out into the sky. The aeroplane disappeared.

It was nice and cool falling. I was head down, of course, but found the position quite comfortable; there was no sense of speed or feeling of falling. I had a look at the clouds below (they were about 4000-5000 feet) and then collected the odd bits of my helmet and had a look round. My parachute was still on my seat, both my boots were on, and I did not seem to have lost anything except my goggles, and a handkerchief and map which must have fallen out of the pockets in my knees when I first went upside down.

After a while I thought about pulling the rip cord. 'What about giving the old "brolly" a try-out?' I thought. I

seemed to have fallen a goodish way, so I pulled. The canopy streamed out, there was a hard jerk, and there I was right side up, quite comfortable and floating slowly — oh, so slowly — earthwards. I was about 9000–10,000 feet, so I had fallen free for about 8000 or 9000 feet (from about 18,000) and might have fallen farther with advantage.

When I looked up I could see a shining white canopy above me, and little silver specks having no end of a dogfight in the clear blue. A Spitfire dived down past me with a high-pitched whine, but that was the only disturbance.

The parachute began to swing me about, and it wasn't long before I felt sick — very sick, in fact, by the time I landed. It was fun going into the clouds, as the sun played a sort of 'spectre of the Brocken' effect on my shadow as I approached them.

When I emerged, the countryside looked pleasantly open, and after drift-

ing quite a way I thought I saw where I should land. Two farm hands had the same idea. We were all wrong, as, in spite of attempts on my part to avoid it, I came down in a spinney of young oak trees, pulling up short about twenty feet from the ground, hanging in my harness. I managed to get hold of a trunk, pull myself over to it, get out of the parachute harness, and climb to the ground, where I remained quite still until I was found.

The army soon took charge of me, gave me a drink and some lunch, and drove me back to the airfield.

The only damage I sustained was a hefty bruise on my right shoulder from hitting the tail as I jumped, and a bruise on my leg, and a torn trouser from the somewhat unceremonious descent through the upper branches of the oak tree.

Now I go about with my arm in a sling, feeling particularly good as I have been given a week sick leave.

[This letter came to us through the kindness of Mrs. Mary E. Carnegie, of London. In her accompanying note there is this sad postscript: 'Thus far we have, on the whole, been very fortunate, though a young great-nephew of mine, Ralph Hope, who was a pilot, was killed the other day trying to save his plane from crashing over the houses in London. This he succeeded in doing, and it fell in open ground, but alas, poor boy, he paid for his care with his own life, for when he bailed out he was too low for his parachute to open in time to save him. I think it may interest you to see an account which he wrote of an experience a few weeks earlier, when he bailed out at a great height and came safely down, for it really is a very accurate account of what happens, and shows the fine courage of his Service.' — THE EDITORS]

LONDON BELLS

BY JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

Oranges and lemons say the bells of St. Clement's.

Now in the silence of New England afternoon
Hear on the eastern wind the sound of London bells
That in their thunderous night ring only for our ears.
You owe me five farthings say the bells of St. Martin's.

What are they singing of now, what is it the ringing tells?
Are they crying only of blood, and sweat, and toil and tears?
What are the songs of a city in the days when the bombs descend?
When will you pay me say the bells of Old Bailey.

Out of the underground and the smells and the constant fears
Is there a hope to reckon, is there means to an end?
Or is there only future annihilated into past?
When I grow rich say the bells of Shoreditch.

Surely the bombs are questions, surely the senses rend
Out of the chaos answers, out of the surfeit fast,
Out of the long night-crying some estimates of the soul.
When will that be say the bells of Stepney.

Now do you hear the ringing, how long will the singing last?
Out of the bells and the bombs who walks forward whole?
Out of the bells and the singing what do you make of the tune?
I do not know says the great bell of Bow.

Hear the bells of London ring in our afternoon,
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

WOMEN ON THE SPOT

BY STORM JAMESON

I WAS walking about Regent Street during an air raid. This is not the story of an escape; the German planes were at the other side of the river. There was a single loud explosion, very close, probably a time bomb going off. A middle-aged man started to run across the street. Sauntering along past the windowless shops, and humming raucously under her breath, was one of London's everlasting old women — my belief is that some of them are five or six hundred years old, preserved in a cocoon of garments by their natural salt. She gave him a shrewd austere glance and said, eyeing me: 'You'd think some of 'em had never heard a bomb before in their lives.'

Now it is impossible, unless she learned her ancient cockney in Madrid or Warsaw, that she had ever heard bombs explode until a fortnight or so earlier. It had taken her just those few days to accept sudden death as part of the taste of life — little to choose between it and rain, freezing winds, and the other enemies of her old tough body. If you must have national emblems, she, I think, is as good a one as any, more precise and biting than most.

More common — as common today as little apples. In a street near one of the South London tube stations a young woman was boiling kettles to make tea, on a brazier outside her wrecked café. In the shelter, one of the old women roused herself, pulling together a black gaping skirt, a dirty bodice. The light from a cut-out bulb fell in a single ray

across the hands on her lap, knotted hands, gripping a shabby bag. Her daughter watched her slyly, not young herself, with one of those long English faces, weathered brown, as smooth as waxed timber. On the floor beside mother, the claws of a chicken stuck from a dubious bundle.

'Taking him to me daughter-in-law in Manchester today — so's she'll be pleased to see us. From what's left of our own back yard. He was alive yesterday.'

'Like lots o' others,' her daughter said with a sharp smile.

Mother was struggling to hang her square black gas-mask case round her body.

'Here — let me help you, Mother. You shouldn't take so many photos — carrying a camera about at your age!'

Laughter wheezed up from the old shapeless body as it shuffled to the steps.

I

Spread through the country, an army of women in overalls is feeding an industrial machine which for months — since Dunkirk, in fact — has been set at war speed. If the war lasts only another year, this army will have been doubled or trebled. It has drawn in women who never worked outside their homes before, and girls who left school this year. In a heavy engineering works in the Midlands, women are being taken on for the first time. 'What age? Oh, eighteen to forty — well, forty is what some of

them tell us. We put them on the trench-mortar bomb. It's what you might call essentially a woman's job.'

If there were any comment to make on that, it would be irrelevant to this stage of civilization. Just before war broke out, this factory began putting up a new building. It was planned with enormous windows: these have been hurriedly covered up, and steps in the centre of the shop lead down to a roomy modern dugout, fitted with a loud-speaker. From a complex and very handsome machine to the dugout the distance is a few yards and several thousand years — the distance between industrial and neolithic man. 'Can't get the women to keep their hair under their caps,' the managing director said; "'Wait till you've been scalped," I tell them.' Walking towards the filling shop, we touch another cross-section of history. 'You don't know it, but a Roman road runs through the works. I really don't know how such a thing came into my head — but the other night I passed one of our workers doing Home Guard. He was standing just out there, and I thought, "Why, you might be one of their sentries." But just then — a raid was on — the girls on First Aid came out of the shop and ran across to the Aid Post. Spoiled the illusion. Ha!'

The women here are drawn from a town which so likes to amuse itself that in peacetime it still holds its five-hundred-year-old Fair. They have taken the places of men on a heavy press, and are trained directly on the machine. The elderly foreman showed them off. 'I wouldn't object, not I, to running this whole shop with women. They're reliable and cool, they're fifteen per cent quicker than men on it — twenty-five per cent on some jobs.'

'Eh, I have to strip at night and wash th' oil off with sandpaper and paraffine,' a woman said, grinning.

Women munitions workers are not making the money they made in the last war, and they are working harder.

The machines see to that. On a journey from one end of England to the other, I found one factory where a few of the women were drawing high wages — 'and, take it from me, earning every penny,' said the foreman. It takes two months to train women to do this job — the men do the training. 'Do they resent it?' 'No, they don't. They've been the soul o' patience, getting the women into the way of it. Some of the older men grumbled a bit; they said it wasn't good for women to have money — it put them above themselves.'

The others of the five thousand women in this factory are minding heavy machines, side by side with men. Hotel workers, shopgirls, housewives, out-of-work show girls. These last, said the woman supervisor, are independent and deft. A big blowzy young woman is the captain of a works hockey team and runs a motorcycle. A young wife has not heard from her husband since Dunkirk. An old wife who worked in the last war is out again for this, her mouth folded sharply over her thoughts. She had three sons, all in the Air Force; in June the youngest was killed; she turned up on the night shift, saying nothing.

'We haven't had any air-raid babies born yet. One of the nurses is a trained midwife, so we shall be all right,' the woman supervisor said, smiling.

'Why have pregnant women in factories?'

'They must live.'

The dry-spoken young foreman said: 'You'll have to meet our three old ladies. I can't disappoint 'em.' Three sisters — the eldest has worked in the factory fifty years. They draw the government old-age pension — 'told me off good and proper last week, one of 'em did; said she was independent now.'

'Why does the firm keep them on?'

'Sentiment.'

The eldest looked at me with a sly confidence. 'I was here making bullets for the Chinese war that was before the South African — four wars. I make for

them all, all their wars. But they have me on baby work now.'

II

Going north, the air changes. Smoke or no smoke, the air in a North Country mill town, on a day of sun, wind, cloud, has the sweetness, dry and piercing, of moor air. This is not my side of England, but here suddenly I feel at ease. Bracken, soot-blackened stone walls, cold slate roofs, deep valleys, green rounded heights, steep streets, broad, unhurried voices. Indescribable in words, familiar to every Northerner, the smoky sunlight clings to the blackened houses and soot-grimed trees. The factory is outside the town, a further steep climb up narrow lanes between hedges, the map of my childhood.

There are women here doing highly skilled work on aeroplane instruments — operations more delicate and complicated than watchmaking.

'We work to a thousandth of an inch, see? Mind you, it takes a girl two years to become really expert at a couple of jobs. Give me a good girl, — young, mind you, — I can train her to do seven or eight. I'd take on all women if they'd let me. I won't take one unless I can see she's been well brought up. They have to have good eyes and hands. Look at that pair of hands!'

They were beautiful, remarkably so, the nails long and painted. The foreman's ironical little eyes, sunk in the flattened planes of his head, twinkled with pride.

The machine-minding women are the usual mixed lot — mill girls swamping the rest. Machines are in the pulses of the women up here. So is a lavish generosity which collects money to pay train fares for the wives of wounded soldiers, take convalescent men for a day's outing, buy Spitfires. So is something more disquieting, a nervousness which is surely the inevitable result of being the fourth generation in the mill. Is it possi-

ble that heavy machinery, the vibration, has an effect on women's bodies it does not have on men's? These girls can't leave the mill. They come back to it after marriage; they leave their children at home, as they were left themselves. And they complain of their nerves.

This generation, indeed, is not having children. A look of mulish contempt came into the face of the young woman who said, 'My husband won't hear of me having a child while this war's on; he agrees with me about it. I know all about the trouble of having a family, thank you.' Statistics go some way to prove that she was speaking for the rest. They are setting their faces against what? Poverty, loss of freedom, insecurity? The problem is so grave that the war itself becomes a minor issue. Walk down the hill into the small mill town. Every man and almost every woman is on war work, and it is as empty as a French village in the middle of the afternoon, and with the same air of hardness and strength. It is difficult to believe that this could collapse. But a country which is ceasing to have children is not safe.

At night I was standing in one of these cobbled streets of small houses running across the face of the hill. The flashes and the heavy noise of gunfire over a not so distant port seemed close. What up here they call the *sireen* had gone. Two women, going on night shift, stopped in the darkness to listen. 'Why, let him!' one of them exhorted an invisible Hitler. 'Let him bomb himself silly. We've gotten him this time.'

From this town of smoke and air to London is two hundred odd miles — you forget how small England is — and fifty or sixty years. I arrived at an hour when Londoners have begun their strange night, in basements, in shelters, in tube stations. For some time we had been sitting in the train in complete darkness. I came out into a street where the only light was in the upper sky, from slowly descending flares. The air seemed to

grow lighter as I walked, keeping under the walls of houses; I looked over my shoulder to see the sky reddening somewhere east. There were bombs dropping — near, I thought, or was it all gunfire? I waited a minute beside a coffee stall to watch the flashes, and for company. A solitary bus came past, very slowly, and the woman conductor leaned out to grab my suitcase and pull me on. 'Been away?' she asked in a cheerful cockney voice. 'Whadja come back for?'

The bus had two other passengers, an A. R. P. girl going late on duty and a canteen worker going to sleep the night in Selfridge's basement. We sat in darkness, and the conductor told us, in a nostalgic voice, that she used to serve fish and chips in the Mile End Road — 'and yesterday when I went back to say "howjado" to the boss there was only a heap of rubbish, and believe me or not it smelled o' fish. Whu-u-umps-a-dearie! That lot wasn't half near, or was it?'

We rocked into the curb. An air-raid warden hurrying about his business advised us in the voice of a stage diplomat to take to the nearest shelter. Instead we got out and stood a few minutes in the shadow of an old small church. 'Wanter go on?' the conductor asked. 'E's willing, 'e wants to get 'ome.' We were all willing. 'House full if I don't get there soon,' the canteen girl said, 'and I'm used to the place — can't get to sleep anywhere else.'

'Were you always in the canteen business?' the conductor wondered.

'I was a mannequin.'

'Spoil y'r hands.'

A placid laugh. 'If that was all Hitler could spoil . . .'

The bus stopped. A house had been crumped ahead of us; the demolition squad was at work. We should have to turn back and go an endless way round. I got out and took to the Underground. There are no lifts during a raid, and as I walked down and down the sense of walking open-eyed into a nightmare deepened. The men, women, and chil-

dren lying close together on the stairs and passages and the platforms were dismembered by the poor light: there were hands, old bony hands, a young woman's hand lying in a young man's, a plump hand with four or five rings, the small dirty lost hands of children; there were bodies as rigid as though frozen, and sunken abandoned bodies, misshapen bodies, slender bodies — some, even in this place, confiding.

A woman was walking about, and I recognized her in the same moment that I saw the 'Shelter Marshal' on her arm. She is a doctor with a large practice, who spends three quarters of her night down here. Her duties while I was there ranged from helping an old woman to reach the latrine and making her comfortable afterwards, soothing a child, — his mother, exhausted, scarcely roused when he cried, — and finding a place for a workman who came down and stood about with an ashamed smile, clutching a thin blanket. She was used, she said, to the smell — which was abominable. All that worried her was her helplessness to save the children down here from the risk of disease. She and the other voluntary helper who patrols this station have bought packets of antiseptic lozenges they give the children — 'almost as much use as a hare's foot,' she said wryly. A young girl came on the platform; she smiled and nodded to the doctor, and stepped delicately across a line of bodies to reach a girl who turned sleepily on to her side to make room. She wriggled herself in beside her friend, and, opening her handbag, began deftly to put her yellow hair in curlers.

'Rose Smith, seventeen. Works ten hours in an aeroplane factory. I like Rose,' the shelter marshal said. Her momentary depression had gone. 'Someone should tell Göring about her.'

III

The history of bombed London will never be written, because it is the acts of

anonymous men and women, a myriad of them. In the first weeks of the assault on London, when the initial failure of higher authority was cruelly brought home to the East End, the people who did not fail were the A. R. P. workers, the staffs of first-aid posts, the voluntary ambulance units, the Auxiliary Fire Service, the churches, missions, settlements, of all denominations. Without these and their indomitable energy, what was and is a tragedy might well have been an unendurable and unmanageable horror.

There was — it has been bombed in the last few days — a first-aid post consisting of five rooms in a dock quarter which has suffered horribly. The staff included three V. A. D.'s, two girls and a veteran of the last war. Not anxious to be a spectator, I took service in the kitchen. The bombers came over the docks and dropped their bombs, one, two, three, four, — an interval, — five. The first wounded began coming in at ten o'clock. At one time the place was quite full, and a woman with a bandaged head was sitting in a corner of the kitchen. Some of the injured were dazed and very wretched; none was hysterical. 'The people down here are magnificent,' the Scots doctor had said; 'we haven't had a whisper of panic.' The elder of the two V. A. D. girls — she was nineteen — kept a curiously ironical smile on her face. Perhaps some edge of her mind was thinking of her Yorkshire home and of her dogs and the pony. The other child had been a shopgirl; she hurried about with a little anxiety, her lips moving. I found she was counting the bombs. But she was perfectly steady.

A Salvation Army woman came in for a cup of tea. She was one of a section that had been working night and day for eight days, snatching sleep in odd moments. With the help of an Anglican clergyman and his wife and a Jewish shopkeeper, the Army women were finding shelter for the old and infirm, clothes for the almost naked, meals for

the starving homeless. She was comically bitter about a 'rest centre' in the district — two bare rooms, unprotected, where exhausted terrified mothers sat crouched over their children, as if flesh and bone were a protection from the bomber. 'Eh, there'd have been a Judgment Day in Whitehall if old Lansbury had been alive,' she laughed. 'But things will be better now — we've had some of the Government down looking round. They didn't think so well of themselves when they went back. There's a woman doctor goes round the railway arches at night, and she told 'em a thing or two. I'll say for them they didn't need telling once they'd seen. There's been miracles wrought this past week. There'll be more. I believe in God and God's Londoners. I'm willing, do you know, to believe in Herbert Morrison.'

The 'all clear' went about five o'clock. With the elderly V. A. D. I went to the door and stood to breathe the cold air. The sky was neither dark nor light. It made me remember the end of the *Inferno* — coming out from that place we saw the stars again.

A munitions factory on the outskirts of London has taken in women for the first time. The work, though semi-skilled, calls for a high degree of deftness. The women, all Londoners, have settled into the work and the factory without raising a wrinkle on its oddly placid surface. The place is efficient, shabby, almost domestic. The sprawled-out buildings are half surrounded by water: 'A stretch of the old river. We have beavers, moles, water rats, kingfishers. They're never disturbed — it's a regular sanctuary.' Not for human beings. When the workers, including the women, were asked whether they would be willing to work through air-raid alarms, no one refused.

Understand what it will be like. A woman on night shift will sit at her bench, doing a job which requires steady hands and a high degree of mental co-ordination, knowing that somewhere in

the darkness outside the German bombers are at their work. She is trusting her life to the skill of two men who stand *listening* on the roof of a building in the centre of the works. If they make a mistake she may be buried in the mess of smashed machinery. Yet the women, said a foreman, are keener than the men, more exasperated by the delay when they have to take to the shelters. 'I found a woman still at her bench after the alarm. I told her she must go with the rest, and I heard very straight what she thought of me!'

A smiling girl with a wide handsome face, operating a capstan and soaking herself in oil. (Hasn't she been warned yet about oil dermatitis?) 'I've always wanted to be a mechanic, and now I am. Mr. Randall came round yesterday and said to me, "Eh, you are in a mess, but it's no use saying anything to you — you like it." I hope I never have to go back to trimming hats.' The cloakroom attendant, a tall bosomy woman, had been lying in wait for the Labor Officer. 'When am I going to get a machine? I've asked you again and again, and you promised me. I've as much right to a machine as any woman — you know my husband's in the Air Force and both the children are going to Canada with the government scheme, and I've your word.'

The foreman pointed out 'three feminine touches, as you might say': flowers stuck in a milk bottle on one of the benches; wedding rings on oily fingers; superb gas-decontamination rooms — 'Women this side, men the other.'

A subwarden's post in Mayfair may not actually be safer in a night raid than this (or any other factory), but there is a delusive air of elegance about Caro Neall's basement, which she occupies with her assistants — including an elderly ex-singer and the lively young daughter of a local florist. The barrage makes a persistent dull noise, sharpened by the clatter of mobile guns. Caro's own flat at the top of this modest Geor-

gian house has sometimes put me up for the night; the last time I was there she woke me up to tell me that Hitler had invaded Holland

Towards midnight a single heavy bomb fell very close, shaking the floor and sending a wave of air through the room. Caro, who had just come in, went out again. While she was away there were more bombs; I hung about uselessly in the doorway, deluding myself with the idea that I could see the German plane between clouds.

After a long time I heard her voice, loud, gay, confident, at the end of the street. She had brought in two slightly hurt women to be given tea and first aid. The telephone on her desk was ringing, and she answered questions in the same ruthlessly clear voice, clipped and precise. A disciplinarian might think she spoiled the effect by adding, 'And is that all you want to know, my sweet?'

'Quite the nicest old boy,' she said to me. 'Sort of clerk of the works. He rushes out and looks for time bombs, things I wouldn't touch with a feather. . . . They got those small houses. My dear, you never saw a more disastrous wreck. A policeman said everybody was in the shelter under What's-its-name House, but another man piped up and said the man in Number 3 always stayed in his cellar during raids, so the demolition fairies began digging, and when they'd made an inadequate sort of hole I poked my head in and shouted. And, my dear, you should have heard the languid man-milliner voice that came floating up. It said, "Take care how you come down those stairs! There's a lot of broken glass."' "

This display covered efficiency, steadiness, complete disregard of risks. In the West as in the East End the responsibility and risks of a warden are heavy. They are shared with stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, auxiliary firemen and women, rescue and demolition squads. 'Come in any night you want a spot of

excitement. We're open for the duration. All I hope is that you're not still writing in the newspapers about a just peace. My dear girl, what *I* want is something strikingly and permanently unjust.'

IV

There are still parts of this island that have never heard a German plane. South Wales is not one of them. The workers in a large engineering works spoke with affection about 'our bombs' — most of them buried harmlessly in the mud of the river. Four thousand women here are on war work; 30 per cent of them had never before been in a factory. Buses fetch them in from scattered Welsh valleys, and — an odd turnabout — girls who left mining villages during the slump to become domestic servants in London are coming back now that London is the devastated area. 'Parlor-maid to the Honorable Mrs. X' appears on any number of application forms. It is almost a new thing for Welsh miners' wives and daughters to go into factories, — 'The women here have no nerves; they are very strong, see?' — and more than one says cheerfully, 'I have not seen so much money in my hand since Dada was put from work.' Surprising how many of them coming off the first shift are beautiful, straight as a bolt, neat, dark-eyed. They are well dressed and they walk easily.

This is an admirable factory as to the care taken of the workers. They need it — the work is not easy, the conveyor belt runs through the shops, and an eight-hour shift is well long enough. Women cutters and trimmers in one shop were handling a big cartridge case so lightly that I said, 'Let me lift it.' It almost pulled my arms out.

A nurse patrols each of the shops day and night, and the heavy presses — normally handled by men — are well guarded. 'Not like the last war,' the dark-eyed pretty Welsh nurse says; 'they're not brought in now with their

fingers taken clean off. This is a fine machine, see? A ray cuts it out — do you see that, now? — if her hands are still in the way.'

The women, a foreman says, are steadier during raids than the men. 'And how they sing in the shelters! The other night it was, a girl was singing alone, the others listening. She had such a clear high voice, it was like a stream running at night, do you know? Everywhere silence, the aeroplanes a long way off still, and the voice rising out of the darkness.'

Pregnant women are not allowed to stay in this factory. 'Mr. Gwynfa said, "I will not have women hurt themselves and their children in my works. They may do it in England — please themselves — but not here." He is a fair man, too. When a raid starts and the women are on their way to work, they are paid, see, if they come in an hour after the raid stops. Paid for the whole shift. There is a child here from the Rhondda, — eighteen years old, she is, — and instead of coming into the works when the raid started she went up to the town and was out all night, only walking in the next morning to draw her money. Some older women complained. I called her up and said, "I am going now to stand you down, for your own sake," and she said, with tears, "Miss Morgan, never will I do such a thing again." I gave her another chance. Yesterday I had my report on her. She comes early, to be here before the raid begins, and takes a book to the shelter. Eighteen years. It would give us a bad name in the villages, and the fathers would forbid girls to come here.'

It is a mistake to think that only the women in the factories and the air-raid and military services are at war. Every woman in this island is at war.

The train making its slow way to what the BBC calls 'a southwestern port' halts at every station, even the smallest and most lost. For a long way my only companion is a captain's wife, traveling

back home from seeing her husband off in his ship. At one small village a country-woman climbs in to go to the next and smaller. I ask about the raids over the estuary; in a soft, uncomplaining voice she replies slowly, 'They dropped bombs on us last week. We have not a shelter in our village, and I say there should be *something*. It's not for us, — we're not afraid, — it's for the children.'

It is growing dark when the captain's wife and I change to another train. There is already a woman with a little lively boy in the carriage, which is unlit. We can only see her very indistinctly, and there is something curious — what? — in her high and very resolute voice. The little boy has a voice like a bird. Fretted because there are no names on the stations, she explains that she is traveling to see her daughter, evacuated last year with her school from a garrison town at the other side of England. 'I suppose you have had raids there.' 'Oh,' — the stiff lilting voice rises, — 'we have them. George and I don't mind, do we, George?' When she leaves the train at a small station, a little light from a darkened lamp falls on her face. She is a half-caste Indian. George, very English, has the lightest of foreign thumbmarks on his small candid face.

It was now fully dark. There were no lights in any part of the level country. How slowly the night flows! Staring into the darkness, I could make out the colorless fields, and the wide dove-gray water of the estuary. At another station an old man climbed stiffly into the carriage and settled himself in a corner. Friendly and inquisitive, the captain's wife very soon got from him that he was a pilot, going down to meet a boat. He is the oldest pilot in this part of England. 'If there was any light I would show you two ladies what they wrote about me in the newspaper. You know, Harry Morgan — Morgan the pirate — was an ancestor of mine. They put it all in the paper. My father was a pilot, and his father. But my boy chose to be an air

pilot. . . . The other day seventy-six German planes passed over the ship when I was taking her up to London. You've seen wild geese? They were just like that. In three flights.'

I heard him make a light gesture with his hands.

The captain's wife began to talk about her husband again: 'He's the commodore of the convoy; the destroyer megaphones orders to him and he passes them on to the others. They follow him.' She was silent for a few minutes. Her rough light voice came suddenly out of her corner.

'Our ship will be stealing quietly down the river now to the sea.'

'Yes, she will,' I said. And glad I was — no one will ever know how glad — to be able to talk to her about the things I know without having had to learn them.

'I have three boys, d'y'know, and they're at sea, too. Four men at sea in wartime. I can't help thinking about the mines.'

'You shouldn't marry a sailor,' the pilot said in his old, very quiet voice.

Whether it was the happiness of remembering familiar things, or whether it came from the estuary, widening now to the invisible horizon, I don't know — the sense of living on an island possessed my mind suddenly and strongly. The estuary was blotted out behind houses. 'This is my home village,' the captain's wife said. 'Home — but there'll only be me there.'

The train crawled into the station, and we groped about in the dark for our suitcases. 'Raid on. All down to the subway.' A little bewildered — I have never known a blacker black-out — we followed the porter. The subway was crowded. I looked at the captain's wife and she at me. 'Isn't there a taxi will go?' I asked. He took us out again and left us in pitch-darkness against the wall of the station, and after a time we found a taxi and drove off, I to a hotel and she to her empty house.

THE CAPTIVES

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

YOUR long letter was most welcome, my dear Charles — you have no idea how eagerly we seize upon all news, in this exile. I must confess I read it, in parts, with a certain jealousy — you will not take that amiss. To have shared in the glorious victory of Minden! It must make our backwoods scufflings here seem of little account. Yet there are certain details of our late campaign against the Indians which you will not find in the newsletter — and it is for these I crave your attention. I fear they are not truly instructive — yet if, as you say, your young brother intends a voyage to the American colonies, it may be as well for him to know something of the life one must lead. Nor must you be surprised if you find him changed, on his return. I am, as you know, hard-headed and a Scot — yet it seems a long time to me since you and I last drank at the Cocoa Tree together. The year is but 1764 — I can read it, if I like, on the calendar. Yet, is it the same year that you have in England — and am I the same man that seconded you in the affair with Lord Henry? 'Faith, I doubt it myself, at times — you had better judge.

I can look back now and see that it all began with the first landfall. After three months in the West Indies, my Highlanders and I were riddled with fever. We were glad enough to get our orders for Philadelphia — and glad enough, after that, to sight land again, for the voyage was none of the smoothest. And, after the bitter sun of the West Indies, the green, smiling country

was pleasant to our eyes. Yet the name of it is Penn's Woods — I should have remembered that. You smile a little — you have seen the forests of Germany. But here, on the western borders, it is not forest but wilderness. The tree-boughs meet above, the underbrush has never known the axe. At night there is a darkness of darkness and small, crying sounds. I despair of showing you the difference, yet it exists, like a creature that has not been tamed. Nor are those who live in it easy to tame, as I was to find out later.

Well, well, I will not rehearse the events of the campaign. We had scarce five hundred men at best — and many of these still weak from fever. Yet we beat the savages soundly at a place called Bushy Run, relieved Fort Pitt and broke the back of the Indian conspiracy. That we did so is thanks to our commander, Colonel Henry Bouquet. A Swiss, a free sword of the old adventurous stripe and a most sagacious soldier — he is choice in his dress and elegant in his conversation. Yet he taught us to leap over logs and take shelter behind trees till we were a match for the savages themselves. Yes, I can imagine how the wits at the Cocoa Tree would have laughed at us. I know when he began his instructions I went to him in a fume of protest, speaking of the honor of one's uniform and the arts of war. He heard me out very patiently, though he is a red-faced man.

'Ensign,' he said at last, though very calmly, 'you have a fine coat — by the

way, who's your tailor? — and a good fighting name. If I tell you to dig a burrow in the earth like a rabbit, you will dig that burrow and hide in it. Do that well and I will mention you in despatches. But get yourself killed like a pighead and I will not even halt to bury you. I have served with some admirable pigheads in the Low Countries and there it did not matter greatly. But here, in the wilderness, it matters. I mean to recover Fort Pitt, and, after that, our captives.' He chuckled a little. 'And if Lord Jeffrey Amherst were with me, and did not hide behind trees, I would tell Lord Jeffrey what I thought of him,' he said.

After that, I began to learn — yes, I think I may say so. At Bushy Run, I found myself cursing like a dragoon when a man wasted his fire. Yet my company did well enough — it was a very pretty ambushment we lay in, and a great surprise to the savages. But it was not until we began treating for the captives that the real spell was laid upon me.

That was the following year and we had pushed on to the Muskingum — it is a wide, flowing river. It was the season we call St. Martin's summer — a part of autumn when, for a week or two, the warmth and the light of summer return, before the snow. They call it Indian summer here and it is a most beautiful time. More beautiful than in England, for the sky seems made of blue smoke and the trees turn bright red and gold. It is dauntingly lovely, yet there is something fey about it. You would not think that utter wilderness could look so fair and so peaceful. Yet the gold is fairy gold and might vanish at a touch.

It was there that I saw the girl whose face, I fear, will stay in my mind. I note that you raise your eyebrows and purse your lips — what should such a sober-sided fellow as I be doing with a woman in the middle of a campaign? It was not that sort of affair — you must believe me. She came in with the other captives, as rudely dressed as they. Yet there was

something about her that I have tried hard to forget and, trying, failed.

Let me paint you the picture if I can — the camp, and the wide, flowing river — my men in their tattered kilts, Bouquet in his best uniform that had come with the baggage-train, the Royal Americans in their scarlet. So far, you need not strain your vision — we might have been encamped in Flanders. Our field-music played the same tunes that you play in the old regiment — it was odd to see painted chiefs come out of the forest and listen to that music of fife and drum. They have their own music, those chiefs — I have heard it throb in the night.

So far, so good — but there were the provincials also. That is what you call them in England and I must follow the style. I mean the Virginia and Pennsylvania riflemen who had joined us. Let me try to describe them to you. They wear linsey shirts and leather breeches; they are tall, strong men. They know nothing of what we call discipline, but I have seen them drive the head of a nail with a bullet at fifty yards. They are Germans, Irish, English — God knows what they are — and yet there is a likeness among them. You would know the likeness — you have seen our poor, proud clansmen in the Highlands. But these are not all of the same stock — and yet the likeness is there. They carry their rifles lightly and they walk with a long, springing step. Each man seems to be his own master, in a way that I cannot describe. Yes, they are uncouth enough, but one did not think of that, by the Muskingum. From the hills and valleys of the border they had come to recover their own.

That was an extraordinary business, for my Colonel kept his promise, and tribe after tribe brought in their captives to us. There were stolen girls who had grown to womanhood in the wild, there were men who had barely escaped the stake and the fire, there were children who had forgotten the sound of English speech. Now the savages brought them

back, at Bouquet's command. I helped to keep the muster roll — it was a moving affair. I have seen a woman dressed in skins give a wild, high cry and run to the rough, tall husband who had thought her lost forever. I have seen a woman from the pack-trains go endlessly up and down through the throng of captives, muttering, 'A little boy named Jamie Wilson. Has anybody seen a little boy named Jamie Wilson? He wore a blue cap and is about ten years old.' I have seen memory and recognition come back into a tanned child's eyes when, at first, he strained away from the strange white faces and would have gone back to his savage foster-kin. And then there were those whom the spells of the wood had overcome — the women with red husbands and red children. One or two of those were brought in bound — not in cruelty, but because they would not come of their own will. And, indeed, before we reached Fort Pitt they had slipped away again and back to the forest. That will seem an ill thing to you, I know — a thing like our old wives' tales of witchcraft and possession. It would have seemed so to me, once, yet now I wonder. I wonder very greatly, having seen and talked to one girl.

I forget what day it was — the third or fourth day, I think, for the whole matter took some time. She had come in with a group from the further villages of the Shawanoes, but, though with them, she was not of them — she stood a little apart. That is how I shall always think of her — a little apart from the rest. A gray-eyed girl, slight but strong, with hair that the sun had bleached to a silvery gold. She was dressed like the others, in the gear of the savage, and there was an old Indian woman with her who made much of her and howled when she was delivered over to us. I paused for a moment to question her and to see that all was in order — it was not such an easy business, keeping the tally. She was perfectly biddable and quiet, but none appeared to claim her from among our

men and women. Well, there were others in like case and yet, somehow, she was different. There are wild legends of women turned into deer. I could believe them, looking at her face.

'I am a King's officer,' I said, 'and you are in safe hands, now.' For, here and there, I had seen captives so dazed by the shock of release that they did not well know where they were. She smiled at me gravely and pleasantly and said, 'Yes, I understand. This is a big village — very big. They told me there would be men in red coats and there are.'

'That's the Royal Americans,' I said. 'We Scots wear the tartan. But we're all friends.' I could see that my words made no impression whatever on her mind. It was like talking to a changeling. Yet, somehow, I knew that I must talk to her and get her to talk to me.

I could not do it then, for I had work to do. Yet I made one further effort.

'See,' I said, as if to a child, 'they are bringing more captives in.' She raised her eyes, with calm interest.

'Yes,' she said. 'Delawares. They make long speeches. But our men are the men.' It hurt me to hear her speak so and I did not answer. Yet I stood by her side, for a moment, watching the new arrivals. There was one big, black-headed youth who grinned a little shyly as he went past. I saw a bearded Virginia rifleman step up to him and look him up and down.

'Well, Tom,' he said, finally, in a drawl, — the provincials slur their speech in a manner I cannot reproduce, — 'you've kind of filled out in the brisket. But you're looking peart at that.'

'Thanks, Henry,' said the black-haired boy, in the same accent. 'I reckoned if they sent a war-party you'd be with it. Obligated to you. Say, have you got any Christian tobacco? I been smoking willow-bark all winter. Wasn't bad, except for that.'

Then the two brothers beat each other upon the back, whooping and swearing strange oaths that I did not comprehend.

A tall painted savage watched them, it seemed to me scornfully. After a moment, the brother who had been a captive turned.

'Oh, Henry,' he said, indicating the savage, 'this here's Little Bear. He's a friend of mine. His ma 'dopted me. Guess if she hadn't they'd have burned me — they seemed to be fixing to. But him and the old lady stood up for me something handsome. Treated me right. Like you two to be acquainted.'

'That so?' said the elder brother. He raised his hand and made a sign — it was odd to see a white man do it with the slow dignity of a savage.

'What's their word for peace?' he said.

The other brother gave it and he repeated it. Not a muscle seemed to change in the savage's countenance, but now he too made a sign and began to speak.

'He's saying you're my brother, so he's your brother,' said Tom. 'But you ain't to believe all he says — I helped him out in a pinch, once, but why wouldn't I?' His tone was precisely that of an anxious collegian, introducing some new-found friend. 'Where's that tobacco of yours? We'd better have a smoke on it.'

Without more ado, the three strolled off through the crowd — to squat on the ground somewhere, no doubt, and smoke ceremoniously before captor and captive parted. I turned to the girl to see how she had taken the little scene. She was staring with her lips half-parted. Then an orderly called me away and I did not see her again till the evening had fallen.

I would I had not seen her then, and yet I felt it to be my duty. She was younger than I had imagined — indeed she could not have been more than sixteen. She answered my questions pleasantly and with dignity, though there was little she could tell. She had been captured, as I gathered, somewhere in Western Pennsylvania and she knew her name to be Mary. But of what her last name had been she had no recollection, though, she assured me, she had often tried to recall it. The cabin had been

beside a stream, but to each name of a river I mentioned she gravely shook her head. It was always called 'the river,' to her remembrance.

No, she could not remember neighbors, but her father had worn a beard and her mother had had a red apron. There had been a little brother — she remembered the look of him well. Then, one day, she had strayed into the wood, gotten lost, and fallen asleep. As she told it to me, gravely and sweetly, in her halting English, it was like one of our own old rude ballads of children stolen away to dwell in a green hill. For that was the last she saw of hearth and home. There were scalps at the belts of the raiding party that found her; she thought one to be her mother's, by the color of the hair, but she was not sure. This she told me with the fearful matter-of-factness of a child. I gather, at the time, she must have been about six years old.

Why the Shawanoes had spared her instead of despatching her, I cannot tell. It is a thing that happens at times. Since then, she had lived with them, not unhappily. From time to time she had seen other captives — so kept her English. There had been, in particular, a woman named Margaret, a later captive and kind to her. She had tried to teach her something of white ways, though they did not always sound very comfortable. Now, after all of this, she was going back to a white world.

It may not seem logical, but I cannot tell you how forcible an impression her recital made upon me. It was not only the story but the circumstances — the girl's clear, candid face in the red light of the camp-fire — the great sky above us, with its stars. I wondered privately to myself why she, unlike so many others, had no Indian husband. Then, looking at her suddenly, I knew. There was a fey quality to her — an unawakened simplicity. I queried her.

'Yes,' she said, in her careful English, 'they thought I helped with the corn. It is very important to have the corn

good. They did not wish to give me a husband till they were sure the corn would like it. Perhaps they will take me back again, but I do not think so. You are very strong people, you English.'

'I am Scots,' I said, 'not English. But you are English.'

'Am I?' she said. 'Well, then, I suppose I am. But I do not know what I am,' and she smiled at the fire.

'And what do you think of us, now you have found us?' I said, with a man's blundering.

She looked me over gravely and candidly.

'Why, I think you wear very pretty clothes,' she said, touching my sleeve with a child's inquisitiveness. 'You must have wonderful animals to give you clothes like that.'

That was how we talked together, at first — and yet, how might I have done otherwise? I wish you would tell me. It was part of my duty to make out the rolls — part of my duty to assist the captives. The child could not remember ever having seen a wheeled vehicle before she came to our camp. Would you think I could play the school-teacher? I would not have thought so, myself. Yet I taught her the greater part of her letters, on our way to Fort Pitt and beyond it, and she proved an obedient scholar. You will say it is the Scotsman in me, yet you would have done the same. I could not bear to think of her as merely childish and a savage when she looked at me out of her grey eyes. The Bible, fortunately, she knew of — her father had been wont to read a chapter aloud in the evenings and that good woman, Margaret, had been a professing Christian. We used to read a chapter of it aloud, by the camp-fire, and I would expound it to her as best I might. Now and then the black-headed Virginian named Tom would listen also — and I fear that both of them liked the more warlike chapters the best. But also, once in a great while, I would hit on some verse that touched a chord of memory in

her, and a puzzled, rapt expression would come upon her face.

You see it was my thought — God knows why — that if, by any means, I could make her remember her name and more of her past history than she could tell me, the spell of the wilderness might be shaken from her. I do not know why I thought so — and indeed, to you, it will seem a matter of little import. What matter if she lived and died, unlettered and savage? There are many such, in the wilderness. And yet, it mattered to me.

I knew how a man must feel whose bride has been, as we say, fairy-kist, and comes back to him out of the green hill, but not as she went away. Yet I did my best — you will laugh to hear what I did. By the time we had passed Fort Pitt, she could say the first half of her catechism very fairly. Yet, if I must be honest, it did not seem to me that she spoke with understanding. She would repeat her answers as well as any lass, but I could not feel that grace had penetrated her heart. Yet it was not a hard heart, nor a recalcitrant, as I should know.

The belief of the Indians is not easy to set down, yet, at the core, it is simple. They are not blind idolaters, like the pagans of old, and they worship a spirit or presence, though they name him differently. At least, that is what she told me. I should be glad to think that she told me truly. It is hideous to think of whole nations consigned from birth to the pit or the flame, though John Calvin makes no bones of it. Yet she must have been baptized a Christian, even if she could not remember it. I keep cleaving to that.

I remember one night when we were talking. The boy, Tom, had joined in our conversation for a while — now he lay rolled in his blanket, half-asleep, by the fire. She was telling me of the devils in tree and water that her savage friends believed in. At least they seemed like devils to me, though perhaps they were not. I could not bear to hear her and I groaned aloud.

'Why, what is the matter? Are you sick?' she said, with her candid stare at me and the light on her silver-gold hair.

'No, not sick,' I said.

'If you are sick,' she said, 'why, that's easy, for a man. You will go to the sweat-lodge and feel better. But I forget — you English do not use the sweat-lodge.'

'Child,' I said, very gently, 'will the time never come when you say "we English" instead?'

'I try to say that,' she said, 'but I forget.' It maddened me, for some reason, to hear her say so, without fear or shame.

'Woman,' I cried, like any dominie, 'have you no fear of God's judgments? Do you not see that every day you have spent in the wilderness has been a day without grace?'

There was a muffled sound at this from the boy named Tom. But I paid no attention — I was looking at her face.

'I do not know what you mean,' she said. 'Sometimes the sun shines and sometimes the snow falls. In the winter we often go hungry, but in the spring the hunters kill game again. And even in winter there is much to do — the fire to be tended, the deerskins to be chewed and made soft.'

'God gave you an immortal soul,' I said. 'Have you no feeling of it?'

She looked at me with her fey look, the look of a changeling, while the boy, Tom, rolled over in his blanket and also stared at her.

'Now you talk like a medicine man,' she said. She sighed. 'They are very terrible and wonderful, of course. But a woman has other business.'

'In God's name, what?' I said.

She opened her eyes wide.

'Why,' she said, 'to know how to work the skins and cook the food — yes, and plant the corn and the beans. You think that is hard work — but the English women I have talked to, who come from the towns, have harder. They live shut up in their towns like corn shut up in a pouch, and they wear so many clothes the air never gets to their skin. They say

it is a noble life, but I do not see how they bear it. We are often cold and hungry, but when there is food we share it, and there is always the sky above, and the earth beneath.'

'But what is the end of it all?' I said, for it seemed to me she talked like a pagan or a child.

'Oh,' she said, 'to go to a man's lodge and lie by his side and bear his children. That is the end of it all.'

'Would you have done that?' I said.

'Why, yes,' she said. 'Next year, perhaps. Not this year, for they were not sure of the corn.' She flushed faintly. 'He was a strong man, though older,' she said. 'He had plenty in his lodge and he had killed many enemies.'

The thought of it made me desperate. I rose and walked up and down in front of the fire.

'Why are you walking up and down?' she said, in an interested voice. 'Are you thinking of your own enemies? Be content — I am sure you will kill many of them. You are strong and quick.'

'No, child,' I said. 'I am thinking of your soul and my soul and —' I stopped and sat down beside her again.

'There is an old song,' I said. 'It is sung in my country of a man who was led astray. I do not know why I wish to sing it to you, but I wish it.'

So, sitting beside her by the camp-fire, in the great woods, I sang her the rough old ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, or as much of it as I could remember — how he met the Queen of Elfland and she took him where man should not go.

'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said;

'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;

And ye maun serve me seven years,

Through weal or woe as may chance to be.'

I sang, and wondered, as I sang, if it were indeed the Eildon Tree that we sat beneath — the tree that is on the border of another land than ours. But when I had reached the verse that says,

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded through red blude to the knee,

she nodded her head, and when I had ended the song she nodded again.

'That is a fine song,' she said. 'There is strong medicine in it.'

The boy, Tom, stirred restlessly and seemed about to speak. I could not speak, but sat watching her. There was an intent and puzzled look upon her face. It seemed to me that I saw her from a great distance.

'There is something in the song,' she said, 'I cannot remember.' She put her hand to her head and looked at both of us. 'I cannot remember,' she said, 'but there was another tune. The Queen was not clad in green — she was clad in scarlet. Do you know of that?'

She looked at me pitifully and eagerly, while her brows knitted, but I did not know how to help her. She struck her hands together.

'The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green,'

she sang. 'Eh, feyther, I ken the tune — I'll not fail you.'

I racked my brains for the ballad and the tune, but it would not come to me. Then I saw a shiver go through the body of the boy named Tom, as if he had been touched with a hot iron.

'Ride hooly, hooly, you gentlemen all,'

he sang, in a strange, deep voice;

'Ride hooly now with me —

Is that the tune that you want, girl?'

She nodded, her face rapt and content. He took it up rudely, distorting tune and words, but there was no doubt in my mind when he came to the verse that all Scotland knows by heart.

'Yestreve the Queen had four Marys,
Tonight she'll have but three.
There was Mary Sitton and Mary Bitton
And Mary Carmichael and me.'

As he finished the verse, she gave a great loud cry. 'Carmichael — Mary Carmichael!' she said. 'Hide yourself in the cupboard by the door, Jamie — the Indians are coming and feyther's head is all red!' And, with the cry, her voice

broke and she burst into a passion of tears. The boy, Tom, took her hand, very gently for so rough a fellow. It was the first time I had ever seen her weep. When she lifted her face again, there were memory and recollection in her eyes.

Well, that is the wilderness-tale that I have to tell you — a strange one enough, I think, though with no fit sequel. I have talked since with a medical man in Philadelphia of much experience — he deems it probable that the sound of the familiar words and the lilt of the tune touched some hidden spring in the girl's mind and she knew, having long forgotten, that she was Mary Carmichael. It must have been a song that her father sang her oft. I would I had been the one to sing it, though I know the thought to be vanity. It was the boy, Tom, who had the lilt of the wilderness — and he also had been a captive.

From that night there was a certain change in her, though I did not perceive it till afterwards. For the next day I fell ill of my fever and they tell me I was skin and bones when they brought me in to Carlisle.

When I came to myself again — and that was not for more days than I care to count — she was sitting by my bedside. I could not account for the difference in her at first — then I saw she was decently dressed in Christian garb, no longer in the gear of the savage. I should have rejoiced to see that and yet I did not.

'You were singing, but I cannot remember the tune,' I said, for those were the first words that came into my head.

'Hush,' she said, and smoothed my coverlet with her hand, like any woman. 'You have been very sick. You must rest.'

After I had grown stronger, I found from the woman in whose house I lay that she, Mary Carmichael, had come each day to nurse me. Also she had prepared certain draughts of leaves and herbs. I cannot remember drinking them, but I fear they have entered forever into my veins.

They were married in the church at

Carlisle — she and the boy named Tom. They asked me to stand up with them, very courteously, and, though I was yet weak, I did so. The church, as it happened, was full, for the wedding of a captive caused great interest in the town. It is a plain, small church, but the minister was of the right persuasion.

Before that she thanked me, very sweetly and civilly, for teaching her her letters and for all I had done. It was hard to bear, to have her thank me, yet now I am glad she did, for I shall remember it. The man, Tom, thanked me also and wrung my hand with his big hand. It was odd — he was shy than she, in the church, though friendly enough before that. He had his rifle, his axe, and a packhorse with some goods upon it. They were going to a place called the Forks of the Yadkin — it is many miles away in the rougher part of Virginia. From there, he thought, they might venture some day to the wilds of a new land called Ken-tuck-e — a land full of game and grass where few white men had ever trod. It was odd to stand beside that man and, though one day I shall be Auchairn, feel myself poor beside him. Yet it could not have been otherwise. They were of a likeness — those two — and I was not of their likeness. I should have known that from the first.

The minister — a good man — made them an excellent and searching discourse on Christian wedlock. She listened to it attentively, but I have certain fears that she would have listened quite as prettily to the heathenish ravings of a medicine man. Then they set off together, he and she. The last glimpse I had was of the silvery hair as they topped the rise and began to go down. It was a clear day, yet not cold. He had his rifle in the crook of his arm — she walked a little behind him, leading the packhorse. She did not walk like a lady, but swiftly, and you could not hear her steps though the ground was covered with blown leaves.

The adventure has left me confused —

I thought it might help my confusion to write it down. You will say it is simple enough — that I fell in love with a rustic beauty for a few weeks, behaved like a gentleman and a Christian, and was glad to see her married off, in the end. That is true, perhaps, and yet there is something more. Even now, I cannot get the thought of those two people out of my head. By now, no doubt, they will have reached the Forks of the Yadkin, and he will be making his clearing — there, in the utter wilderness that to them is home. It is there that their children will be born — or in some even wilder land. Yet was she very much of a woman when she took me by the sleeve and said I wore pretty clothes.

They are not English or Scots — they are not German or Irish — it is a new nation they are making. We are deceived by the language, and even that, as you see, begins to change on their tongues. Oh yes, I have been graciously received in fine houses in Philadelphia, but that was an imitation, as Bath is a little London. It is different, in the wilderness — and our Lords in Council have not fathomed it. As for me, I have taken the King's shilling and, some day, I shall be Auchairn. Yet, were it not so, I swear I should like to see what this stream called the Yadkin is like — I should like to see what children came of such a marriage. Aye, even did it mean the abandonment of all I have been.

You will think me daft to have such thoughts — it may be I am not yet wholly recovered of the fever. It may also be that I shall never recover. We hear that the Government intends to close the Western frontiers to settlement — no doubt for good reasons of policy. But these people are not to be stayed and I have seen them fight. Had they a Bouquet to lead them — well, all this is speculation. Yet I keep thinking of my changeling. I know what is due to Auchairn — and she had but the first glint of the catechism, even. And yet, she had nations in her eyes.

LETTER TO ELIZABETH MAYER

BY W. H. AUDEN

PART III

ACROSS East River in the night
Manhattan is ablaze with light.
No shadow dares to criticize
The popular festivities.
Hard liquor causes everywhere
A general *détente*, and Care
For this state function of Good Will
Is diplomatically ill:
The Old Year dies a noisy death.

Warm in your house, Elizabeth,
A week ago at the same hour
I felt the unexpected power
That drove our ragged egos in
From the dead-ends of greed and sin
To sit down at the wedding feast,
Put shining garments on the least,
Arranged us so that each and all,
The erotic and the logical,
Each felt the *placement* to be such
That he was honored overmuch,
And SCHUBERT sang and MOZART played
And GLUCK and food and friendship made
Our privileged community
That real republic which must be
The State all politicians claim,
Even the worst, to be their aim.

O but it happens every day
To someone. Suddenly the way
Leads straight into his native lands,
The *temenos*' small wicket stands
Wide open, shining at the centre
The well of life, and he may enter,
Though compasses and stars cannot
Direct to that magnetic spot,
Nor Will nor willing-not-to-will,
For there is neither good nor ill,
But free rejoicing energy.
Yet anytime, how casually,
Out of his organized distress
An accidental happiness,

Catching man off his guard, will blow him
Out of his life in time to show him
The field of Being where he may.
Unconscious of Becoming, play
With the Eternal Innocence
In unimpeded utterance.
But perfect Being has ordained
It must be lost to be regained,
And in its orchards grow the tree
And fruit of human destiny,
And man must eat it and depart
At once with gay and grateful heart,
Obedient, reborn, re-aware;
For, if he stop an instant there,
The sky grows crimson with a curse,
The flowers change color for the worse,
He hears behind his back the wicket
Padlock itself, from the dark thicket
The chuckle with no healthy cause,
And, helpless, sees the crooked claws
Emerging into view and groping
For handholds on the low round coping,
As Horror clammers from the well:
For he has sprung the trap of Hell.

Hell is the being of the lie
That we become if we deny
The laws of consciousness and claim
Becoming and Being are the same,
Being in time, and man discrete
In will, yet free and self-complete;
Its fire the pain to which we go
If we refuse to suffer, though
The one unnecessary grief
Is the vain craving for relief,
When to the suffering we could bear
We add intolerable fear,
Absconding from remembrance, mocked
By our own partial senses, locked
Each in a stale uniqueness, lie
Time-conscious for eternity.

We cannot, then, will Heaven where
Is perfect freedom; our wills there

Must lose the will to operate.
 But will is free not to negate
 Itself in Hell; we're free to will
 Ourselves up Purgatory still,
 Consenting parties to our lives,
 To love them like attractive wives
 Whom we adore but do not trust,
 Who cannot love without their lust,
 And need their stratagems to win
 Truth out of Time. In Time we sin.
 But Time is sin and can forgive;
 Time is the life in which we live
 At least three quarters of our time,
 The purgatorial hill we climb,
 Where any skyline we attain
 Reveals a higher ridge again.
 Yet since, however much we grumble,
 However painfully we stumble,
 Such mountaineering all the same
 Is, it would seem, the only game
 At which we show a natural skill,
 The hardest exercises still
 Just those our muscles are the best
 Adapted to, its grimmest test
 Precisely what our fear suspected,
 We have no cause to look dejected
 When, wakened from a dream of glory,
 We find ourselves in Purgatory,
 Back on the same old mountain side
 With only guessing for a guide.
 To tell the truth, although we stifle
 The feeling, are we not a trifle
 Relieved to wake on its damp earth?
 It's been our residence since birth,
 Its inconveniences are known,
 And we have made its flaws our own.
 Is it not here that we belong,
 Where everyone is doing wrong,
 And normal our freemartin state,
 Half angel and half *petite bête*?
 So, perched upon the sharp arête,
 When if we do not move we fall,
 Yet movement is heretical,
 Since over its ironic rocks
 No route is truly orthodox,
 O once again let us set out,
 Our faith well balanced by our doubt,
 Admitting every step we make
 Will certainly be a mistake,
 But still believing we can climb
 A little higher every time,
 And keep in order, that we may
 Ascend the penitential way
 That forces our wills to be free,
 A reverent frivolity

That suffers each unpleasant test
 With scientific interest,
 And finds romantic, *faute de mieux*,
 Its sad *nostalgie des adieux*.

Around me, pausing as I write,
 A tiny object in the night,
 Whichever way I look, I mark
 Importunate along the dark
 Horizon of immediacies
 The flares of desperation rise
 From signalers who justly plead
 Their cause is piteous indeed:
 Bewildered, how can I divine
 Which is my true Socratic sign,
 Which of these calls to conscience is
 For me the *casus fœderis*,
 From all the tasks submitted, choose
 The *athlon* I must not refuse?
 A particle, I must not yield
 To particles who claim the field,
 Nor trust the demagogue who raves,
 A quantum speaking for the waves,
 Nor worship blindly the ornate
Grandezza of the Sovereign State.
 Whatever wickedness we do
 Need not be, orators, for you;
 We can at least serve other ends,
 Can love the *polis* of our friends
 And pray that loyalty may come
 To serve mankind's *imperium*.

But why and where and when and how?
 O none escape these questions now:
 The future which confronts us has
 No likeness to that age when, as
 Rome's huggermugger unity
 Was slowly knocked to pieces by
 The uncoördinated blows
 Of artless and barbaric foes,
 The stressed and rhyming measures rose;
 The cities we abandon fall
 To nothing primitive at all;
 This lust in action to destroy
 Is not the pure instinctive joy
 Of animals, but the refined
 Creation of machines and mind.
 We face our self-created choice
 As out of Europe comes a voice,
 A theologian who denies
 What more than twenty centuries
 Of Europe have assumed to be
 The basis of civility,
 Our evil *Daimon* to express
 In all its ugly nakedness

What none before dared say aloud,
 The metaphysics of the Crowd,
 The Immanent Imperative
 By which the lost and injured live
 In mechanized societies
 Where natural intuition dies,
 The hitherto-unconscious creed
 Of little men who half succeed,
 The international result
 Of Industry's *Quicunque vult*.

Yet maps and languages and names
 Have meaning and their proper claims.
 There are two atlases: the one
 The public space where acts are done,
 In theory common to us all,
 Where we are needed and feel small,
 The *agora* of work and news
 Where each one has the right to choose
 His trade, his corner and his way,
 And can, again in theory, say
 For whose protection he will pay,
 And loyalty is help we give
 The place where we prefer to live;
 The other is the inner space
 Of private ownership, the place
 That each of us is forced to own,
 Like his own life from which it's grown,
 The landscape of his will and need
 Where he is sovereign indeed,
 The state created by his acts
 Where he patrols the forest tracts
 Planted in childhood, farms the belt
 Of doings memorized and felt,
 And even if he find it hell
 May neither leave it nor rebel.
 Two worlds describing their rewards,
 That one in tangents, this in chords;
 Each lives in one, all in the other,
 Here all are kings, there each a brother:
 In Politics the Fall of Man
 From natural liberty began
 When, loving power or sloth, he came
 Like BURKE to think them both the same.

England to me is my own tongue,
 And what I did when I was young.
 If now, two aliens in New York,
 We meet, Elizabeth, and talk
 Of friends who suffer in the torn
 Old Europe where we both were born,
 What this refutes or that confirms,
 I can but think our talk in terms
 Of images that I have seen,
 And England tells me what we mean.

Thus, squalid beery BURTON stands
 For shoddy thinking of all brands;
 The wreck of RHONDDA for the mess
 We make when for a short success
 We split our symmetry apart,
 Deny the Reason or the Heart;
 YE OLDE TUDOR TEA-SHOPPE for
 The folly of dogmatic law,
 While graceless BOURNEMOUTH is the
 sloth

Of men or bureaucrats or both.

No matter where, or whom I meet,
 Shop-gazing in a Paris street,
 Bumping through Iceland in a bus,
 At teas when clubwomen discuss
 The latest Federation Plan,
 In Pullman washrooms, man to man,
 Hearing how circumstance has vexed
 A broker who is oversexed,
 In houses where they do not drink,
 Whenever I begin to think
 About the human creature we
 Must nurse to sense and decency,
 An English area comes to mind,
 I see the nature of my kind
 As a locality I love,
 Those limestone moors that stretch from
 BROUGH

To HEXHAM and the ROMAN WALL,
 There is my symbol of us all.
 There, where the EDEN leisures through
 Its sandstone valley, is my view
 Of green and civil life that dwells
 Below a cliff of savage fells
 From which original address
 Man faulted into consciousness.
 Along the line of lapse the fire
 Of life's impersonal desire
 Burst through his sedentary rock
 And, as at DUFTON and at KNOCK,
 Thrust up between his mind and heart
 Enormous cones of myth and art.
 Always my boy of wish returns
 To those peat-stained deserted burns
 That feed the WEAR and TYNE and TEES,
 And, turning states to strata, sees
 How basalt long oppressed broke out
 In wild revolt at CAULDRON SNOUT,
 And from the relics of old mines
 Derives his algebraic signs
 For all in man that mourns and seeks,
 For all of his renowned techniques,
 Their tramways overgrown with grass,
 For lost belief, for all Alas,

The derelict lead-smelting mill,
 Flued to its chimney up the hill,
 That smokes no answer any more
 But points, a landmark on BOLTS LAW,
 The finger of all question. There
 In ROOKHOPE I was first aware
 Of Self and Not-self, Death and Dread:
 Adits were entrances which led
 Down to the Outlawed, to the Others,
 The Terrible, the Merciful, the Mothers;
 Alone in the hot day I knelt
 Upon the edge of shafts and felt
 The deep *Urmutterfurcht* that drives
 Us into knowledge all our lives,
 The far interior of our fate
 To civilize and to create,
Das Weibliche that bids us come
 To find what we're escaping from.
 There I dropped pebbles, listened, heard
 The reservoir of darkness stirred;
*'O deine Mutter kehrt dir nicht
 Wieder. Du selbst bin ich, dein Pflicht
 Und Liebe. Brach sie nun mein Bild.'*
 And I was conscious of my guilt.

But such a bond is not an Ought,
 Only a given mode of thought,
 Whence my imperatives were taught.
 Now in that other world I stand
 Of fully alienated land,
 An earth made common by the means
 Of hunger, money, and machines,
 Where each determined nature must
 Regard that nature as a trust
 That, being chosen, he must choose,
 Determined to become of use;
 For we are conscripts to our age
 Simply by being born, we wage
 The war we are; and may not die
 With POLYCARP'S despairing cry,
 Desert or become ill, but how
 To be the patriots of the Now?
 Then all, by rights, are volunteers,
 And anyone who interferes
 With how another wills to fight
 Must base his action, not on right,
 But on the power to compel.
 Only the 'Idiot' can tell
 For which state office he should run,
 Only the Many make the One.

Eccentric, wrinkled, and ice-capped,
 Swarming with parasites and wrapped
 In a peculiar atmosphere,
 Earth wobbles on down her career

With no ambition in her heart;
 Her loose land-masses drift apart,
 Her zone of shade and silence crawls
 Steadily westward. Daylight falls
 On Europe's frozen soldiery
 And millions brave enough to die
 For a new day; for each one knows
 A day is drawing to a close.
 Yes, all of us at least know that,
 All from the seasoned diplomat
 Used to the warm Victorian summers
 Down to the juveniles and drummers.
 Whatever nonsense we believe,
 Whomever we can still deceive,
 Whatever language angers us,
 Whoever seems the poisonous
 Old dragon to be killed if men
 Are ever to be rich again,
 We know no fuss or pain or lying
 Can stop the moribund from dying,
 That all the special tasks begun
 By the Renaissance have been done.

When unity has come to grief
 Upon professional belief,
 Another unity was made
 By equal amateurs in trade.
 Out of the noise and horror, the
 Opinions of artillery,
 The barracks chatter and the yell
 Of charging cavalry, the smell
 Of poor opponents roasting, out
 Of LUTHER's faith and MONTAIGNE's doubt,
 The epidemic of translations,
 The Councils and the navigations,
 The confiscations and the suits,
 The scholars' scurrilous disputes
 Over the freedom of the Will
 And right of Princes to do ill,
 Emerged a new *Anthropos*, an
 Empiric Economic Man,
 The urban, prudent, and inventive,
 Profit his rational incentive
 And Work his whole *exercitus*,
 The individual let loose
 To guard himself, at liberty
 To starve or be forgotten, free
 To feel in splendid isolation
 Or drive himself about creation
 In the closed cab of Occupation.

He did what he was born to do,
 Proved some assumptions were untrue.
 He had his half-success; he broke
 The silly and unnatural yoke

Of famine and disease that made
 A false necessity obeyed;
 A Protestant, he found the key
 To Catholic economy,
 Subjected earth to the control
 And moral choices of the soul;
 And in the training of each sense
 To serve with joy its evidence
 He founded a new discipline
 To fight an intellectual sin,
 Reason's depravity that takes
 The useful concepts that she makes
 As universals, as the *kitsch*,
 But worshiped statues upon which
 She leaves her effort and her crown,
 And if his half-success broke down,
 All failures have one good result:
 They prove the Good is difficult.

He never won complete support,
 However many votes he bought.
 He could not silence all the cliques,
 And no miraculous techniques
 Could sterilize all discontent
 Or dazzle it into assent,
 But at the very noon and arch
 Of his immense triumphal march
 Stood prophets pelting him with curses
 And sermons and satiric verses,
 And ostentatious beggars slept.
 BLAKE shouted insults, ROUSSEAU wept,
 Ironic KIERKEGAARD stared long
 And muttered 'All are in the wrong,'
 While BAUDELAIRE went mad protesting
 That Progress is not interesting
 And thought he was an albatross,
 The great Erotic on the cross
 Of Science, crucified by fools
 Who sit all day on office stools,
 Are fairly faithful to their wives
 And play for safety all their lives,
 For whose *Verbürgerlichung* of
 All joy and suffering and love
 Let the grand pariah atone
 By dying hated and alone.

The World ignored them; they were few.
 The careless victor never knew
 Their grapevine rumor would grow true,
 Their alphabet of warning sounds
 The common grammar all have grounds
 To study; for their guess is proved:
 It is the Mover that is moved.
 Whichever way we turn, we see
 Man captured by his liberty,

The measurable taking charge
 Of him who measures, set at large
 By his own actions, useful facts
 Become the user of his acts,
 And Chance the choices of his soul;
 The beggar put out by his bowl,
 Boys trained by factories for leading
 Unusual lives as nurses, feeding
 Helpless machines, girls married off
 To typewriters, old men in love
 With prices they can never get,
 Homes blackmailed by a radio set,
 Children inherited by slums
 And idiots by enormous sums:
 We see, we suffer, we despair.
 The well-armed children everywhere
 Who envy the self-governed beast
 Now know that they are bound at least,
Die Aufgeregten without pity
 Destroying the historic city,
 The ruined showering with honors
 The blind Christs and the mad Madonnas,
 The Gnostics in the brothels treating
 The flesh as secular and fleeting,
 The *dialegesthai* of the rich
 At cocktail parties as to which
 Technique is most effective in
 Enforcing labor discipline,
 What Persian Apparatus will
 Protect their privileges still
 And safely keep the living dead
 Entombed, hilarious, and fed,
 The Disregarded in their shackles
 Upon the wrong side of the tracks,
 Poisoned by reasonable hate,
 Are symptoms of one common fate.
 All in their morning mirrors face
 A member of a governed race.
 Each recognizes what LEAR saw,
 The *homo* THURBER likes to draw,
 The neuter outline that's the plan
 And icon of Industrial Man,
 The Unpolitical afraid
 Of all that has to be obeyed.

But still each private citizen
 Thanks God he's not as other men.
 O all too easily we blame
 The politicians for our shame
 And the hired officers of state
 For all the customs that frustrate
 Our own intention to fulfill
 Eros's legislative will.
 Yet who must not, if he reflect,
 See how unserious the effect

That he to love's volition gives,
 On what base compromise he lives?
 Even true lovers on some bed
 The graceful God has visited
 Find faults at which to hang the head,
 And know the morphon full of guilt
 Whence all community is built,
 The cryptozoön with two backs
 Whose sensibility that lacks
 True reverence contributes much
 Towards the soldier's violent touch.
 For, craving language and a myth
 And hands to shape their purpose with,
 In shadow round the fond and warm
 The possible societies swarm,
 Because their freedom as their form
 Upon our sense of style depends,
 Whose eyes alone can seek their ends,
 And they are impotent if we
 Decline responsibility.
 O what can love's intention do
 If all his agents are untrue?
 The politicians we condemn
 Are nothing but our L. C. M.
 The average of the average man
 Becomes the dread Leviathan,
 Our million individual deeds,
 Omissions, vanities, and creeds,
 Put through the statistician's hoop
 The gross behavior of a group.
 Upon each English conscience lie
 Two decades of hypocrisy,
 And not a German can be proud
 Of what his apathy allowed.

The flood of tyranny and force
 Arises at a double source:
 In PLATO's lie of intellect
 That all are weak but the Elect
 Philosophers who must be strong,
 For, knowing Good, they will no Wrong,
 United in the abstract Word
 Above the low anarchic herd;
 Or ROUSSEAU's falsehood of the flesh
 That stimulates our pride afresh
 To think all men identical
 And strong in the Irrational.
 And yet, although the social lie
 Looks double to the dreamer's eye,
 The rain to fill the mountain streams
 That water the opposing dreams
 By turns in favor with the crowd
 Is scattered from one common cloud.
 Up in the Ego's atmosphere
 And higher altitudes of fear

The particles of error form
 The shepherd-killing thunderstorm,
 And our political distress
 Descends from her self-consciousness,
 Her cold *concupiscence d'esprit*
 That looks upon her liberty
 Not as a gift from life with which
 To serve, enlighten, and enrich
 The total creature that could use
 Her function of free-will to choose
 The actions that this world requires
 To educate its blind desires,
 But as the right to lead alone
 An attic life all on her own,
 Unhindered, unrebuked, unwatched,
 Self-known, self-praising, self-attached;
 All happens as she wishes till
 She ask herself why she should will
 This more than that, or who would care
 If she were dead or gone elsewhere,
 And on her own hypothesis
 Is powerless to answer this.
 Then panic seizes her; the glance
 Of mirrors shows a countenance
 Of wretched empty brilliance. How
 Can she escape self-loathing now?
 What is there left for pride to do
 Except plunge headlong *vers la boue*,
 For freedom except suicide,
 The self-asserted, self-denied?
 A witch self-tortured as she spins
 Her whole devotion widdershins,
 She worships in obscene delight
 The Not, the Never, and the Night,
 The formless Mass without a Me,
 The Midnight Women and the Sea,
 The genius of the loud Steam Age.
 Loud WAGNER put it on the stage:
 The mental hero who has swooned
 With sensual pleasure at his wound,
 His intellectual life fulfilled
 In knowing that his doom is willed,
 Exists to suffer; borne along
 Upon a timeless tide of song,
 The huge doll roars for death or mother,
 Synonymous with one another;
 And Woman, passive as in dreams,
 Redeems, redeems, redeems, redeems.

Delighted with their takings, bars
 Are closing under fading stars;
 The revelers go home to change
 Back into something far more strange,
 The tightened self in which they may
 Walk safely through their bothered day,

With formal purpose up and down
 The crowded fatalistic town,
 And dawn sheds its calm candor now
 On monasteries where they vow
 An economic abstinence.
 Modern in their impenitence,
 Blonde, naked, paralyzed, alone,
 Like rebel angels turned to stone
 The secular cathedrals stand
 Upon their valuable land,
 Frozen forever in a lie,
 Determined always to deny
 That man is weak and has to die,
 And hide the huge phenomena
 Which must decide America,
 That culture that had worshiped no
 Virgin before the Dynamo,
 Held no Nicea nor Canossa,
Hat keine verfallene Schlosse,
Keine Basalte, the great Rome
 To all who lost or hated home.

A long time since it seems today
 The Saints in Massachusetts Bay
 Heard theocratic COTTON preach
 And legal WINTHROP's Little Speech;
 Since MISTRESS HUTCHINSON was tried
 By those her Inner Light defied,
 And WILLIAMS questioned Moses' law
 But in Rhode Island waited for
 The Voice of the Beloved to free
 Himself and the Democracy;
 Long since inventive JEFFERSON
 Fought realistic HAMILTON,
 Pelagian versus Jansenist;
 But the same heresies exist.
 Time makes old formulas look strange,
 Our properties and symbols change,
 But round the freedom of the Will
 Our disagreements centre still,
 And now as then the voter hears
 The battle cries of two ideas.
 Here, as in Europe, is dissent,
 This raw untidy continent
 Where the Commuter can't forget
 The Pioneer; and even yet
 A *Volksbewanderung* occurs:
 Resourceful manufacturers
 Trek southward by progressive stages
 For sites with no floor under wages,
 No ceiling over hours; and by
 Artistic souls in towns that lie
 Out in the weed and pollen belt
 The need for sympathy is felt,
 And east to hard New York they come;
 And self-respect drives Negroes from

The one-crop and race-hating delta
 To northern cities helter-skelter;
 And in jaloopies there migrates
 A rootless tribe from windblown states
 To suffer further westward where
 The tolerant Pacific air
 Makes logic seem so silly, pain
 Subjective, what he seeks so vain
 The wanderer may die; and kids,
 When their imagination bids,
 Hitch-hike a thousand miles to find
 The Hesperides that's on their mind,
 Some Texas where real cowboys seem
 Lost in a movie-cowboy's dream.
 More even than in Europe, here
 The choice of patterns is made clear
 Which the machine imposes, what
 Is possible and what is not,
 To what conditions we must bow
 In building the Just City now.

However we decide to act,
 Decision must accept the fact
 That the machine has now destroyed
 The local customs we enjoyed,
 Replaced the bonds of blood and nation
 By personal confederation.
 No longer can we learn our good
 From chances of a neighborhood
 Or class or party, or refuse
 As individuals to choose
 Our loves, authorities, and friends,
 To judge our means and plan our
 ends;
 For the machine has cried aloud
 And publicized among the crowd
 The secret that was always true
 But known once only to the few,
 Compelling all to the admission,
 Aloneness is man's real condition,
 That each must travel forth alone
 In search of the Essential Stone,
 'The Nowhere-without-No' that is
 The justice of societies.
 Each salesman now is the polite
 Adventurer, the landless knight
 GAWAINE-QUIXOTE, and his goal
 The *Frauendienst* of his weak soul;
 Each biggie in the canning Ring
 An unrobust lone FISHER-KING;
 Each subway face the PEQUOD of
 Some ISHMAEL hunting his lost love,
 To harpoon his unhappiness
 And turn the whale to a princess;
 In labs the puzzled KAFKAS meet
 The inexplicable defeat;

The odd behavior of the law,
 The facts that suddenly withdraw,
 The path that twists away from the
 Near-distant CASTLE they can see,
 The Truth where they will be denied
 Permission ever to reside;
 And all the operatives know
 Their factory is the *champ-clos*
 And drawing-room of HENRY JAMES,
 Where the *débat* decides the claims
 Of liberty and justice; where,
 Like any Jamesian character,
 They learn to draw the careful line,
 Develop, understand, refine.

A weary Asia out of sight
 Is tugging gently at the night,
 Uncovering a restless race;
 Clocks shoo the childhood from its face,
 And accurate machines begin
 To concentrate its adults in
 A narrow day to exercise
 Their gifts in some cramped enterprise.
 How few pretend to like it: O
 Three quarters of these people know
 Instinctively what ought to be
 The nature of society
 And how they'd live there if they could.
 If it were easy to be good,
 And cheap, and plain as evil how,
 We all would be its members now.
 How readily would we become
 The seamless live continuum
 Of supple and coherent stuff,
 Whose form is truth, whose content love,
 Its pluralist interstices
 The homes of happiness and peace,
 Where in a unity of praise
 The largest *publicum's a res*,
 And the least *res a publicum*;
 How grandly would our virtues bloom
 In a more conscionable dust
 Where Freedom dwells because it must,
 Necessity because it can,
 And men confederate in Man.

But wishes are not horses, this
Annus is not *mirabilis*;
 Day breaks upon the world we know
 Of War and wastefulness and woe;
 Ashamed civilians come to grief
 In brotherhoods without belief,
 Whose good intentions cannot cure
 The actual evils they endure,
 Nor smooth their practical career,
 Nor bring the far horizon near.

The New Year brings an earth afraid,
 Democracy a ready-made
 And noisy tradesman's slogan, and
 The poor betrayed into the hand
 Of lackeys with ideas, and truth
 Whipped by their elders out of youth,
 The peaceful fainting in their tracks
 With martyrs' tombstones on their backs,
 And culture on all fours to greet
 A butch and criminal élite,
 While in the vale of silly sheep
 Rheumatic old patricians weep.

Our news is seldom good: the heart,
 As ZOLA said, must always start
 The day by swallowing its toad
 Of failure and disgust. Our road
 Gets worse and we seem altogether
 Lost as our theories, like the weather,
 Veer round completely every day,
 And all that we can always say
 Is: true democracy begins
 With free confession of our sins.
 In this alone are all the same,
 All are so weak that none dare claim
 'I have the right to govern,' or
 'Behold in me the Moral Law,'
 And all real unity commences
 In consciousness of differences,
 That all have needs to satisfy
 And each a power to supply.
 We need to love all since we are
 Each a unique particular
 That is no giant, god, or dwarf,
 But one odd human isomorph;
 We can love each because we know
 All, all of us, that this is so:
 Can live because we're lived, the powers
 That we create with one not ours.

O unicorn among the cedars,
 To whom no magic charm can lead us,
 White childhood moving like a sigh
 Through the green woods unharmed in thy
 Sophisticated innocence,
 To call thy true love to the dance,
 O dove of science and of light,
 Upon the branches of the night,
 O ichthus playful in the deep
 Sea-lodges that forever keep
 Their secret of excitement hidden,
 O sudden wind that blows unbidden,
 Parting the quiet reeds, O voice
 Within the labyrinth of choice
 Only the passive listener hears,
 O clock and keeper of the years,

O Source of equity and rest,
Quando non fuerit, non est,
 It without image, paradigm
 Of matter, motion, number, time,
 The grinning gap of Hell, the hill
 Of Venus and the stairs of Will,
 Disturb our negligence and chill,
 Convict our pride of its offence
 In all things, even penitence,
 Instruct us in the civil art
 Of making from the muddled heart
 A desert and a city where
 The thoughts that have to labor there
 May find locality and peace,
 And pent-up feelings their release,
 Send strength sufficient for our day,
 And point our knowledge on its way,
O Da quod jubes, Domine.

Dear friend Elizabeth, dear friend
 These days have brought me, may the
 end

I bring to the grave's dead-line be
 More worthy of your sympathy
 Than the beginning; may the truth
 That no one marries lead my youth
 Where you already are and bless
 Me with your learned peacefulness
 Who on the lives about you throw
 A calm *solificatio*,
 A warmth throughout the universe
 That each for better or for worse
 Must carry round with him through life,
 A judge, a landscape, and a wife.
 We fall down in the dance, we make
 The old ridiculous mistake,
 But always there are such as you
 Forgiving, helping what we do.
 O every day in sleep and labor
 Our life and death are with our neighbor,
 And love illuminates again
 The city and the lion's den,
 The world's great rage, the travel of
 young men.

REDIRECTING AMERICANS

BY JOHNSON O'CONNOR

I

AN accountant of six years' experience arrived at the Human Engineering Laboratory in Hoboken, sent by his employers with the advance warning that they planned to discharge him and wished advice about where he should turn next. On meeting the administrator he remarked belligerently: 'Do not talk accounting to me. I know I'm no good.' Yet in laboratory tests he scored notably high in *accounting aptitude*, with a natural speed and accuracy in the manipulation of figures — an invaluable gift in twentieth-century urban life and a prime requisite of accountants, bankers, statisticians, and, among girls, of stenographers, typists, and clerks in general. Later in the same

test session, he scored equally high in *structural visualization*, an inherent sense for three-dimensional forms, an instinctive ability to construct in the mind's eye from a flat blueprint a clear picture of a solid object.

This man's work was auditing, which requires the first of these characteristics, but not the second. At the Laboratory's suggestion his supervisor shifted him to a type of cost accounting where he still needed his accounting aptitude, together with his accounting knowledge and training, but where in addition he used structural visualization in picturing from a working drawing not only a new article to be manufactured but the machine tools to produce it. In time he

became head of the cost-accounting department and ultimately of the organization which planned previously to discharge him.

Architects need structural visualization to foresee vividly the finished building. Physicists employ it in picturing the interactions of electrons within an atom. Cytologists use it in constructing, from a series of microscopic cross-sections, a concept of the three-dimensional cell. Crystallographers call upon it in studying the intersections of crystal planes. Aviators probably use it in bringing a plane to the ground, certainly in blind flying.

The world views structural visualization as invaluable when applied by the eminent engineer in spanning a river with a steel bridge or in digging beneath for a vehicular tunnel, but fails to recognize the same gift when it causes the schoolboy to fail in such abstract subjects as Latin, French, even English and history, or hampers the ineffective accountant, lawyer, teacher, writer, or salesman in grasping abstract ideas. Salesmen who are effective score collectively low in this structural trait; a salesman who scores high often becomes a grumbling failure, even though endowed with every other measurable sales requirement.

Too frequently today organizations, in expressing their appreciation of a skilled toolmaker or diemaker, with a necessarily high degree of structural visualization, advance him to supervision, robbing him of all chance to exercise his structural aptitude, and so lose an excellent mechanic to gain a mediocre foreman. Not many years ago, in a cluttered wooden shack, a born mechanic started to build with his own hands a now nationally known product. He is now president of an organization which occupies two buildings, each covering a city block. Because of his position, he devotes much of his day to talking with subordinates, with colleagues, and with customers, but he spends his evenings in

a beautifully equipped shop in his own home, building the preliminary model of some device which the public will later buy in finished form, or sometimes just building for fun. Neither title, success, nor money has displaced his need for using his structural visualization.

At the Human Engineering Laboratory in Boston, a factory workman scored high in every aptitude for his own job, and then equally high in *creative imagination*.

We asked: 'How do you use it?'

He answered, in a matter-of-fact tone: 'Organizing strikes.'

The term *creative imagination* denotes a measurable aptitude which grows through childhood to the age of fourteen or fifteen and thereafter remains unaltered. Just as the world perceives a chemical, once purified and turned to some constructive use, so it recognizes creative imagination in the poet, the artist, or the musical composer, but frequently fails to recognize the same characteristic in the factory worker. The trait is no more apparent to the unaided eye than sulphur and phosphorus in steel, but nevertheless is as real an entity, as valuable as these two chemical elements but just as harmful when misplaced. Creative imagination displays itself in many brilliant teachers, but not generally in trusted accountants; occurs frequently in the field of advertising, but not often among successful business executives. It seems to be a bubbling over with untried ideas, an effervescent gift which, unless rigidly harnessed, drags one unresistingly toward every novel notion.

The strike promoter, who clearly recognized his activities as an outlet for an unused aptitude, brought to the Laboratory, one at a time, a small group of companions, all rebellious organizers. Each ranked high in the aptitudes for his own job, but in others besides. While an unsympathetic public often views the resistant troublemaker as a bungling craftsman reaching for any excuse not to work, the cause is occasionally too

much ability, rather than its lack. For idle aptitudes lie at the root of many industrial strikes.

II

Sponsored by two engineering schools, Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago (where a third laboratory now occupies Glessner House) and Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, the Human Engineering Laboratory measures, after twenty years of intensive and continuous research, thirteen aptitudes. The identifying names of these invisible elements of human capacity imply as yet little more than did originally the picturesque designations of the newly found chemical elements. One forgets that the descriptive phrase 'inflammable air' once designated the entity now called 'hydrogen.' Yet, basing their efforts upon a technical apprehension of some ninety such substances, engineers and manufacturers fabricate a multitude of nearly perfect products. The steel wires supporting a suspension bridge require for their enduring strength and safety not mere size, but a nicely controlled amount of the chemical element carbon, combined with an almost complete elimination of sulphur and phosphorus — meticulous specifications which result from a methodical and often uninspiring study of every factor. Similarly the thin thread of human happiness may depend upon some elusive ingredient, or upon the absence of another imperceptible to the eye. From the intangible elements of man's individuality which the Human Engineering Laboratory is isolating, civilization may ultimately build happiness much as the modern engineer builds any lasting structure.

Nor is this so impractical a dream as it seemed when the first article on the Laboratory appeared a decade ago in the *Atlantic* for June 1931. That year 850 persons came individually to be tested by a staff of three. During the next five years the number who came annually increased steadily to 1500, tested by a staff

of twelve. Last year a staff of 52 tested nearly 7000 persons. At first a two-hour appointment sufficed. Then, as the number of recognized aptitudes increased, this lengthened to three. Now two appointments of three hours each, within a week of one another, are needed for the evaluation of the measurable traits.

How many elusive aptitudes remain as yet unfound no one knows — a total equivalent, perhaps, to the number of chemical elements. On this premise, and at an average cost paralleling that of the thirteen aptitudes now known, — approximately \$26,000 apiece, — the discovery and isolation of the remaining eighty, if they exist, demand a research expenditure in the neighborhood of two million dollars. Because of the startling vastness of such a sum, this obvious step toward a permanent understanding of human actions will no doubt drag out over the next several generations, as did the grasping of the chemical elements, for, although scientists ultimately finished the task, virtually one hundred and fifty years elapsed between the identification of hydrogen in England in 1768 and the near completion of the periodic table.

One sees clearly in retrospect that from each fresh chemical element sprang a profitable industry, which might have financed the unearthing of new materials decades earlier. The problem was formulated, the task seen, the techniques understood; but the unbridged gap between investment and return defied the foresight of those who lived between 1768 and perhaps 1900.

Lack of money and lack of labor now block progress in the understanding of human actions, for the recognition of more aptitudes, the purification and increased understanding of those now known, await hundreds of thousands of clerical entries. The automobile manufacturer, the superintendent of every wire mill, or the executive head of any modern steel plant accepts as axiomatic the harmful effects of a bit too much

sulphur and phosphorus in steel, though he sees neither. Yet he ignores the devastation wrought by some unused aptitude on his payroll. A fraction of the financial cost of labor disputes, were it invested in putting aptitudes to constructive use, would pay a substantial return in reduced friction, in greater security, in a more certain continuation of our democracy, for at present unused aptitudes occur prevalently enough to undermine universal happiness and any sense of satisfaction with modern civilization.

III

The United States in its rôle of employer both for the army and for civilian duties might each year place a million citizens nearer the goal of their ambitions. But governments too frequently view their soldiers as ungifted automations. In talking with men about themselves, as does this Laboratory, the great criticism of enforced military training is the waste of time involved. 'I do not want to lose a year' recurs hourly, for most men consider that war service sends them in a direction at total variance with the main current of their lives. Yet these same persons plan to devote their energies to building a better world; some expect specifically to undertake public health, medicine, low-cost housing; others, economics, airplane design, or engineering construction, activities vital to a modern army. For war is today only in part physical. Victory demands airplane pilots, ground mechanics, map makers, photographers, and is dependent for success not upon physique but on some rare combination of aptitudes. More important still, the outcome hangs on new discoveries: protection against bombers, knowledge of how to influence public opinion, and particularly a comprehension of man himself.

Industries clearly gain by putting men and women more fully to work, and should establish controlled inventories of unemployed aptitudes now stagnating

on their payrolls. They already conserve physical resources, list exhaustively materials on hand, use substances once called waste products, but prodigally ignore human capabilities, reaching out for new employees as casually as not many years ago they bought quantities of raw materials which they but half consumed.

Conscientious executives frequently liken humanity to a pyramid, unendowed masses at the bottom, culminating in the rarely gifted individual at the summit. But actual statistical findings, which repel the general reader less today than in the past, show no such distribution. On the postulate of thirteen pure aptitudes, only one person among 8000, theoretically one person in 8192, lacks all thirteen — that is, scores below average, below the median, in all. Thirteen persons in the same 8000 possess one aptitude apiece, 78 persons have two each. But nearly 7500 persons in the same 8000 score above average, above the median, in between four and nine of these thirteen aptitudes.

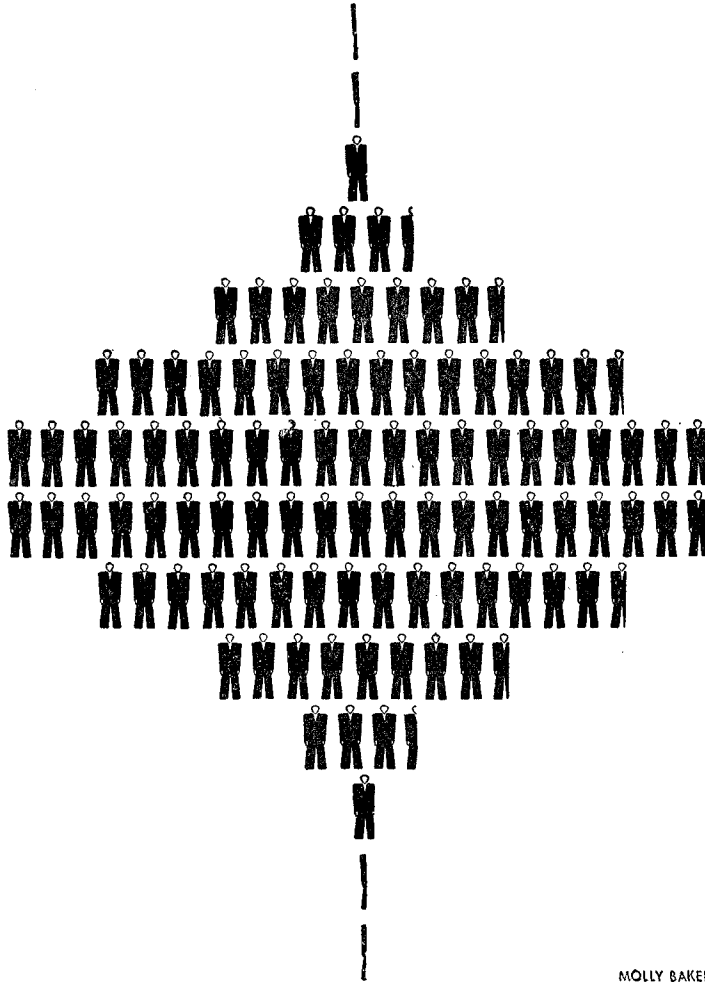
At the bottom of the figure on the opposite page the thin sliver of a man represents little more than one hundredth of one per cent of the country scoring below average in thirteen aptitudes. At the top a similar insignificant percentage scores above average in all thirteen. Horizontally across the centre, the 21 symbols represent 21 per cent (nearly a quarter of humanity) possessing six and another 21 per cent possessing seven of these aptitudes. No one directly observes an aptitude, and not more than one person in several thousand puts his own aptitudes to full constructive use, but the Laboratory now measures them in much the same manner, though not with the same accuracy, as a chemist finds a chemical element, often in the most unexpected environment.

How, then, arose the prevalent belief that American minds score low in tests? Partly from the widespread application

of paper-and-pencil group examinations. Inherent aptitudes, freed from the effects of classroom background, can be measured in most cases only by performance tests presented individually, under rigidly controlled conditions, by an experienced test administrator. Few realize

minor rôle in the accurate measurement of these invisible aptitudes, and for this reason the Laboratory sells only its knowledge tests, not those which measure aptitudes.

Aptitude testing is still in its early stages. It cannot as yet be performed on



MOLLY BAKER

the skill needed to unearth dormant traits hidden by a history of school failures, of inarticulateness, of social maladjustment. The Laboratory devotes two full years to training each member of its own staff and believes accurate results impossible to gain in much less time. Yet educators and industrialists write almost daily hoping to purchase sets of tests. Apparatus alone plays only a

a wholesale basis. Until testing techniques become more firmly established, both industrialists and educators should rely upon trained technicians for the administration of aptitude tests and should themselves concentrate on inventorying and putting to use now measurable but unused characteristics, for at the moment this aspect of the work stubbornly retards general progress.

IV

To appreciate the Laboratory's concern over inactive aptitudes, one must differentiate them sharply from knowledge, from acquired schooling, from English vocabulary. For men are often inarticulate, uneducated, but inherently endowed with capabilities which educators underestimate. Schoolmasters imply that, as student bodies grow, standards necessarily drop, thus failing to distinguish incisively between knowledge and capacity. By lowering standards they mean lowering the goal toward which students work. Instead, educational standards in terms of ultimate accomplishments must be raised, for few persons tax to the full their innate endowment.

In a public high school, under the direction of a man who knows every member of the large student body so well that one instinctively calls him headmaster, the Laboratory measured the twenty most difficult cases, delinquents, troublemakers, outcasts scholastically. In acquired knowledge, cultural background, English vocabulary, they fell nearly off the scale at the bottom, and this lack so impressed the educational world as to obscure their array of inherent gifts, for in *aptitudes* this troublesome group averaged slightly higher than the school as a whole. They lack the words with which to impress others, but possess aptitudes which demand expression and which, if not used constructively, explode subversively.

Every college freshman class contains individuals who score no higher in the Laboratory's English vocabulary tests than does the normal eighth-grade pupil. Such students misunderstand the lectures, fail to grasp the texts, dislike the assigned reading, and many educators immediately declare them not college material. But controlled laboratory measurements suggest that they are rather without knowledge than incapable of its acquisition. In the *Johnson O'Connor*

English Vocabulary Builder, the words *horseshoer*, *soak*, and *law*, words 1, 2, and 3, are correctly known to virtually every adult, and therefore necessarily within his capabilities. One familiar with these may add the words *abandon*, *intact*, and *boulevard*, numbers 56, 57, and 58, and then in turn *blunder*, *mature*, and *drudgery*, still more difficult. Trouble comes when one who barely apprehends these words attempts suddenly to learn *plethora*, *jejune*, *polity*, and *glabrous*. The clear grasp of each new fact rests upon another which just precedes it in difficulty, for all knowledge may apparently be organized in order of easy acquisition. To learn rapidly and effectively, each person, whether student or adult, must add those facts just at the border of his present knowledge, not concepts far beyond. The challenge is not to lower the goal of low-vocabulary men and women, not to shunt them into restricted, blind-alley fields, but to crystallize their furthest ambitions, catch the dream of possible attainment, hold it ever in sight, and meanwhile build slowly and soundly, word by word, the vocabulary, the knowledge, needed to scale the desired height.

Were those men and women who find vocabulary difficult the low-aptitude group, civilization might justly delegate them to low-vocabulary jobs. But as yet the Human Engineering Laboratory discovers no significant relation between the extent of one's knowledge, as indicated by vocabulary, and the thirteen measurable aptitudes. Unless educators destine the latter to lie idle, to cause restlessness, dissatisfaction, unhappiness, they must supply the words, the knowledge, the skills, the tools commensurate with existent aptitudes.

The man whose aptitudes and type of knowledge coincide achieves an enviable place. But the matching of the two is not so simple as one imagines. The thirteen now measurable aptitudes appear in more than eight thousand combinations, so that of eight thousand

persons tested no two score alike. As work should tax one's every aptitude, these eight thousand persons require as many different jobs, probably as many different skills and types of knowledge. Yet many come to the Laboratory with the erroneous impression that someone can guide them into a stereotyped groove which will satisfy their cravings. Ordinarily no set task challenges to the full the measurable gifts of any individual, and if such exists, the chance of finding it is negligible.

Even business executives request this Laboratory to test applicants not realizing the slim chance of stumbling upon the one perfectly equipped man or woman in eight thousand. One unselected applicant in every four grades A by definition in any single requisite, — in *accounting aptitude* for clerical work, in *finger dexterity* for small assembly, in *structural visualization* for machine setup, — and most executives accept this person quite unmindful of accompanying aptitudes which forebode trouble. One applicant in sixteen grades A in two specific requisites — for example, the combination *structural visualization* and *observation* required for airplane inspection, or *structural visualization* and *tweezer dexterity*, required for miniature instrument repair. Only one applicant in sixty-four grades A in any specified three — for instance, *structural visualization*, *tweezer dexterity*, and *subjectivity*, characteristics of the toolmaker, the die-maker, and the airplane mechanic. In consequence an employer seeking an applicant to hold a three-aptitude or four-aptitude job rarely finds him, and so comes to view the world as incapable, not realizing that the individual lacks merely the peculiar qualifications desired at the moment.

Even should the employer come upon the ideal applicant, or the individual land the perfect job, human beings are not static mechanisms, to relegate to permanent compartments, but living organisms. Men shift, advance, develop,

and routine jobs unexpectedly disintegrate.

Business must inventory inactive aptitudes from the beginning, so that when an opening arises which demands two, it may give the opportunity to someone on the payroll now using one. It must shift the mechanic with the *structural visualization* needed for his job, and *observation* in addition, into the higher types of mechanical inspection where he can use both traits. It must shift another mechanic high in the same *structural visualization*, and in addition *objective* in personality, into the supervision of airplane construction, perhaps; and shift still a third, high in *structural visualization* and high also in *creative imagination*, to the construction of experimental models in coöperation with the engineering department, or to the building of new designs which tax his ingenuity. The successful executive views promotion as inevitably into the executive ranks, and forgets that, for others, a chance to use two aptitudes instead of one contributes more to happiness than an executive title, even more, perhaps, than a raise in pay.

V

Is it practical to stimulate with unsolved world problems the overwhelming majority of humanity that discloses more aptitudes than it exerts? Applied in the right direction, aptitudes break new ground, push back the unknown; while knowledge and vocabulary tell merely how to do again something already done before. Only a few decades ago, the United States granted ambitious men uncleared land in the Far West, automatically forcing them to exert aptitudes merely to exist. Despite the vast tracts thus dispensed, the government rarely encountered a dearth of volunteers even for so hazardous a task, which demanded untold labor. Men of this country never fear work which challenges capacity; but those who today go

West, hoping to meet the same problems, discover no untilled land, no unpenetrated forests to fell.

Youth turned from such dangers to so-called white-collar jobs, not for dread of work, but for want of opportunity; for America progresses by reducing the hand operations needed to live. The next step ahead is not a return to physical labor, but an attack on a new frontier, for only at such a point can one hope to use every aptitude. Since land frontiers have virtually disappeared, the new goal is probably the frontier of human understanding.

The difference between a job one executes by rote and the vivid exploring of unknown regions is more a manner of thinking than of acting. Jobs are ephemeral — particularly war jobs, which must be done well and rapidly, with all one's energies, but which seldom last forever. One who regards his daily job as ultimate security loses with it, should it vanish, his ambition, his goal, and confidence in himself. But aptitudes remain; one who knows his own grasps with greater certainty each opportunity which life presents, faces each decision more intelligently, with less chance of restlessness and discontent. To one who builds life about his own combination of characteristics, whose ambition is to use his aptitudes more fully, the loss of a job presents no catastrophe, but rather an opportunity for new experiences. Perhaps even more important, such a person seldom loses the job, for as he gropes to exert his aptitudes, the job grows under him. It becomes no longer a monotonous carrying out of orders, but a solving of problems, never finished, for in the history of human knowledge the solution of each mystery has but uncovered others equally obscure.

Instead of advising some specific nine-to-five job, the Laboratory furnishes each person an inventory of his or her own aptitudes about which to build life; for while every adult recognizes without

tests one trait he possesses, and often uses it, almost no one classifies his capabilities clearly in terms of as many as thirteen. With an itemized list, arranged in order of preëminence, the most outstanding aptitude first, one ultimately finds occasion to integrate at least the more important. The Laboratory illustrates, in such of its brochures as *Unsolved Business Problems*, known applications of each aptitude, but it can predict future developments no more than can the chemist who discovers a new element. Occasionally the Laboratory suggests a use for some specific combination of two aptitudes, but an integrated, constructive use of four, five, or more aptitudes demands painstaking study and presents the individual with a life's problem equivalent to that confronting industry in seeking a use for some waste product.

Democracy faces the challenge, not of the rare individual with a single aptitude, for such an exceptional person succeeds today without help, but of the normal man or woman eager to apply five, six, seven, or more idle traits. *A priori* no democracy can survive without furnishing a considerable number of its citizens both a right to pursue happiness and some chance of savoring it. The majority which rules seeks satisfaction from the government or changes it, not necessarily for the better, but inevitably to something different.

Nations, vividly aware of unmistakable defenselessness, miss the total picture. France constructed elaborate fortifications, conscripted a huge army with devastating expenditure of money and youthful years; but its troubles came in the end from within as much as from without. To outlive this world revolution, America must manifestly strengthen its physical defenses, but must spend an equal sum reënforcing itself from within by building richer satisfaction, fuller happiness, by aiding large masses of its citizens to use their now measurable aptitudes.

THE KIPLING THAT NOBODY READ

BY EDMUND WILSON

THE eclipse of the reputation of Kipling, which began about 1910, twenty-five years before Kipling's death and when he was still only forty-five, has been of a peculiar kind. Through this period he has remained, from the point of view of sales, an immensely popular writer. The children still read his children's books; the college students still read his poetry; the men and women of his own generation still reread his early work. But he has in a sense been dropped out of modern literature. The more serious-minded young people do *not* read him; the critics do not take him into account. During the later years of his life and even at the time of his death, the logic of his artistic development attracted no intelligent attention.

At a time when W. B. Yeats had outgrown his romantic youth and was receiving the reward of an augmented glory for his severer and more concentrated work, Rudyard Kipling, Yeats's coeval, who had also achieved a new concentration through the efforts of a more exacting discipline, saw the glory of his young manhood fade away. And during the period when the late work of Henry James, who had passed into a similar eclipse, was being retrieved and appreciated, when the integrity and interest of his work as a whole were finally being understood, no attempt, so far as I know, was made to take stock of Kipling's work as a whole.¹ The ordi-

¹ Since this was written, Mr. Edward Shanks has published a book on Kipling. Mr. Shanks addresses himself to the task, but does not succeed in making very much progress. — AUTHOR

nary person said simply that Kipling was 'written out'; the reviewer rarely made any effort to trace the journey from the breeziness of the early short stories to the bitterness of the later ones. The thick, dark, and surly little man who had dug himself into Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, was left to his bristling privacy, and only occasionally evoked a rebuke for the intolerant and vindictive views which, emerging with the suddenness of a snapping turtle, he sometimes expressed in public.

But who *was* Kipling? What did he express? What was the history of that remarkable talent which gave him a place, as a craftsman of English prose, as one of the few genuine masters of his day? How was it that the art of his short stories became continually more skillful and intense, and yet that his career appears broken?

I

The publication of Kipling's posthumous memoirs — *Something of Myself for My Friends Known and Unknown* — has enabled us to see more clearly the causes for the anomalies of Kipling's career.

First of all, he was born in India, the son of an English artist and scholar, who had gone out to teach architectural sculpture at the Fine Arts School in Bombay and who afterwards became curator of the museum at Lahore. This fact is, of course, well known; but its importance must be specially emphasized. It appears that up to the age of six Kipling talked, thought, and

dreamed, as he says, in Hindustani, and could hardly speak English correctly. A drawing of him made by a schoolmate shows a swarthy boy with lank straight hair, who might almost pass for a Hindu.

The second important influence in Kipling's early life has not hitherto been generally known, though it figures in the first chapter of *The Light That Failed* and furnished the subject of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,' one of the most powerful things he ever wrote. This story had always seemed rather unaccountably to stand apart from the rest of Kipling's work by reason of its sympathy with the victims rather than with the inflictors of a severely repressive discipline; and its exceptional character is now explained by a chapter in Kipling's autobiography and by a memoir recently published by his sister. When Kipling was six and his sister four and a half, they were farmed out for six years in England with a relative of Kipling's father. John Lockwood Kipling was the son of a Methodist minister, and this woman was a religious domestic tyrant in the worst English tradition of Dickens and Samuel Butler. The boy, who had been petted and deferred to by the native servants in India, was now beaten, bullied with the Bible, pursued with constant suspicions, and broken down by cross-examinations. If one of the children spilled a drop of gravy or wept over a letter from their parents in Bombay, they were forbidden to speak to one another for twenty-four hours. Their guardian had a violent temper and enjoyed making terrible scenes, and they learned to propitiate her by fawning on her when they saw that an outburst was imminent.

'Looking back,' says Kipling's sister, Mrs. Fleming, in a memoir written after her brother's death, 'I think the real tragedy of our early days, apart from Aunty's bad temper and unkindness to my brother, sprang from our inability to understand why our parents had deserted us. We had had no preparation

or explanation; it was like a double death, or rather, like an avalanche that had swept away everything happy and familiar. . . . We felt that we had been deserted, "almost as much as on a doorstep," and what was the reason? Of course, Aunty used to say it was because we were so tiresome, and she had taken us out of pity, but in a desperate moment Ruddy appealed to Uncle Harrison, and he said it was only Aunty's fun, and Papa had left us to be taken care of, because India was too hot for little people. But we knew better than that, because we had been to Nassick, so what was the real reason? Mamma was not ill, like the seepy-weepy Ellen Montgomery's mamma in *The Wide, Wide World*. Papa had not had to go to a war. They had not even lost their money; if they had, we could have swept crossings or sold flowers, and it would have been rather fun. But there was no excuse; they had gone happily back to our own lovely home, and had not taken us with them. There was no getting out of that, as we often said.

'Harry (Aunty's son), who had all a crow's quickness in finding a wound to pick at, discovered our trouble and teased us unmercifully. He assured us we had been taken in out of charity, and must do exactly as he told us. . . . We were just like workhouse brats, and none of our toys really belonged to us.'

Rudyard had bad eyes, which began to give out altogether, so that he was unable to do his work at school. He destroyed one of his monthly reports so that his guardians at home shouldn't see it; and for punishment was made to walk to school with a placard reading 'Liar' between his shoulders. He had a severe nervous breakdown, accompanied by partial blindness, and was punished by isolation from his sister. This breakdown, it is important to note, was made horrible by hallucinations. As a mist, which seemed to grow steadily thicker, shut him in from the rest of the world, he would imagine that blowing curtains

were spectres or that a coat on a nail was an enormous black bird ready to swoop upon him.

His mother came back at last, saw how bad things were, — when she went up to kiss him good-night, he instinctively put up his hand to ward off the accustomed blow, — and took the children away. But the effects of the experience were lasting. Kipling asserts that it had ‘drained me of any capacity for real, personal hate for the rest of my days.’ Of personal hate, perhaps; but not of hatred itself. Here is the conclusion of the story which Kipling made out of this episode: ‘There! “Told you so,”’ says the boy to his sister. ‘It’s all different now, and we see just as much of mother as if she had never gone.’ But, Kipling adds, ‘not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was.’

Mrs. Fleming says that her revulsion against Aunty’s son Harry conditioned her reactions toward people who resembled him in certain particulars throughout her whole life, and tells how, thirty years later, she set out in Southsea one day to see if the ‘House of Desolation’ were still standing, but her heart failed her, and she hurried back: ‘I dared not face it.’ Rudyard himself had had a similar experience: ‘I think we both dreaded a kind of spiritual imprisonment that would affect our dreams. Less than four years ago [she is writing in 1939], I asked him whether he knew if the house still stood. “I don’t know, but if so, I should like to burn it down and plough the place with salt.”’

The whole work of Kipling’s life is to be shot through with hatred.

Rudyard Kipling was next sent to a public school in England. This school, the United Services College, at a place

called Westward Ho!, had been founded by Army and Navy officers who could not afford to send their sons to the more expensive schools. The four and a half years that Kipling spent there gave him *Stalky & Co.*, and the relation of the experience to the book provides an interesting psychological study. The book itself, of course, presents a hair-raising picture of the sadism of the English public-school system. The older boys have fags to wait on them and they sometimes torment these younger boys till they have almost reduced them to imbecility; the masters are constantly caning the boys in scenes that become as bloody as those of the floggings in old sea stories; the boys revenge themselves on the masters with practical jokes as catastrophic as the Whams and Zows of the comic strip. It was not until after Kipling’s death — when the original of his character McTurk, one of the companions of Stalky in the stories, a man named G. C. Beresford, published a book called *Schooldays with Kipling* — that one got any more factual evidence on conditions at the United Services College. Mr. Beresford, who in *Stalky & Co.* is made to read Ruskin at school, turns out to be a Nationalist Irishman, who is disgusted with his old friend’s later imperialism and who may lean too far in the opposite direction in his attempt to correct Kipling’s picture; but it throws a rather startling light on Kipling’s habits of mind to learn that, as a matter of fact, the fagging system did not exist at Westward Ho!; that the boys were never caned on their bare shoulders; that Kipling himself, so far as Beresford remembers, was never caned at all except by a single exceptional master; and that the terrific Stalky himself, whose exploits in the stories spread devastation, was distinguished, in reality, by a smoothness and good humor which enabled him to carry off his pranks with a minimum of actual scandal.

Kipling admits in *Something of Myself* that he invented the fagging system at

Westward Ho!, but he asserts that the discipline there was brutal and that the students were wretchedly fed, and that he himself, much given to books and too blind to participate in games, endured a good deal of baiting. The important thing is that he suffered. It is significant that the single master whom Beresford mentions as persecuting the boys should have been inquisitorial and morbidly suspicious — that is, that he should have treated Kipling in the same way that he had already been treated by the *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* people. And it is also significant that this master does not figure in *Stalky & Co.*, but only appears later in one of the more scrupulous stories which Kipling afterwards wrote about the school. The stimulus of unjust suspicion, which did not leave any lasting bitterness with Beresford, had evidently the effect upon Kipling of throwing him back into the state of mind which had been created by the earlier relationship. And for a boy who has been habitually beaten during the second six years of his life, subsequent canings, however occasional, may have the effect of reawakening the terror and hatred of childhood. It thrust him back into the nightmare again, and made a delirium of the whole of Westward Ho! *Stalky & Co.* — from the artistic point of view certainly the worst of Kipling's books, crude in writing, trashy in feeling, implausible in a series of contrivances which resemble moving-picture gags — is in the nature of an hysterical outpouring of emotions kept over from school days, and it owes its popularity partly to the fact that it provides the young with hilarious and violent fantasies on the theme of what they would do to the school bully and to their mentors if the laws of probability were suspended.

We shall deal presently with the social significance which Kipling, at a later period, was to read back into Westward Ho! In the meantime, we must follow his adventures when he leaves it in July 1882, not yet quite seventeen, but

remarkably mature for his age and with a set of grown-up whiskers. He went back to his family in India, and there he remained for seven years. The Hindu child, who had lain dormant in England, came to life when he reached Bombay, and he found himself reacting to the old stimuli by saying things in Hindustani which his conscious mind did not understand. 'Seven Years Hard' is his heading for his chapter on this part of his life. He started right in on a newspaper in Lahore as sole assistant to the editor, and worked his head off for a chief he detested.

It was one of the duties of the English journalist in India to play down the frequent epidemics. Kipling himself survived dysentery and fever, and kept on working through his severest illnesses. One hot night in 1886, when he felt, as he says, that he 'had come to the edge of all endurance' and had gone home to his empty house with the sensation that there was nothing left in him but 'the horror of a great darkness, that I must have been fighting for some days,' he read a novel by Walter Besant about a young man who had wanted to be a writer and who had eventually succeeded in his aim. Kipling decided he would save some money and get away to London. He wrote short stories called *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which were run to fill up space in the paper, and he brought out a book of verse. His superiors disapproved of his flippancy, and when he finally succeeded in leaving India the managing director of the paper, who had considered him overpaid, told the young man that he could take it from him that he would never be worth anything more than four hundred rupees a month.

The young Kipling is a sympathetic figure. He shares the life and sees into the experience of the natives of all faiths and castes, of the English of all classes and ranks, the bored English ladies, the vagabond adventurers, the officers and the soldiers both. 'Having no position to

consider,' he writes, 'and my trade enforcing it, I could move at will in the fourth dimension. I came to realize the bare horrors of the private's life, and the unnecessary torments he endured. . . . Lord Roberts, at that time Commander-in-chief of India, who knew my people, was interested in the men, and — I had by then written one or two stories about soldiers — the proudest moment of my young life was when I rode up Simla Mall beside him on his usual explosive red Arab, while he asked me what the men thought about their accommodations, entertainment-rooms, and the like. I told him, and he thanked me as gravely as though I had been a full Colonel.' Kipling's interest in people here is personal: 'All the queer outside world would drop into our workshop sooner or later — say a Captain just cashiered for horrible drunkenness, who reported his fall with a wry, appealing face, and then — disappeared. Or a man old enough to be my father, on the edge of tears because he had been overpassed for Honors in *The Gazette*. . . . One met men going up and down the ladder in every shape of misery and success.' And he describes in his soldier stories with an artist's detachment and sympathy the hunger of Ortheris for London when the horror of exile seizes him; the vanities and vices of Mulvaney, which prevent him from rising in the service — 'The Courting of Dinah Shadd,' admired by Henry James, is one of the most thoroughly human of Kipling's stories; even the manias and breakup of the rotter gentleman ranker who figures in 'Love o' Women.'

Through all these years of school and newspaper apprenticeship, with their warping and thwarting influences, Kipling worked at mastering his craft. For he had been subjected to yet another influence which has not been mentioned yet. His father was a painter and sculptor, and two of his mother's sisters were married to artists, one to Edward Poynter, the Academician, and the other to

the pre-Raphaelite, Burne-Jones. Besides India and the United Services College, there had been the pre-Raphaelite movement. In England, Kipling's vacation had always been spent in London with the Burne-Joneses. Mr. Beresford says that at school Kipling's attitude had been that of the aesthete who disdains athletics and has no aptitude for mechanics, that he was already pre-occupied with writing, and that his literary proficiency and cultivation were amazingly developed for his age. He had had thus from his childhood the example of men who loved the arts for their own sake and who were particularly concerned about craftsmanship (it is also of interest that his father's family had distinguished themselves in the eighteenth century as founders of bronze bells). Kipling evidently owes to this inspiration and training his superiority as a craftsman to most of even the ablest English writers of fiction of the end of the century and the early nineteen hundreds. Just as the ballad of 'Danny Deevee' derives directly from the ballad of 'Sister Helen,' so the ideal of an artistic workmanship which shall revert to earlier standards of soundness and distinction is probably derived from William Morris and his associates. In 1878, when Rudyard was twelve years old, his father had taken him to the Paris Exhibition and insisted that he learn to read French. The boy had conceived an enthusiasm for French civilization which led him to work with intensity at perfecting the short story in English. His earlier life with the relatives who had mistreated him had equipped him, he says, with a training not unsuitable for a writer of fiction, in that it had 'demanded constant wariness, the habit of observation, and attendance on moods and tempers; the noting of discrepancies between speech and action; a certain reserve of demeanor; and automatic suspicion of sudden favors.'

With such a combination of elements, what might one not expect? It is not

surprising to learn that Kipling contemplated, after his return to England, writing a colonial *Comédie Humaine*. 'Bit by bit, my original notion,' he writes, 'grew into a vast, vague conspectus — Army and Navy List, if you like — of the whole sweep and meaning of things and efforts and origins throughout the Empire.' Henry James, who wrote a preface to a collection of Kipling's early stories, said afterwards that he had thought at the time that it might perhaps be true that Kipling 'contained the seeds of an English Balzac.'

II

What became of this English Balzac? Why did the author of the brilliant short stories never develop into an important novelist?

Let us return to 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' and the experience with which it deals. Kipling says that his Burne-Jones aunt was never able to understand why he had never told anyone in the family about how badly he and his sister were being treated, and he tries to explain this on the principle that 'children tell little more than animals, for what comes to them they accept as eternally established,' and says that 'badly-treated children have a clear notion of what they are likely to get if they betray the secrets of a prison-house before they are clear of it.' But is this necessarily true? Even young children do sometimes run away. And, in any case, Kipling's reaction to this experience seems an abnormally docile one. After all, Dickens made David Copperfield bite Mr. Murdstone's hand and escape; and he continued to dislike and attack Mr. Murdstone. But though the anguish of these years had given Kipling a certain sympathy with the neglected and persecuted, and caused him to write this one moving short story, it left him — whether as the result of the experience itself or because he was already so conditioned — with a fundamental submissiveness to authority.

Let us examine the two books in which Kipling deals, respectively, with his school days and with his youth in India — *Stalky & Co.* and *Kim*. These works — published, the first in 1899, the second in 1901 — are the products of the author's thirties, and *Kim*, at any rate, represents Kipling's most serious attempt to allow himself to grow to the stature of a first-rate creative artist. Each of these books begins with an antagonism which in the work of a greater writer would have developed into a fundamental conflict; but in neither *Stalky* nor *Kim* is the conflict ever allowed to mount to a real crisis. Nor can it even be said to be resolved: it simply ceases to figure as a conflict. In *Stalky*, we are at first made to sympathize with the baiting of the masters by the school-boys as a rebellion against a system which is an offense against human dignity; but then we are immediately shown that all the ragging and flogging are justified by their usefulness as a training for the military caste which is to govern the British Empire. The boys are finally made to recognize that their Headmaster not only knows how to dish it out but is also able to take it, and the book culminates in the ridiculous scene — as we gather from Mr. Beresford, wholly a product of Kipling's imagination — in which the Head, in his inflexible justice, undertakes personally to cane the whole school while the boys stand by cheering him wildly.

There is a real subject in *Stalky & Co.*, but Kipling has not had the intelligence to deal with it. He cannot see around his characters and criticize them, he is not even able properly to dramatize; he simply allows the emotions of the weaker side, the side that is getting the worst of it, to go over to the side of the stronger. You can see the process all too plainly in the episode in which Stalky and his companions turn the tables on the cads from the crammer's school. These cads have been maltreating a fag, and a clergyman who is represented by

Kipling as one of the more sensible and decent of the masters suggests to Stalky & Co. that they teach the bullies a lesson. They proceed to clean up on the bullies in a scene which goes on for pages, to the violation of taste and proportion. The oppressors, true enough, are taught a lesson, but the cruelty with which we have already been made disgusted has now passed over to the castigators' side, and there is a disagreeable implication that, though it is caddish for the cads to be cruel, it is all right for the sons of English gentlemen to be cruel to the cads.

Kim is more ambitious and much better. It is Kipling's only successful long story: an enchanting, almost a first-rate book, the work in which, more perhaps than in any other, he gave the sympathies of the imagination free rein to remember and to explore, and which has in consequence more complexity and density than any of his other works. Yet the conflict from which the interest arises, though it is very much better presented, here also comes to nothing: the two forces never really engage. *Kim* is the son of an Irish soldier and an English nursemaid, who has grown up as an orphan in India, immersed in and assimilated to the native life, so that he thinks, like the young Kipling, in Hindustani. The story deals with the gradual dawning of his consciousness that he is really a Sahib. As a child he has been in the habit of making a little money by carrying messages for a native agent of the British secret service, and the boy turns out to be so bright and so adept at acting the rôle of a native that the authorities decide to train him for the service. He is sent to an English school but does not willingly submit to the English system. Every vacation he dresses as a native and disappears into the sea of native life. The Ideal of this side of his existence is represented by a Thibetan Lama, a wandering Buddhist pilgrim, whom he accompanies in the rôle of a disciple.

Now what the reader tends to expect

is that *Kim*, as he grows older, will come to realize that he is betraying to the British invaders those whom he has always considered his own people, and that a struggle between allegiances will result. Kipling has admirably established for the reader the contrast between the East, with its mysticism and its sensuality, its extremes of saintliness and roguery, and the English, with their superior organization, their confidence in modern method, their instinct to brush away like cobwebs the myths and beliefs of the native world. We have been shown two entirely different worlds existing side by side, with neither really understanding the other, and we have watched the oscillations of *Kim*, as he passes to and fro between them. But the parallel lines never meet; the alternating attractions felt by *Kim* never result in a genuine struggle. And the climax itself is double: the adventures of the Lama and of *Kim* simply arrive at different consummations, without any final victory or synthesis ever taking place. Instead, there are a pair of victories, which occur on separate planes and which do not influence one another: the Lama attains to a condition of trance which releases him from what the Buddhists call the Wheel of Things at the same moment that the young Anglo-Indian achieves promotion in the British service.

The salvation of the Lama has been earned by penitence for a moment of passion: he had been tempted to kill a man who had torn his sacred chart and struck him, a Russian agent working against the British. But *Kim*'s pretenses to a spiritual vocation turn out to have been merely a comedy inspired by his affection for the Lama: he knocks the Russian down and bangs his head against a boulder. 'I am *Kim*. I am *Kim*. And what is *Kim*?' his soul repeats again and again, in his exhaustion and collapse after this episode. He feels that his soul is 'out of gear with its surroundings — a cog-wheel unconnected

with any machinery, just like the idle cog-wheel of a cheap Beheea sugar-crusher laid by in a corner.' But he now gets his soul to do its work in the crusher — note the mechanical metaphor: dissociating himself from the hierarchy represented by the Abbot-Lama, he commits himself to a rôle in the hierarchy of a practical organization. (So the wolf-reared Mowgli of the *Jungle Books*, the prototype of Kim, ends up, rather disappointingly, as a ranger in the British Forestry Service.) Nor does Kipling allow himself to doubt that his hero has chosen the better part. Kim must now exploit his knowledge of native life for the purpose of preventing and putting down native resistance to the British; but it never seems to occur to his creator that this constitutes a betrayal of the Lama. A sympathy with the weaker party in a relationship based on force has again given way without a qualm to a glorification of the stronger. As the bullying masters of *Stalky & Co.* turn into beneficent Chirons, so even the overbearing officer who figures on his first appearance in *Kim* as a symbol of British stupidity turns out to be none other than Strickland, the wily police superintendent, one of the recurrent official heroes of Kipling's Indian stories, who has here been acting a part.

The Lama's victory is not of this world: the sacred river for which he has been seeking, and which he identifies in his final revelation with a brook near which his trance has occurred, has no objective existence, it is not on the British maps. Yet the anguish of the Lama's repentance — a scene, so far as I remember, elsewhere unmatched in Kipling — is one of the most effective things in the book; and we are to meet this Lama again in strange and unexpected forms still haunting that practical world in which Kipling, like Kim, has chosen to live. The great eulogist of the builder and the man of action was no more able to leave the Lama behind than the boy Kim had been able to reconcile himself

to playing the game of English life without him.

III

The fiction of Kipling, then, does not dramatize any fundamental conflict because Kipling would never face one. This is probably the real explanation of his lack of success with long novels. You can make an effective short story, as Kipling so often does, about somebody's scoring off somebody else; but this is not enough for a great novelist, who must show us large social forces, or uncontrollable lines of destiny, or antagonistic impulses of the human spirit, struggling with one another. With Kipling, the right and the wrong of any opposition of forces is always quite plain from the beginning; and there is not even the suspense which makes possible the excitement of melodrama. There is never any doubt as to the outcome. The Wrong is made a guy from the beginning, and the high point of the story comes when the Right gives it a kick in the pants. Where both sides are sympathetically presented, the battle is not allowed to occur.

But this only drives us back on another question: how did the sensitive early Kipling, who was capable of understanding the mixed population of India, come to turn into the official Kipling, who, like Kim, elected as his lifework the defense of the British Empire?

The two books we have been discussing mark the end of a period in the course of which Kipling had arrived at a decision. *Stalky* came out in 1899 and *Kim* in 1901. The decade of the nineties had been critical for Kipling; and, in order to understand the new phase which had begun by the beginning of the century, we must follow his adventures in the United States, which he visited in 1889, where he lived from 1892 to 1896, having married an American wife, and to which he tried to return in 1899. Kipling's relations with America are certainly the most important factor in his

experience during these years of his later twenties and early thirties; yet they are the link which has been dropped out of his story in most of the accounts of his life and which even his posthumous memoirs, revelatory in respect to his earlier years, markedly fail to supply.

The young man who arrived in London in the fall of 1889 was very far from being the truculent British patriot whom we knew in the nineteen hundreds. He had not even gone straight back to England, but had first taken a trip around the world, visiting Canada and the United States. Nor did he remain long in the mother-country when he got there. His whole attitude was that of the colonial who has sweated and suffered at the outposts of Empire, making the acquaintance of more creeds and customs than the philosophy of London dreamt of, and who feels a slight touch of scorn toward the smugness of the people at home, unaware of how big, varied, and active the world around them is. His 'original notion,' he says, had been to try 'to tell the Empire something of the world outside England — not directly but by implication': 'What can they know of England who only England know?' He rounded out his knowledge of the colonies by traveling in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and Southern India. In January of 1892, he married an American woman.

Kipling's experience of the United States was not unlike that of Dickens. Neither fitted very well into the English system, and both seem to have sought in the new English-speaking nation a place where they could be more at ease. Both winced at the crudeness of the West; both were contemptuously shocked by the boasting — the Pacific Coast in Kipling's day was what the Mississippi had been in Dickens'. Both, escaping from the chilliness of England, resented the familiarity of the States. Yet Kipling, on the occasion of his first visit, which he records in *From Sea to Sea*, is obviously rejoiced by the naturalness of

social relations in America. He tells of 'a very trim maiden' from New Hampshire, with 'a delightful mother and an equally delightful father, a heavy-eyed, slow-voiced man of finance,' whom he met in the Yellowstone. 'Now an English maiden who had stumbled on a dust-grimed, lime-washed, sun-peeled collarless wanderer come from and going to goodness knows where, would, her mother inciting her and her father brandishing his umbrella, have regarded him as a dissolute adventurer. Not so those delightful people from New Hampshire. They were good enough to treat me — it sounds almost incredible — as a human being, possibly respectable, probably not in immediate need of financial assistance. Papa talked pleasantly and to the point. The little maiden strove valiantly with the accent of her birth and that of her reading, and mamma smiled benignly in the background. Balance this with a story of a young English idiot I met knocking about inside his high collars, attended by a valet. He condescended to tell me that "you can't be too careful who you talk to in these parts," and stalked on, fearing, I suppose, every minute for his social chastity. Now that man was a barbarian (I took occasion to tell him so), for he comported himself after the manner of the head-hunters of Assam, who are at perpetual feud one with another.'

He declares his faith in the Americans in a conversation with an Englishman 'who laughed at them.' "I admit everything," said I. "Their Government's provisional; their law's the notion of the moment; their railways are made of hair-pins and match-sticks, and most of their good luck lives in their woods and mines and rivers and not in their brains; but, for all that, they be the biggest, finest, and best people on the surface of the globe! Just you wait a hundred years and see how they'll behave when they've had the screw put on them and have forgotten a few of the patriarchal teachings of the late Mr. George Washington.

Wait till the Anglo-American-German-Jew — the Man of the Future — is properly equipped. He'll have just the least little kink in his hair now and again; he'll carry the English lungs above the Teuton feet that can walk forever; and he will wave long, thin, bony Yankee hands with the big blue veins on the wrist, from one end of the earth to the other. He'll be the finest writer, poet, and dramatist, 'specially dramatist, that the world as it recollects itself has ever seen. By virtue of his Jew Blood — just a little, little drop — he'll be a musician and a painter, too. At present there is too much balcony and too little Romeo in the life-plays of his fellow-citizens. Later on, when the proportion is adjusted and he sees the possibilities of his land, he will produce things that will make the effete East stare. He will also be a complex and highly composite administrator. There is nothing known to man that he will not be, and his country will sway the world with one foot as a man tilts a see-saw plank!"

"But this is worse than the Eagle at its worst. Do you seriously believe all that?" said the Englishman.

"If I believe anything seriously, all this I most firmly believe. You wait and see. Sixty million people, chiefly of English instincts, who are trained from youth to believe that nothing is impossible, don't slink through the centuries like Russian peasantry. They are bound to leave their mark somewhere, and don't you forget it."

'I love this People . . .' he wrote. 'My heart has gone out to them beyond all other peoples.'

Kipling took his wife to America, and they lived for a time on the estate of her family in Brattleboro, Vermont; then Kipling built a large house: his books were already making him rich. They lived in the United States four years; two daughters were born to them there. Kipling was ready to embrace America, or those aspects of America which excited him; he began writing about Amer-

ican subjects: the American railroads, .007; the Gloucester fishermen, *Captains Courageous*. He enormously admired Mark Twain, whose acquaintance he had made on his first visit. Yet the effect of contact with the United States was eventually to drive Kipling, as it did Dickens, back behind his British defenses. A disagreeable episode occurred which, undignified and even comic though it seems, is worth studying because it provided the real test of Kipling's fitness to flourish in America, and not merely the real test of this, but, at a critical time in his life, of the basic courage and humanity of his character.

The story has been told since Kipling's death in a book called *Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud*, by Mr. Frederick F. Van de Water. A brother of Mrs. Kipling's, Kipling's friend Wolcott Balestier, had been in the publishing business with Heinemann in London, and Mrs. Kipling had lived much in England and was by way of being an Anglophile. Thus the impulse on Kipling's part to assimilate himself to the Americans was neutralized in some degree by Mrs. Kipling's desire to be English. Kipling, who was accustomed to India, had his own instinctive rudeness. In Vermont, they tended to stick to the attitudes of the traditional governing-class English, maintaining their caste in the colonies: they drove a tandem with a top-hatted English coachman, dressed every night for dinner, kept their New England neighbors at a distance.

But Mrs. Kipling had a farmer brother who — the family were partly French — was as Americanized as possible. He was a drinker, a spendthrift, and a great local card, famous alike for his ribaldry, his sleigh-racing, and his gestures of generosity of a magnificence almost feudal. Mr. Van de Water says that, when he knew him, he had the swagger of Cyrano de Bergerac and a leathery face like 'an ailing eagle.' His farm and family suffered. The Kiplings lent him money, and he is said to have paid it

back; but they disapproved of his disorderly existence. They seem to have persisted in treating him with some lack of consideration or tact. Beatty, in any case, was the sort of fellow — unbalanced in character but independent in spirit — who is embittered by obligations and furiously resents interference. Kipling went to Beatty one day and offered to support his wife and child for a year if Beatty would leave town and get a job. He was surprised at the explosion that ensued. This was followed by a dispute about some land across the road from the Kiplings' house. This land belonged to Beatty and he sold it for a dollar to the Kiplings, who were afraid that someone would some day build on it — on the friendly understanding, as he claimed, that he could continue to use it for mowing. When the transfer had been effected, Mrs. Kipling set out to landscape-garden it. The result was that Beatty refused to speak to them, would not see Kipling when he came to call.

This went on for about a year, at the end of which the climax came. Kipling was indiscreet enough to remark to one of the neighbors that he had had 'to carry Beatty for the last year — to hold him up by the seat of his breeches.' One day, after this had reached the brother-in-law's ears, Beatty, driving his team and drunk, met Kipling riding his bicycle. He blocked the road, making Kipling fall off, and shouted angrily: 'See here! I want to talk to you!' Kipling answered, 'If you have anything to say, say it to my lawyers.' 'By Jesus, this is no case for lawyers!' retorted Beatty, loosing a tirade of profanity and abuse. He threatened, according to Kipling, to kill him; according to Beatty, merely to beat him up, if he did not make a public retraction.

Kipling had always deplored the lawlessness of America; in his account of his first trip through the West, his disgust and trepidation over the shootings of the frontier are expressed in almost every

chapter. And he now became seriously alarmed. He proceeded to have Beatty arrested on charges of 'assault with indecent and opprobrious names and epithets and threatening to kill.' He did not realize that that kind of thing was not done in the United States, where such quarrels were settled man to man, and he could not foresee the consequences. Beatty, who loved scandal, was delighted. He allowed the case to come into court and watched Kipling, who hated publicity, make himself ridiculous in public. The Kiplings at last fled abroad — it was August 1896 — before the case could come before the Grand Jury.

'So far as I was concerned,' says Kipling of his relations with Americans in general, 'I felt the atmosphere was to some extent hostile.' It was a moment of antagonism toward England. Venezuela had in 1895 appealed to the United States for protection against the English in a dispute over the boundaries of British Guiana, and the United States had responded. The Jameson raid on the Transvaal Republic early in 1896, an unauthorized and defeated attempt of an agent of the British South Africa Company to provoke a rising against the Boers, had intensified the feeling against England. Kipling was made to recognize the situation by an encounter with another American who seemed almost as unrestrained as Beatty Balestier. When Kipling met Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the latter 'thanked God in a loud voice that he had not one drop of British blood in him,' that his ancestry was pure Dutch, and declared that American fear of the British would provide him with funds for a new navy. John Hay had assured him that it was hatred of the English that held the United States together.

But during the years that immediately followed the Kiplings' return to England, American relations with England improved. The United States took over the Philippines in 1898 as a result of the Spanish War, and annexed the

Hawaiian Islands; and the imperialistic England of Joseph Chamberlain, in fear of Germany, which had favored the Spanish, became extremely sympathetic with the policy of the United States. At the beginning of 1899, then, Rudyard Kipling set forth on an attempt to retrieve his position in America, where he had abandoned the big Brattleboro house. He first composed the celebrated set of verses in which he exhorted the United States to collaborate with the British Empire in 'taking up the White Man's burden' of 'Your new-caught, sullen peoples, Half-devil and half-child,' who were to be benefited and trained in spite of themselves, though at a bitter expense to their captors; and had the poem published on both sides of the Atlantic early in February, at the moment of his sailing for the United States. But what confronted him on his landing in America was an announcement in the New York papers that Beatty Balestier was bringing a \$50,000 countersuit against him for 'malicious persecution, false arrest and defamation of character,' and the report that Beatty himself either had arrived or was about to arrive. It was simply another of Beatty's demonstrations: no suit was ever brought; but it kept the Kiplings from returning to Vermont. Rudyard had caught cold on the boat, and he now came down with double pneumonia and seemed in danger of not pulling through. His two little girls had pneumonia, too, and one of them died while he was ill. When he had recovered, he was told of her death. He went back to England in June, as soon as he was able to travel, and never set foot in the United States again.

The fear and hatred awakened in Kipling by those fatal six years of his childhood had been revived by the discipline of *Westward Ho!* The menaces of Beatty Balestier, behind which must have loomed for Kipling all that was wild, uncontrollable, brutal, in the life of the United States, seem to have prodded

again the old inflammation. The school-boy, rendered helpless in a fight by his bad eyes and his small stature, was up against the school bully again, and fear drove him to appeal to the authorities. How else can we account for the fact that the relations of Kipling with Beatty were ever allowed to get to this point? The truth was, as Beatty himself later confessed to Mr. Van de Water, that Rudyard had become involved in a family quarrel between himself and his sister; and one's impulse is to say that Kipling ought to have been able to find some way of extricating himself and making contact with the rather childlike friendliness that seems to have lurked behind the rodomontade of Beatty. But the terrible seriousness of the issue which the incident had raised for Kipling is shown by his statement at the hearing that he 'would not retract a word under threat of death from any living man.'

IV

It was the fight he had fought at school, and he would not capitulate to Beatty Balestier, but he surrendered at last to the 'Proosian Bates.' He invoked the protection of the British system and at the same time prostrated himself before the power of British conquest, which was feared in the United States and which even at that moment in South Africa — the Transvaal Republic declared war on Great Britain in the October of the year of his return — was chastising truculent farmers.

It is at the time of his first flight from America and during the years before his attempt to return — 1897-1899 — that Kipling goes back to his school days and depicts them in the peculiar colors that we find in *Stalky & Co.* How little inevitable these colors were we learn from Mr. Beresford's memoir. The Headmaster of *Westward Ho!*, it appears, though really known as the 'Proosian Bates,' was by no means the intent Spartan trainer for the bloody and risky

work of the Empire into which Kipling had undertaken to transform him. The fact was that Mr. Cornell Price had been literary rather than military, a friend of Edward Burne-Jones and an earnest anti-Imperialist. He and Burne-Jones had actually organized, at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, a Workers' Neutrality Demonstration against British intervention. Nor had Kipling been whipped into shape so systematically as the 'Beetle' of the stories: the Headmaster was a friend of Kipling's parents, and the boy was always treated by Mr. Price with affectionate consideration. But Kipling must now have a Headmaster who will symbolize all the authority of the educational system, and a school that will represent all he has heard and all that he now imagines of the older and more official public schools.

And now, having declared his allegiance, he is free to hate the enemies of England. His whole point of view has shifted. The bitter animus so deeply implanted by those six years of oppression of his childhood has now become almost entirely dissociated from the objects which originally aroused it. It has turned into a generalized hatred of those nations, groups, and tendencies, precisely, which stand toward the dominating authority in the relation of challengers or victims.

The ideal of the 'Anglo-American-German Jew,' who at the time of Kipling's first trip to America represented for him the future of civilization, now immediately goes by the board. His whole tone toward the Americans changes. In 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension' — in *The Day's Work*, published in 1898 — he makes a rich Anglicized American, the son of a railroad king, deciding for no very good reason that he must immediately go to London, flag and stop an English express train. The railroad first brings charges against him, then decides he must be insane. The officials cannot understand

his temerity, and he cannot understand their consternation at having the British routine interrupted. Kipling no longer admires the boldness of the American: this story is a hateful caricature, so one-sided that the real comedy is sacrificed. 'The Captive' followed in 1902. Here a man from Ohio named Laughton O. Zigler sells to the Boers, during their war with the English, a new explosive and a new machine gun he has invented. He is captured by the English, who grin and ask why he 'wasn't in the Filipeens suppressing our war.' Later he runs into a man from Kentucky, who refuses to shake his hand and tells him that 'he's gone back on the White Man in six places at once — two hemispheres and four continents — America, England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. . . . Go on and prosper . . . and you'll fetch up by fighting for niggers, as the North did.' As the result of these taunts, and of the respect inspired by the splendid behavior of the English, Mr. Zigler gives them the formula for his explosive, insists upon remaining their prisoner, and resolves to settle permanently in South Africa.

A still later story, 'An Habitation Enforced,' in a collection published in 1909, tells of the victory of the English countryside over an American business man and his wife, who have been aimlessly traveling in Europe as a result of the husband's breakdown from overwork. The wife discovers that her own ancestors have come originally from the locality where they have bought a house, and they are finally accepted by the English: 'That wretched Sangres man has twice our money. Can you see Marm Conant slapping him between the shoulders? Not by a jugful! The poor beast doesn't exist!' The Americans succumb, deeply gratified, their equanimity quite restored. In short, Kipling's attitude toward Americans has now been almost reversed since the day of his first visit to the States when he had written, 'I love this People.' He now approves of them

only when they are prepared to pay their tribute to Mother England and to identify their interests with hers.

Later on, during the first part of the World War when Americans were still figuring as neutrals, his bitterness became absolutely murderous, as in 'Sea Constables: A Tale of '15.' So had his feeling against the Germans even before the war had begun. In 'The Edge of the Evening' (1913), Laughton O. Zigler of Ohio turns up again, this time in England, as occupant of a Georgian mansion inherited by one of the British officers who captured him in South Africa. 'Bein' rich suits me. So does your country, sir. My own country? You heard what that Detroit man said at dinner. "A government of the alien, by the alien, for the alien." Mother's right, too. Lincoln killed us. From the highest motives — but he killed us.' What his mother had said was that Lincoln had 'wasted the heritage of his land by blood and fire, and had surrendered the remnant to aliens': "My brother, suh," she said, "fell at Gettysburg in order that Armenians should colonize New England to-day." (*Something of Myself* confirms the assumption that these were precisely Kipling's own views.) One night a foreign plane makes a forced landing on the estate. One of the men in the plane shoots at his lordship, and Zigler lays him out with a golf club while another of the Englishmen present collars the other man and breaks his neck (it is all right for an American to be lawless, or even for the right sort of Englishman, if he is merely laying low the alien who is the common enemy of both). They put the dead German spies in the plane and send it up over the Channel.

Kipling is now, in fact, implacably opposed to every race or nation which has rebelled against or competed with the Empire, and to every movement or individual — such as the liberals and Fabians — in England that has crit-

icized the imperial policies. His attitude toward the Irish, for example, illustrates the same simple-minded principle as his attitude toward the Americans. So long as they are loyal to England, Kipling shows the liveliest appreciation of Irish recklessness and the Irish sense of mischief: Mulvaney is Irish, McTurk is Irish, Kim is half-Irish. But the moment they display these same qualities in agitation against the English, they become infamous assassins and traitors. Those peoples who have never given trouble, — the Canadians, the New Zealanders, the Australians, — though Kipling has never found them interesting enough to write about on any considerable scale, he credits with the most admirable virtues.

And as a basis for all these exclusions he has laid down a more fundamental principle for the hatred and fear of his fellows: the anti-democratic principle. We are familiar with the case of the gifted man who has found himself at a disadvantage in relation to his social superiors and who emerges as the champion of all who have suffered in a similar way. What is not so familiar is the inverse of this: the case of the individual who at the period when he has most needed freedom to develop superior ability has found himself cramped and tormented by the stupidity of social inferiors and in consequence acquires a distrust of all the machinery of popular government. Rudyard Kipling is a case of this kind. The fear of democracy that finally overtakes him is the fear of that household at Southsea which had tried to choke his genius at its birth. His sister tells us that through all this period he was in the habit of keeping their sense of values straight by reminding himself and her that their guardian was of 'such low caste as not to matter'; and some very unyielding resistance was evidently built up at this time against the standards and opinions of people whom he regarded as lower-class.

(To be concluded)

A WORN PATH

BY EUDORA WELTY

IT was December — a bright frozen day in the early morning. Far out in the country there was an old Negro woman with her head tied in a red rag, coming along a path through the pine woods. Her name was Phoenix Jackson. She was very old, and small, and she walked slowly in the dark pine shadows, moving a little from side to side in her steps, with the balanced heaviness and lightness of a pendulum in a grandfather clock. She carried a thin small cane made from an umbrella, and with this she kept tapping the frozen earth in front of her. This made a grave and persistent noise in the still air that seemed meditative, like the chirping of a solitary little bird.

She wore a dark striped dress reaching down to her shoe tops, and an equally long apron of bleached sugar sacks, with a full pocket: all neat and tidy, but every time she took a step she might have fallen over her shoelaces, which dragged from her unlaced shoes. She looked straight ahead. Her eyes were blue with age. Her skin had a pattern all its own of numberless branching wrinkles, and as though a whole little tree stood in the middle of her forehead, but a golden color ran underneath, and the two knobs of her cheeks were illumined by a yellow burning under the dark. Under the red rag her hair came down on her neck in the frailest of ringlets, still black, and with an odor like copper.

Now and then there was a quivering in the thicket. Old Phoenix said, 'Out of my way, all you foxes, owls, beetles,

jack rabbits, coons, and wild animals! . . . Keep out from under these feet, little bobwhites. . . . Keep the big wild hogs out of my path. Don't let none of those come running my direction. I got a long way.' Under her small black-freckled hand her cane, limber as a buggy whip, would switch at the brush as if to rouse up any hiding things.

On she went. The woods were deep and still. The sun made the pine needles almost too bright to look at, up where the wind rocked. The cones dropped as light as feathers. Down in the hollow was the mourning dove — it was not too late for him.

The path ran up a hill. 'Seem like there is chains about my feet, time I get this far,' she said, in the voice of argument old people keep to use with themselves. 'Something always take a hold of me on this hill — pleads I should stay.'

After she got to the top, she turned and gave a full, severe look behind her where she had come. 'Up through pines,' she said at length. 'Now down through oaks.'

Her eyes opened their widest and she started down gently. But before she got to the bottom of the hill a bush caught her dress.

Her fingers were busy and intent, but her skirts were full and long, so that before she could pull them free in one place they were caught in another. It was not possible to allow the dress to tear. 'I in the thorny bush,' she said. 'Thorns, you doing your appointed work. Never

want to let folks pass — no, sir. Old eyes thought you was a pretty little green bush.'

Finally, trembling all over, she stood free, and after a moment dared to stoop for her cane.

'Sun so high!' she cried, leaning back and looking, while the thick tears went over her eyes. 'The time getting all gone here.'

At the foot of this hill was a place where a log was laid across the creek.

'Now comes the trial,' said Phoenix. Putting her right foot out, she mounted the log and shut her eyes. Lifting her skirt, leveling her cane fiercely before her like a festival figure in some parade, she began to march across. Then she opened her eyes, and she was safe on the other side.

'I wasn't as old as I thought,' she said.

But she sat down to rest. She spread her skirts on the bank around her and folded her hands over her knees. Up above her was a tree in a pearly cloud of mistletoe. She did not dare to close her eyes, and when a little boy brought her a plate with a slice of marble cake on it she spoke to him. 'That would be acceptable,' she said. But when she went to take it there was just her own hand in the air.

So she left that tree, and had to go through a barbed-wire fence. There she had to creep and crawl, spreading her knees and stretching her fingers like a baby trying to climb the steps. But she talked loudly to herself: she could not let her dress be torn now, so late in the day, and she could not pay for having her arm or her leg sawed off if she got caught fast where she was.

At last she was safe through the fence and risen up out in the clearing. Big dead trees, like black men with one arm, were standing in the purple stalks of the withered cotton field. There sat a buzzard.

'Who you watching?'

In the furrow she made her way along.

'Glad this not the season for bulls,'

she said, looking sideways, 'and the good Lord made his snakes to curl up and sleep in the winter. A pleasure I don't see no two-headed snake coming around that tree, where it come once. It took a while to get by him, back in the summer.'

She passed through the old cotton, and went into a field of dead corn. It whispered and shook, and was taller than her head. 'Through the maze now,' she said, for there was no path.

Then there was something tall, black, and skinny there, moving before her.

At first she took it for a man. It could have been a man dancing in the field. But she stood still and listened, and it did not make a sound. It was as silent as a ghost.

'Ghost,' she said sharply, 'who be you the ghost of? For I have heard of nary death close by.'

But there was no answer, only the ragged dancing in the wind.

She shut her eyes, reached out her hand, and touched a sleeve. She found a coat and inside that an emptiness, cold as ice.

'You scarecrow,' she said. Her face lighted. 'I ought to be shut up for good,' she said with laughter. 'My senses is gone. I too old. I the oldest people I ever know. Dance, old scarecrow,' she said, 'while I dancing with you.'

She kicked her foot over the furrow, and with mouth drawn down shook her head once or twice in a little strutting way. Some husks blew down and whirled in streamers about her skirts.

Then she went on, parting her way from side to side with the cane, through the whispering field. At last she came to the end, to a wagon track, where the silver grass blew between the red ruts. The quail were walking around like pullets, seeming all dainty and unseen.

'Walk pretty,' she said. 'This the easy place. This the easy going.' She followed the track, swaying through the quiet bare fields, through the little strings of trees silver in their dead

leaves, past cabins silver from weather, with the doors and windows boarded shut, all like old women under a spell sitting there. 'I walking in their sleep,' she said, nodding her head vigorously.

In a ravine she went where a spring was, silently flowing through a hollowed log. Old Phoenix bent and drank. 'Sweet gum makes the water sweet,' she said, and drank more. 'Nobody know who made this well, for it was here when I was born.'

The track crossed a swampy part where the moss hung as white as lace from every limb. 'Sleep on, alligators, and blow your bubbles.' Then the cypress trees went into the road. Deep, deep it went down between the high, green-colored banks. Overhead the live oaks met, and it was as dark as a cave.

A big black dog with a lolling tongue came up out of the weeds by the ditch. She was meditating, and not ready, and when he came at her she only hit him a little with her cane. Over she went in the ditch, like a little puff of milkweed.

Down there, her senses drifted away. A dream visited her, and she reached her hand up, but nothing reached down and gave her a pull. So she lay there and presently went to talking. 'Old woman,' she said to herself, 'that black dog came up out of the weeds to stall you off, and now there he sitting on his fine tail, smiling at you.'

A white man finally came along and found her — a hunter, a young man, with his dog on a chain.

'Well, Granny!' he laughed. 'What are you doing there?'

'Lying on my back like a June bug waiting to be turned over, mister,' she said, reaching up her hand.

He lifted her up, gave her a swing in the air, and set her down. 'Anything broken, Granny?'

'No, sir, them old dead weeds is springy enough,' said Phoenix, when she had got her breath. 'I thank you for your trouble.'

'Where do you live, Granny?' he

asked, while the two dogs were growling at each other.

'Away back younder, sir, behind the ridge. You can't even see it from here.'

'On your way home?'

'No, sir, I going to town.'

'Why, that's too far! That's as far as I walk when I come out myself, and I get something for my trouble.' He patted the stuffed bag he carried, and there hung down a little closed claw. It was one of the bobwhites, with its beak hooked bitterly to show it was dead. 'Now you go on home, Granny!'

'I bound to go to town, mister,' said Phoenix. 'The time come around.'

He gave another laugh, filling the whole landscape. 'I know you old colored people! Wouldn't miss going to town to see Santa Claus!'

But something held Old Phoenix very still. The deep lines in her face went into a fierce and different radiation. Without warning, she had seen with her own eyes a flashing nickel fall out of the man's pocket on to the ground.

'How old are you, Granny?' he was saying.

'There is no telling, mister,' she said, 'no telling.'

Then she gave a little cry and clapped her hands, and said, 'Git on away from here, dog! Look! Look at that dog!' She laughed as if in admiration. 'He ain't scared of nobody. He a big black dog.' She whispered, 'Sic him!'

'Watch me get rid of that cur,' said the man. 'Sic him, Pete! Sic him!'

Phoenix heard the dogs fighting, and heard the man running and throwing sticks. She even heard a gunshot. But she was slowly bending forward by that time, further and further forward, the lids stretched down over her eyes, as if she were doing this in her sleep. Her chin was lowered almost to her knees. The yellow palm of her hand came out from the fold of her apron. Her fingers slid down and along the ground under the piece of money with the grace and care they would have in lifting an egg

from under a setting hen. Then she slowly straightened up; she stood erect, and the nickel was in her apron pocket. A bird flew by. Her lips moved. 'God watching me the whole time. I come to stealing.'

The man came back, and his own dog panted about them. 'Well, I scared him off that time,' he said, and then he laughed and lifted his gun and pointed it at Phoenix.

She stood straight and faced him.

'Doesn't the gun scare you?' he said, still pointing it.

'No, sir, I seen plenty go off closer by, in my day, and for less than what I done,' she said, holding utterly still.

He smiled, and shouldered the gun. 'Well, Granny,' he said, 'you must be a hundred years old, and scared of nothing. I'd give you a dime if I had any money with me. But you take my advice and stay home, and nothing will happen to you.'

'I bound to go on my way, mister,' said Phoenix. She inclined her head in the red rag. Then they went in different directions, but she could hear the gun shooting again and again over the hill.

She walked on. The shadows hung from the oak trees to the road like curtains. Then she smelled wood smoke, and smelled the river, and she saw a steeple and the cabins on their steep steps. Dozens of little black children whirled around her. There ahead was Natchez shining. Bells were ringing. She walked on.

In the paved city it was Christmas time. There were red and green electric lights strung and crisscrossed everywhere, and all turned on in the daytime. Old Phoenix would have been lost if she had not distrusted her eyesight and depended on her feet to know where to take her.

She paused quietly on the sidewalk, where people were passing by. A lady came along in the crowd, carrying an armful of red, green, and silver-wrapped presents; she gave off perfume like the

red roses in hot summer, and Phoenix stopped her.

'Please, missy, will you lace up my shoe?' She held up her foot.

'What do you want, Grandma?'

'See my shoe,' said Phoenix. 'Do all right for out in the country, but wouldn't look right to go in a big building.'

'Stand still then, Grandma,' said the lady. She put her packages down carefully on the sidewalk beside her and laced and tied both shoes tightly.

'Can't lace 'em with a cane,' said Phoenix. 'Thank you, missy. I doesn't mind asking a nice lady to tie up my shoe when I gets out on the street.'

Moving slowly and from side to side, she went into the stone building and into a tower of steps, where she walked up and around and around until her feet knew to stop.

She entered a door, and there she saw nailed up on the wall the document that had been stamped with the gold seal and framed in the gold frame, which matched the dream that was hung up in her head.

'Here I be,' she said. There was a fixed and ceremonial stiffness over her body.

'A charity case, I suppose,' said an attendant who sat at the desk before her.

But Phoenix only looked above her head. There was sweat on her face; the wrinkles shone like a bright net.

'Speak up, Grandma,' the woman said. 'What's your name? We must have your history, you know. Have you been here before? What seems to be the trouble with you?'

Old Phoenix only gave a twitch to her face as if a fly were bothering her.

'Are you deaf?' cried the attendant.

But then the nurse came in.

'Oh, that's just old Aunt Phoenix,' she said. 'She doesn't come for herself; she has a little grandson. She makes these trips just as regular as clockwork — she lives away back off the Old Natchez Trace.' She bent down. 'Well, Aunt Phoenix, why don't you just take a seat? We won't keep you standing, after your long trip.' She pointed.

The old woman sat down, bolt upright in the chair.

'Now, how is the boy?' asked the nurse.

Old Phoenix did not speak.

'I said, how is the boy?'

But Phoenix only waited and stared straight ahead, her face very solemn and withdrawn into rigidity.

'Is his throat any better?' asked the nurse. 'Aunt Phoenix, don't you hear me? Is your grandson's throat any better since the last time you came for the medicine?'

With her hands on her knees, the old woman waited, silent, erect, and motionless, just as if she were in armor.

'You mustn't take up our time this way, Aunt Phoenix,' the nurse said. 'Tell us quickly about your grandson, and get it over. He isn't dead, is he?'

At last there came a flicker and then a flame of comprehension across her face, and she spoke.

'My grandson. It was my memory had left me. There I sat and forgot why I made my long trip.'

'Forgot?' The nurse frowned. 'After you came so far?'

Then Phoenix was like an old woman begging a dignified forgiveness for waking up frightened in the night. 'I never did go to school — I was too old at the Surrender,' she said in a soft voice. 'I'm an old woman without an education. It was my memory fail me. My little grandson, he is just the same, and I forgot it in the coming.'

'Throat never heals, does it?' said the nurse, speaking in a loud, sure voice to Old Phoenix. By now she had a card with something written on it, a little list. 'Yes. Swallowed lye. When was it — January — two — three years ago —'

Phoenix spoke unasked now. 'No, missy, he not dead, he just the same. Every little while his throat begin to close up again, and he not able to swallow. He not get his breath. He not able to help himself. So the time come

around, and I go on another trip for the soothing-medicine.'

'All right. The doctor said as long as you came to get it, you could have it,' said the nurse. 'But it's an obstinate case.'

'My little grandson, he sit up there in the house all wrapped up, waiting by himself,' Phoenix went on. 'We is the only two left in the world. He suffer and it don't seem to put him back at all. He got a sweet look. He going to last. He wear a little patch-quilt and peep out, holding his mouth open like a little bird. I remembers so plain now. I not going to forget him again, no, the whole enduring time. I could tell him from all the others in creation.'

'All right.' The nurse was trying to hush her now. She brought her a bottle of medicine. 'Charity,' she said, making a check mark in a book.

Old Phoenix held the bottle close to her eyes, and then carefully put it into her pocket.

'I thank you,' she said.

'It's Christmas time, Grandma,' said the attendant. 'Could I give you a few pennies out of my purse?'

'Five pennies is a nickel,' said Phoenix stiffly.

'Here's a nickel,' said the attendant.

Phoenix rose carefully and held out her hand. She received the nickel and then fished the other nickel out of her pocket and laid it beside the new one. She stared at her palm closely, with her head on one side.

Then she gave a tap with her cane on the floor. 'This is what come to me to do,' she said. 'I going to the store and buy my child a little windmill they sells, made out of paper. He going to find it hard to believe there such a thing in the world. I'll march myself back where he waiting, holding it straight up in this hand.'

She lifted her free hand, gave a little nod, turned around, and walked out of the doctor's office. Then her slow step began on the stairs, going down.

WHAT THE CHURCH CAN DO

BY PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD

I

AXIOMS are supposed to be unquestionable, self-evident. In our American democracy it is supposed to be axiomatic that Church and State are separate. With the objectivity that comes of being at safe (?) distance, we preen ourselves in the belief that the struggle of Church and State overseas can never threaten us. We suffer no Nazi regimentation of ecclesiastical affairs by a *Reichsbischof*, charged to reduce the Church to a propagandist agency for totalitarianism. We are in no danger of having Martin Niemöller in concentration camps, or Brown Shirts or Gestapo spies in our congregations. Nor do we take seriously the explosive contentions of Ku-Klux-ish or No-Name folk who accuse the Papacy of secret machinations to dominate our government. Whatever may be the status reached by concordat in Italy or Spain, we are reasonably sure that our Protestantism can freely continue to specialize in its *Pro*-testantism, rather than devote its energies mainly to *Anti*-testantism.

But can the line between Church and State actually be drawn? Granted that we are in no open struggle; granted that the issue is apparently minor because it seems undramatic; nevertheless, during times of international emergency the unthinking acceptance of a cliché may go dangerously far. The impotence of the divided Church, which makes it unable to speak with any inspirational prestige, is only one evidence out of many. What average American takes

the Church's voice as an august and authoritative word of spiritual guidance to the conscience of the nation in the formation of its policies? Have we any but an individualistic concept of the Church's place in life, as the source from which we may hope to draw personal morale and ultimate but quite personal 'salvation'?

The permission to worship according to the dictates of our own convictions has resulted in the subdivision of corporate religion into minute, small-change sectarianism which has practically made the Church a negligible element in public affairs.

Would such movements as communism have sprung up so mushroom-fast in our midst if there had been some truly impressive organ of spiritual idealism? At least such license would have been retarded, perhaps even obviated, if, theoretically, there could have been one flexible, continually modernized yet fundamentally unvacillating, eternal-minded yet realistic Church, with liberty for variant temperaments in liturgy or method, but unity in team play. Oh yes, this is a Utopian dream, but Sir Thomas More may have had a true inspiration when in his Utopia he stipulated that every officeholder must qualify by a belief in immortality. A college crew — 'eight men on a knitting needle' — cannot row without a coxswain or train without a coach. Under our present go-as-you-please arrangement, the Church can never hope to

coach the State. And the State sadly needs a Church that is a noble coach.

In these preliminary paragraphs the usual error of presupposition has crept in — namely, that the Church and the State are their officials. But the Church is really the Church people, to whom the officials render ministry; and the State is the total citizenry, to whom the officials pledge faithful service for the common good. You can't separate the people who are the Church from the people who are the State: in theory they are identical. In actual life, too, at least all the Church personnel are of the State, even if only something like 60 per cent of the State's personnel, we regret to admit, are even tenuously of any church. We often forget this double membership by the same people and that the professionals are only servants of the common weal. The real Church cannot define, enunciate, or act except by getting some formal or informal expression of common convictions from the rank and file of all its memberships. The State cannot speak except by its franchise, by surveyed public opinion, or by referenda. Therefore we have in the Church such clearinghouse agencies as the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; local Councils of Churches to obviate duplication of effort, to advance comity and coöperative planning; and, internationally, such accredited Conferences as those of Edinburgh, Oxford, and Madras, and the now set-up machinery of the World Council of Churches, representing at least all non-Roman Christianity, and in its dream open also to the Roman Catholic Church. Therefore we have in the State not merely representative government, but the quadrennial surge of popular emotion behind Presidential campaigns, the surveys by *Fortune*, the Gallup Polls.

It is bad for the clergy and for the Church if its officials get to thinking that they are the Church; just as it is bad for the 'government' to think it is

the nation. The clergy are rightly named 'ministers,' but sometimes they are tempted to forget their ministrant function and to become professional in vocabulary, in power complex, and in polity. Many a layman cannot comprehend the esoteric subtleties or shibboleths which keep denominations apart, the dogmas of 'grace,' 'orders,' and 'validity' which seem to be the obstacles to a unity the layman thinks should be easy. Meantime, in the realm of statecraft, professionalism likewise grows too easily, to the deterioration of the public.

Robert Frost's dictum that good fences make good neighbors is not applicable in this case. Rather may another analogy from Mid-Vermont be more apropos — slightly adapted. In back villages where plain horse sense is the norm of I. Q., the rumor runs, when two neighbors deadlock in a dispute about their mutual boundary line the town fathers take the far line claimed by each disputant, add ten feet beyond each of these lines, and make a strip of land twenty-plus feet wide which neither claimant may henceforth call his own. This insulating No Man's Land is called 'the Devil's Strip.' How apt an analogy this suggests! This strip is really Everyman's Land wherein society dwells between areas occupied by opposing professionalisms, whose claims completely overlap. This double claim often leaves the citizen-churchman bewildered at the rivalry — but usually not so concerned as he might well be.

The parson is warned by his advisers not to preach politics from his pulpit. He is told that what his people want from him is 'the simple Gospel.' That simple Gospel is, one fears, interpreted to mean strictly personal religion, not any vital social program. The preacher must avoid 'preaching off the front page of Saturday's paper,' must 'deal with the eternities rather than the temporalities,' and so forth.

Doubtless there is more than a little

wisdom in this advice. Few preachers know more than their parishioners do about current events; surely few know more economics or business methods or market-place ethics than the men who are daily amidst their practice, who do not come to church to be told by an outsider how to run their business. Nothing is rightly more resented than the use of the pulpit as Coward's Castle, wherefrom a man who has succumbed to the idea that anything he says there is invested with authority fulminates to a congregation that has no chance to answer back, unless by reduced support. The 'hot gospellers' who ride pet hobbies of partisan social theories, who become propagandists either for militarist or for pacifist programs, who read out of what they call real Christianity those who do not see eye to eye with them on intervention or conscription or Hitlerism — these have surely narrowed their function. The most constant temptation of the pulpiter is to be sensational, under the illusion that he is thereby impressive. And sensationalism is a line of least resistance.

Yet there is a balancing consideration. The Christian Gospel is not merely an individualistic one. To make it a doctrine only for unit persons is to limit its essential scope. The Golden Rule is not merely between individuals: it should be taken as obtaining between labor and capital, political parties, denominations, and nations. History, in its crucial moments, must not put religion on one side as not pertinent. 'Every great political issue involves a theological issue,' ever so truly says Donoso Cortés. 'In the vast and chaotic struggles of the present between political movements and ideals which fill men with glowing enthusiasm and the bitterest hate, ultimately it is problems of faith which are at stake,' says Nils Ehrenstrom to the Oxford Conference. To forbid the pulpit to deal with the basic philosophy beneath current movements is to deny it realism. The separation of

spiritualities from the temporalities would vitiate both.

The duty of the preacher is to make plain the major import — the spiritual import — of the events of the moment. He may not gleefully pounce on the day's headlines as providing juicy material for his next Sunday's exploitation. If he is to be at all a prophet like the ancient ones he must have deep enough insight to give foresight ere he cries, 'Thus saith the Lord.' He must grasp nettles. He must do careful, lonely, penetrative thinking. He must agonize. Before he glibly applies traditional churchianity to our searching, Missourian era he had best reëxamine his own concepts to be sure that he has not allowed inherited accretions and sacerdotal dogmatisms to make the religion *about* Jesus incongruous with the religion *of* Jesus, 'in vain worshiping, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' We are suspicious of the man who is smoothly satisfied that he knows by the proof-text method what essential Christianity is; we listen openheartedly to the man who gives evidence in his whole bearing that he has wrestled his way through to a few simple but inescapable working principles. He cries, 'This one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.' And, hearing his modest witness, we say, 'This kind cometh not forth save by prayer and fasting.' But his will be a factual faith, separated by no sheet of glass from that which likewise concerns the body politic. No, for realists the line cannot be drawn 'twixt spiritualities and temporalities, the realm of Church and the realm of State.

II

The founding fathers never foresaw or intended the plight into which education has fallen. To separate Church and State, to put religious education in the hands of denominationalism and leave secular education without the benefit of

religious motivation, has resulted grievously. For to give skills and knowledge to a wrongly motivated person is to render him many times more dangerous. Skills and knowledge should belong only to those who will accept them as a stewardship for constructive, helpful use. To omit the religious aspects from education in our schools inevitably gives only fragmentary knowledge. The public school may teach all the outlines of geology, biology, and evolution, but may never mention the Creator. It may teach history in terms of Cæsarisms, explorations, wars, and other manifestations of force and romance, but it may not give the content of the message of Francis, Luther, the Wesleys, or Newman. It may teach all the lurid events of Nero's reign except those which have to do with Saint Paul and Saint Peter and the martyrs' creed. It may teach all English literature but the Bible and its derivative classics. And all because denominationalism has made the mention of such things contentious. So, for instance, a newspaper squib from Covington, Kentucky, informs its world that a copy of the Ten Commandments has been forbidden display in the schools! No matter whose the dangerous fault, the fact remains that secular education is without any absolute source of motivation. Thank Heaven that the average schoolteacher teaches as much by contagion of personality as by the book, and that this average teacher has idealism.

The muddle of religious education is abysmal. Its handicaps are drastic. To begin with, the Sunday school has no united public opinion behind it. It does not take long for Johnny to realize that day school is obligatory and Church school is optional: it is soon evident to him that he and his weekday cronies are separated on Sundays by invisible barriers into subdivided or rival camps. And he is not dressed for comfort and for work: he sits in makeshift quarters with a paper-covered lesson book; he has as teacher a sacrificial but probably

half-trained maiden of ripening or uncertain years; he wriggles for a forty-minute lesson period, sings two hymns, and is dismissed. Small wonder he is not awed by Sunday school. Even if his Sunday school is far more ideal than I have indicated, with all the aids and psychologic efficiency that modern curricula and teacher training can give, the handicap remains — that religion is not a part of his business day. His Bible (in something other than limp leather and fine print, please!) is not strapped between a geography and an arithmetic for the kind of labor and interest the whole community backs with its taxes, equipment, parent-teacher organizations, and public prestige.

Sunday school being recognized as inept at its best, although in general a slice of a loaf that is better than none, sundry churches set up their own schools. In urban parishes, Roman Catholics have parochial schools, the more intense and conservative synagogues maintain their Talmud Torah classes, Lutherans here and there lengthen their weekday confirmation-class instructions, occasionally other churches set up their after-school or Saturday projects. But the handicaps remain. On the part of the churches the expense is severe. In particular the Roman Catholics find the double burden of public-school taxes and support for the parochial school very heavy. All honor to them in that they feel integrated religious instruction so essential that they carry this burden. Usually the parochial school is not large enough for all the parish lads and lassies, anyway. The after-school classes run by others have an initial 'sales resistance' to overcome on the part of scholars who cannot but feel that they have already done a full day's work and that it is an imposition to add another hour or two under compulsion, while their friends, released to freedom, go skating. Also, if the classes are conducted by intense conservatives, — as they are likely to be, since 'liberals' do not

usually work thus, — the boys and girls have the additional abused feeling of a fractional, defensive group.

Weekday religious education on excused time seems the most satisfactory expedient yet attempted. But at best the plan is awkward. Since the law forbids religious instruction under the school roof, it can be had only elsewhere. But the school must still grant excused time for those pupils whose parents request it. Thus extramural religious instruction can be supplied as a part of the youngsters' business day, provided that some interchurch committee can be organized, and can persuade the school board, guarantee qualified teachers, arrange suitable quarters, and find lesson material for the sundry groups, all without raising denominational suspicions of propaganda — which indeed takes 'the zeal of God, but according to tact.' All this *can* be accomplished, however. It has been, though far too seldom.

There is a further complication when one comes to higher education. The privately endowed college may adopt its own policy, comparatively unimpeded; may teach what its freedom allows; may or may not keep religion a recognized cornerstone of its instruction and practice. The question is more than that of Chapel. Compulsory Chapel may still work in some colleges. I know of one where the student government determined that it is as legitimate to expect exposure to religion as it is to demand exposure to the English language — but Chapel in that college is unusually sane, varied, never routine. Yet even there the Archbishop warned the president that his students might be 'physically present, but they must be mentally absent.' When Chapel is not obligatory, it sinks into subsidiary importance in daily college life, even if on Sundays, with imported preachers, it does draw a congregation predominantly not of the college. The sad fact is that instruction in the world's faiths bulks very

minutely in the curriculum. How complex a snarl interested leaders at Harvard found last winter when they attempted to wedge into the list of courses for credit one whole course on religion!

But with a state university the stress grows more intense. Not only in the well-known Dayton case, where Bryan faced Clarence Darrow, has the teaching of evolution in state-supported institutions roused the Fundamentalists. Evolution seems to them to controvert the letter of Genesis; therefore they endeavor — as not so long ago even in Minnesota — to sway legislators to forbid this scientific hypothesis in any state-aided institution. Since when are legislators competent to determine the relations of science and religion?

III

Physicians are licensed by the State to practise after passing compulsory board examinations, following a rigorous, thorough, and comprehensive course in a medical school. Standards are constantly being raised. Psychiatry is the most intricate and delicate of all the physicians' specialties, and is still a highly tentative branch of medical science. The great psychologists who provide the data and the diagnostic technique to the psychiatrists are themselves very modest in their claims, even in the face of the crescendo rate of mental unbalance in all lands, particularly in ours. It is only the very minor psychiatrists who assume infallibility. The risk of making bad matters worse for the morbid or the manic-depressive, or of failing to recognize the symptoms of incurable aberrations in time, makes real psychiatrists go very slowly. But let some parson get a smattering of psychiatric knowledge and he may glibly try out his little wisdom on warped parishioners with no one to say him nay.

Amateur 'Life Adjustment Clinics' within and without the orthodox church are dangerous in the extreme. Oxford

Group leaders, and even more their first-flush followers, play with fire as they put naïve theories of psychology to work under the impetus of their unquestionably fine intentions. There are far too few technically prepared, accurately trained clerical experts in psychotherapy — men who, like Dr. Elwood Worcester in his Emmanuel Movement days, demand close coöperation with reputable physicians, preliminary medical diagnosis to ascertain that the applicant suffers from functional rather than organic illness, and the promise of long patience on the part of the patient. It makes one cringe with dread for the luckless human guinea pigs to hear some brash, quarter-prepared possessor of a brand-new vocabulary about complexes, neuroses, and schizophrenic phobias set himself up as a consultant, beyond the reach of any supervision or regulation because he is ecclesiastically immune. Heaven help the pathologic parishioner of the parson who has just read the latest book on pastoral psychiatry and has felt a great light break on him!

Hotel-parlor psychologists are even more ominous an influence for unbalance. Their exploitation of maladjusted folk is more plainly mercenary, and the hopeful ones who pay their ten dollars for ten lessons in 'contacting the dynamic potences of the Infinite' are probably more tangential to normal life than those who go to the usual church. The 'miscellaneous corner' of the church page's advertisements gives minimum indication of the quackery which is going on. Traveling Indians, whom the reputable Swamis would be the first to brand as fakers, come to town, send out their preposterous fliers, give a free first lecture, dramatizing the exotic and promising esoteric secrets of the Yogis, get their money in advance, and then in carefully foreign accents vouchsafe 'words, words, words' of mellifluous buncombe, giving private lessons to 'more advanced' gullibles.

Spiritualists whom no sane psychical research investigator could fail to recognize as crass tell lonely souls that their medium's 'control' says a man named John, who 'has a black mustache and a bald forehead, wants someone on this side named Jane to know that he is happy.' Palm readers and tea-leaf interpreters 'tell you very strange truths,' and no authority can prevent. Mystics gaze into crystal balls. Numerologists do a land-office business. Astrologists spread their Babylonian theories of the zodiac with a zeal which is completely void of any astronomic knowledge since Copernicus. (How few of us have a really Copernican theology!) The astrologic pulp magazines sell by thousands in subway kiosks and corner drugstores; elaborate astrologic schemes are offered for astounding sums to bankers, to guide their investment policies, by men who are plainly not wealthy themselves. If Father Divine should add fortune-telling to his repertoire, who could touch him?

These all take advantage of that freedom of 'religious' thought which the State guarantees. But the State has a stake in their results. Meanwhile the statistics of insanity show continual increase, and the statistics of partial unbalance are unobtainable. But nervous breakdowns multiply and the tension of our corporate life intensifies, and jitters thrive. Can't there be some discipline or standardization? Only the State can establish it. But it dare not! The line between the civil and the spiritual just cannot be sharply defined.

Then there is the issue of pacifism. But this subject has been most adequately treated in recent articles in the *Atlantic*, and it need not be re-treated here. Only we may pause to note with great satisfaction the tremendous advance in respect for sincerely conscientious objectors since the last war. Both Church and State have reached a new validation of sincerities, despite majority convictions that patriotic duty and

religious integrity are not in conflict. Honest pacifism, however, is honored, because at all costs freedom must be maintained for the individual and his conscience. We are of a democracy. The State recognizes the liberties of the Church.

As a corollary to this comes the mention of Army and Navy chaplains. They are each given a ranking. The cross or Star of David on their uniform is not enough: they wear the insignia of some minor officership. That makes them a part of the fighting machine. The chaplain is under the regulations. Despite the church flag deferentially flown above Old Glory on Church Parade Days, the chaplain takes his subordinate place in the listings, in the giving and receiving of salutes, in the duties prescribed by the rule book. Many of these duties he may not conceive to be natural to his chaplaincy. Because he is relieved of drill routine and carries no sword he is not misled to feel he is free to work only as a churchman.

Most chaplains wish they could be without ranking. They are glad to wear the uniform, but they feel that a definite subordinate officership carries with it the unintentional but real implication that religion is a subordinate interest. In the day-by-day workout in the field or at sea the chaplain has exactly the influence that his individuality and the very variant religious loyalty of his commanders may gain him beyond or grudgingly within the regulations; nevertheless he knows he could better be 'all things to all men' if he were not specifically on some lower rung of the ladder of rankings. Yet he also knows that he must have accredited status with the outfit. No 'Y' secretary or Red Cross representative has the prestige of the Padre in his chaplain's khaki or blue. The line should not be drawn. He must be in but not of the Army or Navy, for the reverence of his selfless Cause.

The vexed questions of divorce and remarriage are also in that 'Devil's

Strip' 'twixt Church and State. We can do little more than mention them here, since they are obviously too complex to be treated at any adequate length in what must be a subsection of a list of illustrations to a thesis.

That the line cannot be drawn between the two authorities is self-evident. Each legislates without consultation with the other. The Church may have nothing to do with the legality of divorces, although it is gravely concerned to prevent them where possible. The Church may decree about remarriage after divorce, however, for its own people, since the minister is a legal marrying official and may lay down conditions for them. The State is not concerned to discriminate on remarriages, except for the item of interstate validity. With the State, any duly divorced person may be remarried.

There are two possible solutions, the first of which will probably never be feasible, although in some ways it would be ideal. That is for the Church to stop legislating for its people, since legislative regulation would seem to be a function of the State. The Church's functions are pastoral, sacramental, mystic, inspirational. The Christian Church is under the command of One who said, 'Who made me a judge or divider over you?' Any neophyte in pastoral care should know that spiritual rightness never goes by stereotype. In its practice with its people the Church might well be law-less (using that term in its best sense). It is absolutely impossible even for a confessor objectively to judge who really merits the blessings of absolution, sacrament, and fellowship. Therefore it would be well to assume sincerity on the part of applicants and to leave the burden of proof Godward to them. Why should it be only a vain dream that ecclesiasticism should go all the way and say, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out?' As in a former article I dreamed that 'Authoritative Discre-

tion' should take the place of rigid regulations, so now I dare plead for the willingness to meet applicants for blessing with individuated trust in their good faith.

The second solution is more practically immediate: to separate the legal and the sacramental aspects of marriage, and establish a system whereby the State marries those it will and the Church then blesses whom of those it will. The State would act for those who desire the minimum of marriage — the economic and biologic arrangement, making for civil stability. The Church would act for those who hold a maximum spiritual ideal of family life. Its ceremony would be in addition to the legal one. This solution is already under consideration in some churches, and in some civil quarters as well. All any Church need do is to forbid its ministers to act as legal agents, bidding them use the Church's ceremony only for those who have been just previously legally united, and that Church will be clear of the anomalous, embarrassing mixup of functions. We forget how recently the Church was granted the right to act legally in marriages. It is only during the past century or so that its ministry has been so commissioned.

If the present war had not interfered with the meeting of the Lambeth Council, that august body would have taken up this proposal. The only agreement between conservatives and liberals in many a communion on questions of marriage is on the advisability of this step. It would involve a minimum of legal or canonical adjustment. The machinery of justices of the peace and of the Church's spiritual ministrants is already such that even now, if the individual couple so desires, the clarifying scheme may be worked. If an eloping pair married by some justice can return home and ask for the Church's service for the public validation of their venture, surely it is feasible to lift the custom of the two services out

of the realm of the sporadic and semi-scandalous cases to the upper level of wholesome community comprehension of their meanings.

IV

We are engulfed in a world cataclysm. An Armageddon has come which brings the end of a familiar world. After this wrecking is over, there will be no automatic continuation of any traditions. The whole world, having risen from its stunned horror, will be back to elements. We cannot even think beyond the present nightmare enough to hope, plan, or prophesy with any definiteness what will be the form of life in the day of resurrection. Only quacks and brash amateurs will presume to specify cure-all panaceas. We are bound to see the unforeseeable in the prayed-for Peace. Yet this one thing we know, that a world without realistic and Golden Rule religion is confusion worse confounded.

This is a battle between ideologies. So we have been told and retold until we are sick of the word. We should by now be Platonists enough to realize, however, that ideas are more creatively real than the enginery they build; that the most vital necessity is right ideals. He is a fool who says that religion is now at its lowest ebb. There never was more religion in the world than at this moment. The anguish is that so much of it is mistaken, barbaric religion. We should have outgrown its savage passions and its primitive concepts long ago. But we haven't. The religion which makes the State or the race the real God is the enlargement of merely tribal, chest-thumping egotism. Even a heavenly Deity is supposed to be the servant of such thrusting arrogance; God is not Lord enough to say 'Thou shalt *not!*' Conscience is not authoritative; wish-thinking has taken its place. The Church is brought to heel; its hands may seem to be the hands of a spiritual Esau, but its voice is nationalistic, Jacob's voice. It preaches smooth propagandist things

on order. *Führers* have no place for Niemöllers or Cardinal Merciers, nor for an untrammelled Papacy or an effective World Council of Churches.

The State's temptation to use the churches to drum up their share of public opinion is inevitable. For, despite the sad fact that their membership is not even nominally two thirds of the citizenry, the churches do hold the type of citizen on which the State counts most for leadership in morale. The Church deals with emotions at their most intimate points. But a free pulpit is indispensable to noble motivations. To deal with the eternal verities need not mean otherworldliness; it should mean attack upon contemporary circumstance from the vantage ground of certitudes beyond momentary expediency. Thank God if the very agony of the present at least forces the Church to simplify, to rediscover its basic faiths, to unify its solidarity. To 'keep the faith' must be to keep it safe through storm and turmoil, to keep it undiluted, unsmirched, and unperverted, to keep its sponsorship conscious of the time to come when it will be asked to render account of its stewardship, to keep faith for the age to come. The State will need the Church more than ever before in its re-formative new days — a Church that has kept itself, even by purgation, at the business of the simple humanities which are so entangled with the divine, the Alpha and Omega majesties of the transcendent God of the timeless æons of the universe, and the call to us on this grain of star-dust to grow a qualitative life. The era ahead is going to need a closer identification of faith and works, of inspirational discipline and practical coöperation, of Church and State consciousness. It must require that we shall take seriously the motto on the State's coinage, 'In God we trust.'

The story runs that in the earliest Prayer Book the rubric for optional prayers just preceded the collect for the President and other officers of state; also that Christ Church, Philadelphia, was the customary place of worship for George Washington. When the first revision of the Prayer Book was under way, he asked the rector if a door might be cut through the wall adjacent to the Presidential pew, through which he could slip out unobserved before the end of service. But he likewise requested that the rubric for optional collects should be moved to follow the prayer for the President, making that one obligatory. If these two things were done, he promised never to use the new door until after this prayer had been said. He needed the prayer, he affirmed. So did the State. It needed the Church.

The State is not a merely secular institution. Some of us believe that democracy (not as it is, but as it can be) is synonymous with the Republic of God, and that the citizen-churchman will not know on weekdays in which capacity he is acting. To insist that the line of demarcation be a fence is to secularize the State and to etherealize the Church, to the harm of both. Their ideals are one and indivisible. Their practice should likewise be so. The Church and the State are the same people, with the same concern, under the same urgencies, dedicated to the same worths. Law and conscience should be the same, patriotism and Golden Rule, mutuality in living and in mystical fellowship. The saints and the heroes are brothers. The rationale of individual character and of mutual team play is identical, whether it be called religious or economic. Except in a very limited way, the old axiom of separation does not and should not hold. The line cannot really be drawn.

WINE FROM OUR GRAPES

BY CHARLES R. CODMAN

I

WHEN towards the end of a sultry afternoon last spring — it was June 7th, to be exact — my wife and I said good-bye to Capitaine Francis de Luze on the station platform at Bordeaux and climbed aboard the Sud-Express bound for the Spanish frontier, we were unaware that in taking leave of a very dear friend we were also bidding farewell for an indefinite period to the two institutions he so completely symbolizes: the wines of France, and France herself.

One of the corollaries of this, the bitterest chapter in France's history, is the suspension of imports into this country of her many familiar products — including, of course, her wines. No longer do the genial wares of Bordeaux, the Côte d'Or, of Épernay and Reims, move westward. For Americans, apart from existing 'stocks on hand,' the curtain for the time being is down.

To some the fate of French wines may perhaps rank as one of the lesser horrors of war, yet there are many to whom even the temporary demise of these unique exponents of a graceful civilization will be a matter of deep regret. The approaching dearth of imported vintages has, however, already caused more and more Americans to become aware of the potentialities of their own native wines, and many an American 'connoisseur' who lately shuddered at the very mention of California Claret or New York State Champagne has discovered to his reluctant surprise that a number of

American wines are not only passable but actually good.

As to the salutary effect of this conclusion upon the American vintner, let us consider for a moment the immense wineland that is California, whose three principal viticultural regions (the Southern Counties, from San Diego to Los Angeles; the Central District, which includes the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys; and the Northern Coast Counties — Sonoma, Napa, Alameda, Santa Clara, and so forth — clustering around San Francisco Bay) provide between them an amazing variety of soil and climate, and together produce about nine tenths of all our native wines.

Appropriately enough, the first West Coast wine vineyards were those of the San Diego Mission, founded by the Spanish Padres in 1769, but almost a century was to elapse before wine was produced throughout California on any considerable scale. In 1850, however, destiny in the person of a Hungarian nobleman, Count Agoston Haraszthy, descended upon the startled inhabitants of Sonoma County with a blare of trumpets, a fanatical zeal, and a couple of hundred thousand vines and cuttings acquired in the course of a whirlwind tour of Europe's vineyards. To the herculean labors of this fabulous individual and his baggage of exotic flora and fauna may be ascribed the definite orientation of California viticulture and its preponderant function today — that of raising and adapting to its own

purposes a wide variety of European grapes.

The going has been hard. Wine-making is a tough game, and even the favored Sun-kissed State has suffered many vicissitudes — diseases of the vine, ill-advised policies of quantity production, and, worst of all, the blight of Prohibition. At the time of repeal, seven years ago, the majority of California vineyards were planted with high-yield but relatively low-quality grapes which during the dark Volstead years had been shipped in huge quantities to the industrious but indiscriminating bootlegger, speak-easy proprietor, and amateur wine-maker of that unlamented epoch. In addition to the necessity for replanting and for finding new cooperage, the native vintner at the dawn of the new era was faced in many states with restrictive and confusing legislation, as well as abysmal ignorance in respect to wine on the part of the general public. In spite of these adverse factors, he has made marked and rapid progress, particularly during the last two or three years.

It is true that a majority of the five hundred odd California wineries still cling to borrowed geographical appellations such as 'Burgundy,' 'Moselle,' 'Port,' 'Sherry,' and the like, but up to a certain point the use of familiar foreign names to designate blended wines of a general type is justified, and it can scarcely be claimed that anyone is thereby deceived. Those who sneer at native 'Chablis' and 'Sauternes' should remember that the average French variety labeled in similar manner is often pretty bad, and that, while the great wines of France are incomparable, they form but an infinitesimal fraction (not more than two or three per cent) of the total French wine production. As a matter of fact, there is no earthly reason why the fortified wines of Southern California (wines to which alcohol is added after or during fermentation — known in the trade as 'sweet' wines) should not be called, for

convenience' sake, California Port or Sherry, as the case may be. Certainly they bear little resemblance to the great wines of Oporto and Xeres, but neither does the Porto Blanc that one used to get at the corner *bistro*.

As regards the natural unfortified table wines, which to the confirmed wine-drinker hold by far the greatest interest, the question is open to debate. It is probable that for some time to come the staple blends of the Central District will be with us in the form of 'brand' Clarets, Burgundies, Moselles, and Sauternes, and as frankly blended wines they have — at a price — their place. However, among the more progressive and far-sighted growers in those districts which produce the best of all California natural or 'dry' table wines, — the coastal counties around San Francisco Bay, — an enlightened few are now energetically pursuing a policy of quality and individuality rather than quantity and uniformity, with the result that today it is a matter of more or less common knowledge that the *best* California 'dry' wines will stand comparison with all but the great European wines. You will not find in California, or anywhere else other than *in loco*, the counterparts of Mouton, Montrachet, or Romanée-Conti, but among the genuine varietal wines of the West Coast (that is to say, wines made in each case from a single variety of grape) is to be found many a bottle that compares favorably with imported St. Julien or Graves, or Beaujolais. Moreover, your drinker of European wines will immediately recognize the affinity of certain California wines to those of corresponding French regions.

For example, it is apparent to anyone accustomed to the Médocs of the Gironde that a well-made California Cabernet with a few years of bottle age is, so to speak, one of the family. And indeed why not, since it is the same Cabernet grape that forms the principal ingredient of Lafite, Margaux, and Latour? Likewise the Pinot, Semillon, Sauvignon,

Riesling, and other European grapes, though transplanted to the soil of Napa and Sonoma Counties or the Livermore Valley, can and do, when conscientiously vinified, produce attractive natural wines bearing a recognizable resemblance to their prototypes of the Côte d'Or, Sauternes, or, if we must speak of it, the Rhine. The resemblance is naturally tempered by differences in soil and climate which induce individual characteristics, and it is, of course, this very individuality which lends interest to the varietal wines of the West Coast. It is heartening to note that such leading wineries as Inglenook, Wente, Paul Masson, and others have so far risen above old inferiority complexes as to dispense with European borrowed titles and give their *best* wines the grape and geographical appellations they deserve. Thus a San Francisco Bay 'Lafite' gives way to the far more informative designation of Napa County Cabernet, and California 'Yquem' sails proudly under its true colors as Livermore Valley Sauvignon — which is just as it should be.

II

From the statistics of the California Wine Institute, an organization created by the growers in 1934 for the purpose of serving, in its own words, 'as the medium for collective efforts of all kinds in behalf of the \$420,000,000 grape and wine industry,' it would appear that the industry is doing pretty well. In 1934, the first full year after repeal, the total consumption of wine in the United States was just under 33,000,000 gallons. Since then consumption has steadily progressed, reaching for 1939 a total of 76,721,911 gallons. The figures for last year are at present writing incomplete, but the total for 1940 will probably not be far from 90,000,000 gallons. Considering that the consumption of French wines in this country has averaged for the last few years but little over one million gallons per annum, the California

showing, constituting approximately 90 per cent of the grand total, is not unimpressive.

If the wines of California are beginning to receive in many parts of the country the recognition they justly deserve, what of our Eastern vineyards? Readers of the encyclopædic Messrs. Schoonmaker and Marvel, and of Baltimore's wine sage, Mr. Philip Wagner (required homework for Cœnophilosophy I), are aware that the Eastern part of the United States and bits of Canada are the natural habitat of our native grape species, which differ so completely from *Vitis vinifera*, the single species from which all the European varieties derive. Such readers will have followed with solicitude the early colonists' unsuccessful attempts to adapt the tender *vinifera* to our rigorous Eastern climate, and, on the other hand, learned with satisfaction — mostly academic — that by the middle of the last century prosperous vineyards of native and hybrid varieties flourished on the shores of Lake Erie, around Cleveland, in parts of Missouri and the Carolinas, in both the Ohio and Hudson River Valleys, in Central New Jersey, and in the Chautauqua and Finger Lake districts of New York State. They know that the appearance in 1882 of the disconcertingly high-yield Concord grape was an immensely important event in the history of grape culture, but perhaps on the whole an unfortunate one, because while splendid as unfermented grape juice it makes a pretty unpleasant wine, whose aroma has been likened to 'the effluvia arising from the body of a fox.' They surmise that as a result of this stricture all Eastern grapes have been unfairly stigmatized as 'foxy,' a conclusion stoutly denied by Mr. Wagner, who with admirable objectivity recounts that 'in an effort to verify this contention I have been at pains to sniff the effluvia of several kinds of fox in a number of celebrated zoos, and have been unable to detect the faintest resemblance.'

In the belief, however, that the best way to acquire practical knowledge about wine grapes is to consort on the spot with those who grow them, it seemed logical to turn to Mr. Charles D. Champlin, grandson of one of the pioneers and founders of the wine industry in that region which for almost a century has consistently led the field in American Sparkling Wines — the Finger Lakes District of Western New York State.

To my inquiries Mr. Champlin responded with a kind invitation to attend this year's *vendange*, and since the grape-picking was already under way, it being the first week in October, naturally my wife and I lost no time in getting ourselves to the East Boston Airport and on to a west-bound plane. At the Rochester Airport we were met by Mr. Champlin's nephew, who was to pilot us on our seventy-mile drive to the southeast.

Skirting the shores of Keuka Lake, the road, after traversing Hammondsport, the shipping centre of the region, turns northward again below the uplands with their rows of trellised vines. Our guide slowed down for a passing truck, then ran the car up the short incline leading to a long stone building nestling among the trees.

'Well,' he said, 'here we are!'

Above the entrance was a painted wooden sign with the legend: PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO. BONDED WINERY No. 1. Above it a larger sign: U. S. POST OFFICE, RHEIMS, NEW YORK.

We stepped inside. From the Stamps and General Delivery window issued a familiar and penetrating scent, the sweet, heady aroma of newly pressed grapes.

'With the possible exception of the *Poste et Télégraphe* at Beaune, it's the nicest post office I've ever smelled,' my wife observed.

Proceeding through a short passageway, we arrived at the combined office, reception hall, and dining room of the winery, where we were received by the head of the house.

From past experience I have come to realize that when a wine man starts off by talking about his vines rather than of distribution, markets, overhead, and sales resistance, you can be quite sure that everything is going to be lovely. You know that his heart is in the right place, and that he is primarily what every good wine-grower must be, a man of the soil. Moreover, if you are wise you will never refuse an owner's invitation to visit his vines, since there is as much to be learned about wine in the vineyard as in the cellar — sometimes more.

As Mr. Champlin piloted the car up the precipitous narrow road leading to the leafy slopes about the winery, he discoursed on the origin of the business. The original Charles Davenport Champlin was among the first if not *the* first of the Lake Keuka growers of grapes in sizable quantities. Aware of the need of expert guidance, he imported from the province of Burgundy in France a certain Monsieur Jules Masson, who, steeped in the lore of that older Reims, assumed the tending of the vines and blending of the cuvées in strict accordance with the ancient traditions. To-day a grandson Masson remains in consultative relationship with the grandson Champlin.

Wandering among the rows of sun-drenched vines, brushing elbows with the grape-pickers (yes, they do sing as they work), we were irresistibly reminded of a particular section of the golden slopes of Corton above the Clos-du-Roi which overlooks the plains of Burgundy and the road to Nuits-Saint-Georges. One could well understand that successive Massons felt at home here.

But now Mr. Champlin was talking of the present and of the future: prevention of soil erosion, carbonate of ammonia mixtures, new findings of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, new crossing of species. As he talked he would stoop over and detach a bunch of purple Eumelan from its vine, exam-

ining it with a velvet touch, offer you a grape to munch, explain its particular function in the making of a cuvée. Clinton, Ives, Elvira, Dutchess, Catawba, even the lowly Concord, were represented, but he was perhaps proudest of his Delawares. Pale rose in color, with a bloom of ashen mauve, they are by common consent the tops in Eastern white wine grapes.

With the afternoon sun striking flames of color from the upper slopes of maple and oak, we descended the hillside past creaking wagons loaded high with fruit-laden containers. At the winery door preceding carts were unloading. In the pressing room eager hands spread the grapes over the receiving tables, whence in burlap covering they were conveyed to the broad wooden presses.

The details of Champagne making are too familiar to need recital here. Suffice it to say that in this establishment each step of the traditional *méthode Champenoise* is meticulously adhered to. No vacuum tanks or carbonization for the Champlin family. After the first period of fermentation, the various musts are judiciously blended into cuvées. In the following spring the wine is bottled. In each bottle there then takes place the secondary fermentation which produces those pleasing bubbles. As the wine clarifies, the sediment begins to deposit.

The bottles are now stacked in *pupitres*, — or A-racks, as they are called here, — neck downward at the suitable angle. For the next couple of months a talented individual called in France a *remueur* (and in New York State I forget what) passes daily among the A-racks, giving to the base of each bottle a skillful twist designed gradually to work all the sediment down on to the cork. The process of degorging, or extracting the sediment-coated cork, is accomplished by freezing the neck of the bottle. A gentleman with a fine-meshed catcher's mask (every now and then a bottle explodes) pops the cork, which brings away with it

the sediment neatly encased in its globule of ice. The bottle is then brought to capacity by the addition of the dosage, — a small shot of sugar-crystal dissolved in brandy and old wine, — recorked, wired, labeled, and stowed away in the cellar. The whole cycle takes about three years. It's worth it.

III

That evening we dined in the reception hall of the winery. The logs in the Gothic fireplace crackled briskly, intermittently throwing into relief the dark hand-hewn ceiling beams. Among other things Mr. Champlin is famous for his special dishes, and dinner was a memorable affair: an amazing chowder which would put to shame many a bouillabaisse, the thickest and most succulent porterhouse steak I have ever seen, potatoes in a deep dish au gratin and the tenderest of lima beans in cream, a cunningly mixed salad, and New York State cheese, of pungent flavor and a real bite. Of natural still wines there were four, three whites and a red, each one from a specific grape of a single year — a Catawba, a Dutchess, a Delaware, and a red Eumelan.

To anyone accustomed to the comparative suavity of European varieties, these highly personalized and almost belligerently forthright Eastern natives are in their uncompromising individuality something of a surprise. You may like them or you may not. Some people prefer French mustard, others English. But of one thing I am certain: in all instances where these remarkable grapes can be successfully grown and vinified they should be bottled as straight varietal wines and so labeled — grape name, place name, the grower's or bottler's name, and the year. Delaware, Elvira, Iona, Brighton, Dutchess, and the popular Catawba, which owes so much to the original Nicholas Longworth, and vice versa; and with them our native reds, the Norton, Ives, Clinton, Eumelan, and of course the ubiquitous Concord

— these quite literally are the ‘wines of the country.’ While those of California more closely approximate the familiar types of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Côtes-du-Rhone, it is here in the East, where the European grapes were never able to thrive, that are to be found the wholly characteristic products of our own indigenous vines. To tag any one of these with a Gallic euphemism is about as appropriate as attempting to fit a conical stage-Frenchman’s hat to the craggy brow of General Hugh Johnson.

Towards the end of the meal, our host produced a bottle of his best Brut Champagne made from a special cuvée and possessed of considerably more finesse than his well-known Extra Dry which had previously been served as an apéritif. As the embers in the big fireplace glowed a duller red, and the bubbles in the glasses before us worked more slowly, some association of ideas brought sharply back the memory of an evening in the Marne only a few short months ago. As on many previous occasions, my wife and I were guests of Jacques Bollinger, head of the great Champagne house that bears his name. To commemorate an occasion experienced in common during the last war, he had brought from the cellar with his own hands a magnum of his magnificent 1915 vintage. The talk naturally centred on the eternal subject of the vines.

Yes, the conversation was much the same — but with a difference. The windows were tightly shuttered so that no light would show. Two days before, the garden of the house in which we sat had been bombed and a part of the cellars which adjoined it demolished. All the servants, together with half the civilian population of Ay, had departed. Our arrival before dinner had interrupted a curious ceremony. At the small grate in the drawing-room fireplace the master of the house and his wife had been burning their private papers. One letter on creased and yellowed note paper

was held out. Squaring his shoulders, Bollinger put it carefully away in his wallet.

‘It is from my grandfather,’ he said, ‘describing the Germans’ entrance into Ay in 1870. My father went through it again in 1914. For us this will make the third time. A matter of tradition.’

Here too, in the Champagne region of the New World, the sense of tradition runs strong and deep. Like their wines, the roots of these people are in the soil. But their heads are in the air, and in their blood runs the pioneer’s determination to carry on the endless battle with nature, to develop and improve their native species, and in the end to vindicate the observation made by Leif the Lucky a thousand years ago that this land is a land of great viticultural promise.

‘How,’ I asked Mr. Champlin as we were leaving, ‘did your Champagne get its name?’

‘Well,’ he said, ‘it was this way. When my grandfather completed his first cuvée he sent a case to his old friend Marshall Wilder in Boston. It took some time to get there. The railroad in those days reached only as far as Bath, and it didn’t run as regularly as it does now. However, when it arrived Mr. Wilder gave a banquet. The guests liked the wine and asked the name.

“‘It hasn’t got a name,” Mr. Wilder said. “It is a present from my friend Champlin out in Steuben County, New York.”

‘It seems there was a pause, and then an elderly gentleman raised his glass and said, “I suggest that a suitable name for this excellent wine would be Great Western, since, as you tell us, it came all the way from our great western country.”’

‘I guess you people in Massachusetts,’ observed Mr. Champlin, — the present one, — ‘used to think of us as kind of frontiersmen.’

In a sense — the best sense — some of us still do.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WE NEVER THREW ANYTHING AWAY

WHEN I find myself hesitating on the way to the incinerator, wondering if I am doing away with something of use to anyone, I realize that the habit of saving everything, instilled during a New England upbringing, springs not from avarice but from caution.

As a family, we never threw anything away. We were afraid we might be sorry later. Some day, perhaps, such a terrible calamity would descend that we should be grateful for the old golf cape and the raccoon coat, too bare in strange places to be given away. All obviously useful things in good repair were handed on immediately where they would do the most good, but the worst and most useless things we kept, ours forever, because they had belonged to someone we loved or were not good enough for people we did not know. They became increasingly ours as the years went by — the elaborately cut broadcloth and faded sealskin and odd ermine tails and ornamental buckles and fans and hats, which grew funnier all the time although we could never be funny about them, remembering the owners. The longer things were kept, the less we could do with them, except change the creases they were folded in when we made annually sure against moths.

Pure caution was behind the drawer full of odd skates and shoes and gloves. Some day, if we should ever get rid of these things, all the other gloves and shoes and skates would suddenly turn up and leave us just where we were in the first place, only on the other feet and hands. . . . And prudence made us keep all the bits of broken china in a special place in the pantry, all those irreplaceable patterns that would be ours again with the invention of really good glue. Next door to these fragments were preserves put up by my grandmother's own hands, spiced from a receipt her mother had given her. No one would be the first to dispose of these, although we would all have choked rather than eat them. And in the medicine cupboard were the half-full bottles for when you had it again, and the

empty ones to help you remember the prescription or against those awful moments when the doctor asked for a clean, empty bottle, please. . . . We were always prepared for anything with that medicine closet — for the next summer with white shoe polish no one had liked enough to use up, with smelling salts that had been bought in nervous moments somewhere and never touched again. The closet was beautifully arranged with stepped-back shelves so that one saw everything all at once, and it was built in above a set of drawers which held the mateless things and neatly sorted snapshots of people we did not know (but who had apparently meant a lot to others), and empty picture frames and old school notebooks no one could bear to look inside again. There were also several practically untouched gift books against the emergency of a nearly neglected relative who could be presented with *Spanish Missions in Water Color* at a last desperate moment.

There was a conviction that anything which had belonged to anyone in the family was better than something new. We laughed at the people who went out to buy antiques because their forbears had not been sufficiently provident or cautious, but we also felt bound to give loyal houseroom to whatever atrocity might be left unchosen after the breaking up of some family house. We took in stained-glass lamps as if they were lonely animals. We rescued four-posters from chicken houses and desks from woodsheds, and then gave place of honor to a leather rocker on a stand, associated fondly with the person who had been so amazed by the ingenuity of anything at once so substantial and disturbing as to buy it and sit in it for thirty years. We were loyal to everything, even a bronze lion half-killing a snake, a flier into museum art taken by an uncle whose reputation as a connoisseur will be vindicated when a museum takes away the group. In the meantime we try not to look.

When I wanted a fur coat, being away at school, it was felt that I was too young, as my mother had not had her sealskin jacket until she was twenty. But my grandmother had

had a squirrel cape, of much finer skins than could be got today, we all knew; and at great expense that was made into a fur coat for me. It was a lovely coat, and worth so much more, we all felt, because it had been hers. It was the same with linen: my grandmother's was better than my mother's, and both were better than anything I could get anywhere today. . . . And lace — it had to be real, and to have belonged to someone else. . . .

There is something about hair that awakens odd reactions. The fact that a thing, like a fingerbowl or a lampshade, is made of human hair seems to make the same interest juices flow in observers as the mention of a king's mistress. Stray bits of hair are difficult to throw away. Anyone who has seen Byron's little trunk full of hanks and braids and curls, all neatly labeled with the name and place and date, will feel a slight shock and wild surmise forever after when coming upon a long strand in an old trunk. Only the other day I managed to throw away two infinitesimal teeth which I had seemed to consider worthy of a jewel box under lock and key, but I put back a small light curl, knowing that I shall simply come upon it like that all my life and always be unable to throw it away.

Sometimes, of course, the mere keeping of things serves to soften tragedy. I kept a frosted cake and a papier-mâché rabbit when I was nine, and it seemed that not until they entirely disintegrated would the giver be truly dead. This fending off of realization hangs in closets full of clothes, and rests on dressing tables where silver is still polished and arranged, and lies in piles of unsorted letters. It is an indication that those who change their homes every year are happier and freer and braver. . . . The ashman and the junkman and the Salvation Army come and not a trace is left. . . . Or no? Do these people who fit themselves into different shapes and sizes and heights and styles annually carry about with them all those oddments from the little closet under the stairs that is such a comfort to those of us who have dug ourselves in for generations? Pity the people with no stairs, but most of all those who have no dark hole under them. What do they do with the collar of the favorite dog, however long departed, and the things unidentified guests left and may some day come back to claim? . . . And do they forever drag with them their love letters, the

boxful from the one they married and the selected samples from others, kept against a rainy day when one needs heartening, and always forgotten until the next move? How dreadful not to own one's own attic.

There was one thing I thought had cured me of ever saving anything myself, a triumph in keeping for another generation that should have, I hoped, made me throw away everything twice a year. In the stable, where the sleighs and carts and saddles were all in place, stood our pony. He waited from the time our legs grew too long until we came back with our children and set them on his back. Then he died.

I had determined never to keep anything myself. . . . But when I married an Englishman who had had six years of war and wanted to throw away all traces of it, being a considered pacifist, I refused to get rid of the stained khaki, the scarlet mess jacket, the Cossack coat. I kept them in case we ever had boys who would like to dress up. And last year I went up into the attic, with the boys' help, and got out the Sam Browne belt and buttons and badges and knapsack, and sent them off to England to him, remembering his laughter at my inability to throw anything away.

I. L. SMITH

HOMAGE TO MISS SANDERSON

MISS SANDERSON — she must have had a first name, but I never learned what it was — served my native town as librarian for thirty-eight years. She was tall and thin, vaguely Scandinavian, with a great jib-sail of a nose, a stern, reserved sort of mouth, and pale, watery blue eyes behind pince-nez glasses. Winter and summer, heedless of the passing fashion, she wore the same costume — a starched white shirtwaist, paper cuffs, a tweed skirt, serviceable stockings, extremely sensible (and very large) shoes. In later life, I came to the conclusion that she selected her garb from the novels of John Galsworthy. The ensemble was topped off by a long yellow pencil thrust into her long gray hair. Her one adornment was a gold watch attached to her bosom (or where a bosom would have been on a less angular female) by a tiny gold clasp in the shape of a fleur-de-lis. When she spoke, this timepiece formed a sort of counterpoint to her voice; its steady and audible

tick-tock reminded one that life was short, art long.

She was one of those people who seem to exist only in their professional capacity. I never saw her against any other background than the public library. Her private life must have been rather like that of a mediæval nun — austere, yet genteel. Very likely she lived in a small hotel or boardinghouse given over to the care and feeding of unattached middle-aged ladies — a setting composed, for the most part, of rattling teacups, the aroma of yesterday's stew, and the endless filling and emptying of hot-water bags. Occasionally, she must have gone to the city, dining at one of the politely bohemian restaurants, and dallying wickedly, throughout her meal, with a glass of Chianti. On these occasions, she would most likely be accompanied by her nephew. I am certain that she had one. She was the sort of woman who has nephews.

After dinner (and this is all conjecture, mind you), they would attend — 'attend' is the word — the theatre. Her taste in drama was probably pretty catholic, but I have a feeling that she never missed a Gilbert and Sullivan revival, particularly *Pinafore*. These excursions must have been infrequent, because at no time did her salary exceed fifteen hundred dollars a year, a sum barely sufficient to keep one of our local ward heelers in cigars. Out of this she saved enough for at least one trip abroad, the climax of which, I am sure, was a pilgrimage to the Poets' Corner, where she stood, very reverent and very shy, and rather self-consciously paid her silent little tribute to the Glories of Our Sweet English Tongue. She always spoke, and I believe thought, in capital letters.

From ten in the morning until ten in the evening, six days a week, Miss Sanderson labored in the vineyard. The town, a hotbed of boosterism, possessed a city hall sixteen stories high, representing an investment of several million dollars. The library was one story high and represented an investment of perhaps twenty thousand dollars. Everyone was very proud of the city hall, even after the men responsible for letting the contracts for its construction were sent to state's prison. Nobody paid any attention to the library. Nobody, that is, except Miss Sanderson. Her job was so unimportant and arduous and underpaid that no politician ever saw in it a political plum for a deserving in-law. She

was unmolested, except that during the depression she took two ten-per-cent cuts in salary. This was under a reform mayor who was giving the town a business man's administration.

Though not a graduate of any school of librarianship, nor an author of a thesis on *The Proper Method of Case Cataloguing Slavic Non-Fiction*, Miss Sanderson was adequate in the basic duties of her profession. There were books, and she was there to give them out. That would seem to be the general function of a librarian, and she performed it passing well. But it was as an educator that Miss Sanderson excelled. So far as I know, she was the only educator in town. The good ladies of our public-school system only practised education, and practised it badly. The faculties of our schools were composed, for the most part, of post-adolescent females filling out the itching interval between the end of college and the beginning of marriage. The instruction imparted by these unhappy young ladies turned the average boy into an impassioned enemy of *belles-lettres*, a man destined to go through life on a literary diet of Edgar Wallace, and a potential user of 'contact' as a verb. Hapless youths, seeking a counter-irritant to their forced excursions into Shakespeare as interpreted by these sterile maidens, would seek out and devour blood-and-thunder fiction, which the brighter lads would soon discover was to be had in gory plenty at the public library.

It was here, searching innocently through the shelves for a volume of *Tom Swift*, or *The Motor Boys in Mexico*, that a lad would run afoul of Miss Sanderson. Having received a card entitling him to borrow books from the library, the gossoon would collect his quota of thrillers and present them to the librarian to be checked out. It was then that Miss Sanderson went into action. Adept and canny in the arts of salesmanship, she would gently but firmly oppose the boy's choice of literature, until, his resistance broken, he would surrender his original selections to find himself burdened with an armful of works more in line with Miss Sanderson's standards of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Don't think that she was a stupid pedant given to confiscating *Riders of the Purple Sage* and replacing it with the *Complete Works of Robert Browning*. Miss Sanderson was nothing if not subtle. She loved good writing and hated trash, and time did not wither nor cus-

tom stale her infinite variety in promoting the former. If a youthful admirer of *Tarzan* appeared, he was gently shunted into the *Jungle Book*. If a boy asked for *Tom Swift and His Electric Motorcycle*, he was sure to wind up reading *The Time Machine*. From then on, she had things her own way. In no time at all she would have brought the boy through *Kipps*, *The History of Mr. Polly*, and *Tono-Bungay*. After a bit of this, he would be grooming himself for a position of responsibility in the coming world-state, and would begin to view himself as a *competent receiver* for a bankrupt capitalism. A young student of the works of Zane Grey, would, under this relentless missionary, soon have a decided preference for Mark Twain, and one who expressed an interest in *Joe with the United States Navy* was apt to become a minor authority on Conrad, Melville, and Stevenson.

Not all boys were to be cowed into a love of letters. Some diehards insisted on being allowed to borrow *juvenilia*. These Miss Sanderson dealt with in her own way. They would be told that their hands were dirty and they were forbidden to touch any books; if they coughed, they were reprimanded for being noisy, and in every way they were made to feel utterly and completely beyond the pale of civilization. As they reached for a bloodcurdler, their hand was stayed in mid-air by the ominous tick-tock of Miss Sanderson's watch. They felt that unseen and disapproving eyes watched their every move; in short, they were harried relentlessly. After a couple of treatments the luckless wights would surrender to the inevitable, never to return. Nor do I think that they ever entered a library again — any library, anywhere.

The rest — those who survived their literary baptism of fire — found that life with Miss Sanderson was no bed of roses. They were taken through the field of world literature at a stiff gallop. Faltering brought a freezing snub — and Miss Sanderson cool could make an old Grotonian seem downright chummy. You couldn't just pretend to read the books she lent you, because when you returned them she'd question you about your reading. Not the sort of questions school-teachers asked, like 'Compare and contrast Brutus and Anthony,' or 'Describe Cassius' physical appearance,' but sensible questions — big questions.

When I returned the *Forsythe Saga* she asked, 'What's the Matter with England?'

'Well,' I said, 'the rich people. They don't lead any more.'

'Why?'

'They just don't seem to have the stuff. The war and all.'

'They'll have to find New Leaders, then, is that it?'

'But the poor people aren't able to. And the rich don't believe in themselves any more.'

'Well, then. What's going to Happen to an England Without Leadership?'

'Mr. Galsworthy,' I said, 'says England is going to go smash.'

You got an education from Miss Sanderson.

That was the Sanderson technique. She kept it up twelve hours a day, six days a week, for thirty-eight years, and made, as her maximum, fifteen hundred dollars a year. Not long ago I had news of Miss Sanderson. A boy went to her desk with a book, and she was asleep with her head on her arm and her watch ticking away above the silence. This was unusual, especially so because a boy with a book was always a call to arms to Miss Sanderson. He represented a Brand to be Snatched from the Burning. But this time Miss Sanderson ignored the boy and the book. She was dead. A spinsterish *Passionara*, she had spent thirty-eight years on the barricades fighting for Culture against the Philistine Horde. She died, fittingly enough, with her big sensible shoes on.

There has to be a Heaven, if only for people like Miss Sanderson. I hope that when she arrived the Poets' Corner turned out with a big brass band, and all swinging to beat hell.

BEN MARTIN

TALK

'Every man's word shall be his burden.'

— JEREMIAH xxiii. 36

If talk were fire — 'twould burn the town —
If talk were water — all would drown —
Could talk be moulded into bread,
The unemployed would all be fed;
But talk is talk — and so, instead,
There's always plenty in the air,
While feet and cupboard shelves go bare!

ANNA JANE GRANNISS

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST



CHAPTERS VIII-XV

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST

The luminous story of
the Balkans



IN 1933 Nora Waln began to write her personal account of Nazi Germany. *Reaching for the Stars* was the title she gave it, and the narrative when published in the *Atlantic* was a revelation of what the iron yoke had done to the German people. In 1936–1937 Rebecca West, with her husband, set out to discover, if she could, why it was that the Balkans were such a storm centre in a world that yearned for peace. ‘Violence was indeed all I knew of the South Slavs,’ she wrote. ‘And since there proceeds steadily from the southeastern corner of Europe a stream of events which are a danger to me, which indeed for years threatened my safety and deprived me forever of many benefits, that is to say I know nothing of my own destiny. The Balkan Peninsula was only two or three days distant, yet I had never troubled to go that short journey, which might explain to me how I shall die, and why.’

She remembered the assassinations which had left such graphic pictures in her mind — the assassination of Empress Elizabeth, the pathetic wife of Franz Josef; the assassination of Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, and the shooting of the King of Yugoslavia at Marseille. With such tragedies in mind, she embarked on the long trip to Zagreb, the capital of Croatia. The train was crammed with German tourists, all going to Yugoslavia, and as she talked with them Rebecca West began to realize why it was that the Slavs had suffered such unhappiness during the centuries when they were bound to the chariot wheel of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

At Zagreb, she and her husband were met by the three friends who were to be their guides in Yugoslavia — Constantine, the poet, a Serb and a member of the Orthodox Church; Valetta, a lecturer in mathematics at Zagreb University, a Croat, a Slav member of the Roman Catholic Church from Dalmatia; and Marko Gregorovich, the critic and journalist, a Croat from Croatia. They took her and her husband behind the scenes into the tempestuous life of the Balkan Peninsula. Her story, the first chapters of which appeared in the *Atlantic* for January, annihilates distance and touches with its truth and pathos every thoughtful reader. . . .

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON

BY REBECCA WEST

VIII

UNDER red and white umbrellas in the market place of Zagreb the peasants stood sturdy and square on their feet. The women wore two broad aprons, one covering the front part of the body and one the back, overlapping at the sides, and underneath showed very brave red woolen stockings. They gave the sense of the very opposite of what we mean by the word 'peasant' when we use it in a derogatory sense, thinking of women made doltish by repeated pregnancies and a lifetime spent in the service of oafs in villages that swim in mud to the thresholds every winter. This costume was evolved by women who could stride along if they were eight months gone with child, and who would dance in the mud if they felt like it, no matter what any oaf said.

They all spoke some German, so we were able to ask the prices of what they sold; and we could have bought a sackful of fruit and vegetables, all of the finest, for the equivalent of two shillings — a fifth of what it would have fetched in a Western city. This meant desperate, pinching poverty, for the manufactured goods in the shops are marked at nearly Western prices. But they looked gallant, and nobody spoke of poverty, nobody begged. It was a sign we were out of Central Europe, for in a German and Austrian town where the people were twice as well-off as these they would have perpetually complained. But there were signs that we were near Central Europe. There were stalls cov-

ered with fine embroidered handkerchiefs and table linen, which was all of it superbly executed, for Slav women have a captive devil in their flying fingers to work wonders for them. But the design was horrible. It was not like the designs I had seen in other parts of Yugoslavia, in Serbia and Macedonia; it was not even as good as the designs on the dresses of the peasant women who were standing by the stalls, inferior though they were. It was severely naturalistic, and attempted to represent fruit and flowers, and it followed the tradition of Victorian Berlin woolwork. In other words, it showed German influence.

I felt impatient. I was getting no exhilaration out of being here, such as I had hoped for in coming to Yugoslavia. For a rest I went and stood on the steps of the statue in the middle of the square. Looking at the inscription I saw that it was a statue of the Croat patriot, Jellachich. This is one of the strangest statues in the world. It represents Jellachich as leading his troops on horseback and brandishing a sword in the direction of Budapest, in which direction he had indeed led them to victory against the Hungarians in 1848; and this is not a new statue. It stood in the market place, commemorating a Hungarian defeat, in the days when Hungary was master of Croatia, and the explanation does not lie in Hungarian magnanimity. It takes some Croatian history to solve the mystery.

The Croats were originally a Slav

tribe who were invited by the Emperor Heraclius to free the Dalmatian coast and the Croatian hinterland from the Avars, one of the most noxious of the pillaging hordes. They stayed on as vassals of the Empire, and when its power dissolved they declared themselves independent; and they had their own kings who acknowledged the suzerainty of the Pope. Very little is known about them in those days, except that they were not a barbarous people, but had inherited much of the elaborate Byzantine ritual. The last of their kings was crowned about the time of the Norman Conquest. He left no kin, and civil war followed among the Croat nobles. For the sake of peace they recognized as their sovereign Coloman, king of Hungary, who asserted the triple claim of conquest, election, and inheritance; the last was doubtful, but the other two were fair enough. It is a thing to be noted, the age of legalism in these parts. It is our weakness to think that distant people became civilized when we looked at them, that in their yesterdays they were brutish.

It is not comfortable to be an inhabitant of this globe; it never has been, except for brief periods. The Croats have been peculiarly uncomfortable. In 1453 the Turks took Constantinople. In 1468 they were threatening the Dalmatian coast. Thereafter the Croats and the Hungarians were engaged in a perpetual guerrilla warfare to defend their lands. In 1526 the Hungarians fought the Turks in the Battle of Mohacs, without calling on the Croats for aid, out of pride and political cantankerousness among the nobles. They were beaten, and the king killed. Now Croatia was quite alone. It had to fall back on Austria, which was then governed by Ferdinand of Hapsburg, and it offered him the throne on a hereditary basis.

The Germans have always hated the Slavs. More than that, they have always acted hatefully towards them. Now the Croats began to learn this lesson. Croa-

tia was ruined economically, because the Turks were to their northeast, their east, and their southeast; so it was at Austria's mercy. Austria used her power to turn them into the famous Military Confines, where the whole male population between the ages of sixteen and sixty were treated as a standing army to defend the Austrian Empire. They were given certain privileges which were chiefly legal fictions, but for the very reason that they were isolated from the rest of Europe they lingered in the legalistic Middle Ages; they were sunk in wretched poverty. Between Austrian tyranny and Turkish raids, they lived submissively until 1670, when a number of the Croat nobles formed a conspiracy against the Hapsburgs. They were discovered, and beheaded, and their lands were given to Austrian and Italian families, to whom the peasants were simply brute beasts for exploitation.

Meanwhile there developed among the Croats one of the most peculiar passions known in history: a burning, indestructible devotion to the Hapsburgs. Because of the historic union with Hungary, they sent their Ban — which is to say their Governor — to sit in the Hungarian Diet while it sat in exile, and when the Turks were driven out and it could return to Budapest. But they had their independence; they ratified separate treaties, and nobody said them nay. They used this power to put the Hapsburgs firmly on the throne. When Charles VI had no son, he put forward the Pragmatic Sanction, which declared that the House of Hapsburg could inherit through the female line, and gave the succession to his daughter Maria Theresa. If it had been rejected by the highly militarized state of Croatia, other parts of the Empire might have followed suit; but the Croats eagerly accepted. They received a characteristic return. The aristocracy of Hungary were lawless and disobedient, after a hundred and fifty years of demoralization under Turkish rule; Maria Theresa tore up the

constitution to please them, and put Croatia under them as a slave state — not as *regnum socium*, not as a companion state, but as *partes adnexæ*, annexed territory. Since the Croatian nobles had been destroyed, there was now nobody to lead a revolt. The imported aristocracy felt a far greater kinship with the Hungarians of their own class than with the peasants on their lands.

So the eighteenth century went by with the Croats enslaved by Hungary, and their passion for Austria idiotically stable. The increasing incapacity of the Hapsburgs led to the crisis of 1848. Among other follies, Francis I and Metternich had the unhappy idea of closing the Hungarian Diet for fourteen years, an oppressive act which raised Hungarian national feeling to fever point. It oddly happened that inherent in the Hungarians' nationalism were a contempt and loathing for all nationalist sentiments felt by any other people in all conceivable circumstances. This is proved by their extraordinary attitude on the language issue. It infuriated them that they should be forced to speak German and should not be allowed to speak their own language, Magyar; but they were revolted by the idea that any of their neighbors, the Croats, Serbs, or Slovaks, should speak their own language, or indeed anything but Magyar. The famous Hungarian patriot, Lajos Kossuth, showed vehemence on this point that was simply not sane, considering he had not one drop of Hungarian blood in his veins and was purely Slovak. When he took charge of the Nationalist Party he announced it as part of his program to destroy the identity of Croatia. He declared he would suppress the Croatian language by the sword, and introduced an electoral bill which omitted the name of Croatia and described her departments as Hungarian counties.

The Croats showed their love and trust in Austria once more. They sent a

deputation to Vienna to ask the Emperor Ferdinand for divorce from Hungary and direct subordination to the Hapsburgs, and to suggest that a young officer named Jellachich should be appointed Ban of Croatia. The Emperor behaved with the fluttering inefficiency of the German tourists on the train. He was on the eve of a cataclysm in European history. He was surrounded by revolutionary Viennese, by discontented Czechs, by disloyal Hungarians; the only faithful subjects within sight were the Croats. But he hesitated to grant the deputation its requests, and indeed would have refused them had it not been that certain persons in Court circles had taken a liking to Jellachich.

After Jellachich was appointed he spent six months in organizing anti-Hungarian feeling throughout Croatia, and then, in September 1848, he marched across the frontier at the head of fifty thousand Croat soldiers and defeated a Hungarian army that was hurrying to Austria to aid the Viennese revolutionaries against the Hapsburgs. Nobody has ever said that the Hungarians were not magnificent fighters, but this time the Croats were at least as good, and they had the advantage of meeting an adversary under an insane leader. They did not even have to go on holding the Hungarians at bay, for Kossuth was inspired to the supreme idiocy of formally announcing that the Hapsburgs were deposed and he was ruler of Hungary. Up to then the program of the revolutionaries had simply been autonomy within the Austrian Empire. This extension meant that Russia felt bound to intervene. Those who fear Bolshevik Russia because of its interventions in the affairs of other countries, which are so insignificant that they have never been rewarded with success, forget that Tsarist Russia carried foreign intervention to a pitch that has never been equaled by any other power, except the modern Fascist States, and maintained its right to defend the dynastic prin-

ciple wherever it was threatened. Kossuth's proclamation meant that the Tsar immediately poured a hundred and eighty thousand Russians into Hungary. By summertime in 1849, Kossuth was a fugitive in Turkey.

Jellachich and the Croats had saved the Austrian Empire. They got exactly nothing for this service, except the statue which stands in Zagreb market square. The Hapsburgs were still suicidal. They were bent on procuring the dissolution of their Empire, on raping time and begetting on her the Sarajevo assassination. Instead of giving the Croats the autonomy they demanded, they now made them wholly subject to the central government, and freed them from Magyarization to inflict on them the equal brutality of Germanization. And then, ultimately, they practised on them the supreme treachery. When the Dual Monarchy was framed to placate Hungary, the Croats were handed over to the Hungarians as their chattels. I do not know any nastier act than this in history.¹ It has a kind of lowness that is sometimes exhibited in the sexual affairs of very vulgar and shameless people: a man leaves his wife and induces a girl to become his mistress, then is reconciled to his wife and to please her exposes the girl to some public humiliation. But, all the same, Austria did not forget 1848 and Lajos Kossuth. It left the statue there, just as a reminder. So the Croat helots stood and touched their caps to their Hungarian masters in the shadow of the memorial of the Croat General who led them to victory against a Hungarian army. That is the strangest episode of sovereignty I have ever chanced upon in any land.

Well, what did all this story mean to the people in Croatia, the people I was looking at, the people who had been selling me things? I had come to Yugoslavia because I knew that the past has made the present, and I wanted to see how the process works. Let me start now.

¹This was written in 1937. — AUTHOR

It is plain that it means an amount of human pain, arranged in an unbroken continuity appalling to any person cradled in the security of the English or American past. Were I to go down into the market place, armed with the powers of witchcraft, and take a peasant by the shoulders and whisper to him, 'In your lifetime, have you known peace?' — wait for his answer, shake his shoulders and transform him into his father, and ask him the same question, and transform him in his turn to his father, — I should never hear the word 'Yes,' if I carried my questioning back for a thousand years, if by my magic I raised four thousand from the dead. I should always hear, 'No, there was fear; there were our enemies without, our rulers within; there was prison, there was torture, there was violent death.'

And they had no compensation in their history, for that never once formed a historic legend of any splendid magnitude. It was a record of individual heroism that no nation could surpass, but it never shaped itself into an indestructible image of triumph that could be turned to as an escape from present failure. The Croats have always been superb soldiers; but their greatest achievements have been merged in the general triumphs of the armies of the Hapsburgs, who were at pains that they should never be extricated and distinguished, and their courage and endurance were shown most prodigious in engagements with the Turks which were too numerous and too indecisive to be named in history or even preserved with any vividness in local tradition. The only outstanding military victory to their credit was the rout of the Hungarians commemorated by Jellachich's statue, and this might as well have been a defeat.

Again we must go for an analogy to the sexual affairs of individuals. As we grow older and see the ends of stories as well as their beginnings, we realize that to the people who take part in them it is almost of greater importance that they

should be stories, that they should form a recognizable pattern, than that they should be happy or tragic. The men and women who are withered by their fates, who go down to death reluctantly but without noticeable regrets for life, are not those who have lost their mates prematurely or by perfidy, or who have lost battles or fallen from early promise in circumstances of public shame, but those who have been jilted or the victims of impotent lovers, who have never been summoned to command or been given an opportunity for success or failure. Art is not a plaything, but a necessity; and its essence, form, is not a decorative adjustment, but a cup into which life can be poured and lifted to the lips and be tasted. If one's own existence has no form, if its events do not come handily to mind and disclose their significance, we feel about ourselves as if we were reading a bad book. We can all of us judge the truth of this, for hardly any of us manage to avoid some periods when the main theme of our lives is obscured by details, when we involve ourselves with persons who are insufficiently characterized; and it is possibly true not only of individuals, but of nations.

What would England be like if it had not its immense Valhalla of kings and heroes, if it had not its Elizabethan and Victorian ages, its thousands of incidents which come up in the mind, simple as icons and as miraculous in their suggestion that what England has been it can be again, now and forever? What would the United States be like if it had not those reservoirs of triumphant will power, the historical facts of the War of Independence, of the giant American statesmen, and of the pioneering progress into the West, which every American citizen has at his mental command and into which he can plunge for revivification at any minute? To have a difficult history makes, perhaps, a people who are bound to be difficult in any conditions. 'But perhaps,' said my husband, 'it does not matter very much.'

IX

But it matters. He saw, before we went to bed that night, that what happens to these people matters a great deal. As we stood on the steps of the statue there came towards us a Constantine, treading delicately among the pigeons that cover all the pavement in the market square where there are no stalls. He brought his brows together in censure of two of these pigeons which, in spite of the whirling traffic all around them, had felt the necessity to love. '*Ah, les Croates!*' he murmured, shaking his head; and as we laughed he went on, 'And I can see that you two also are thinking of committing a misdemeanor of taste. Not so gross, but still a misdemeanor. You are thinking of going up to look at the Old Town, and that is quite wrong. Up there are villas and palaces, which must not be seen in the morning. In the evening, when the dusk is sentimental, we shall go and peer through the gateways and you will see colonnades and pediments more remote than those of Rome, because they are built in the neoclassical style that was the mode in Vienna a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago; and you will see our little Slav contribution, for in the walled garden before the house we shall see iron chairs and tables with nobody sitting at them, and you will recognize at a glance that the person who is not sitting there is straight out of Turgenev. You cannot look at Austria as it was the day before yesterday, at us Slavs as we were yesterday, by broad daylight. It is like the pigeons. But come to the Cathedral, which is so beautiful that you may see it now or any other time.'

So we went up the steep street into the Cathedral Square, and looked for a time at the Archbishop's palace, with its squat round towers under their candle-extinguisher tops, and then went through the Cathedral's nineteenth-century false front into the dark and stony plant forms of the Gothic interior. It has

been cut about as by a country dress-maker, but it has kept the meditative integrity of darkness considering light, the mathematical aspiration for something above mathematics which had been the core of its original design, and at that moment it housed the same intense faith that had built it. This was Easter Eve; the great cross had been taken down from the altar and lay propped up before the step, the livid and wounded Christ wincing in the light of the candles set at His feet. It was guarded by two soldiers in the olive uniform of the Yugoslavian army, who leaned on their rifles as if this were a dead king of earth lying in state. As I looked at them, admiring the unity enjoyed by a State which fights and believes it has a moral right to fight, and would give up either fighting or religion if it felt the two inconsistent, I saw that they were moved by a deep emotion. Their lips were drawn outward from their clenched teeth; they were green as if they were seasick.

'Are they tired? Do they have to guard the cross for a long time?' I asked cautiously. 'No,' Constantine answered, 'not for more than an hour or two. Then others come.' 'Then they are really looking like that,' I pressed, 'because it is a great thing for them to guard the dead Christ?' 'Certainly,' he replied. 'The Croats are such Catholics as you never did see, not in France, not in Italy; and I think you ask that question because you do not understand the Slavs. If we did not feel intensely about guarding the dead Christ, we should not put our soldiers to do it, and indeed they would not do it if we put them there — they would go away and do something else. The custom would have died if it had not meant a great deal to us.' For a long time we watched the wincing Christ and the two boys with bowed heads, who swayed very slightly backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, like candle flames in a room where the air is nearly still. I had not been wrong. In Yugoslavia there was an

intensity of feeling that was not only of immense and exhilarating force, but had an honorable object, proceeding from realist passion, from whole belief.

At eight that evening we went to a restaurant beside the Cathedral to dine with a great editor leader of the Croat party (which is fighting for autonomy under a federal system) and his wife. Valetta was there, but Constantine was not. The editor, though he himself is a Serb by birth, would not have sat down at the same table with an official of the Yugoslavian Government. And Gregorievich was not there, not only for that reason, but because he would not have sat down at the same table with the editor, whom he regarded as evil incarnate. He had come in for a glass of brandy, and on hearing where we were to spend the evening he had sunk into greenish gloom, because of the sins of the world. Yet this editor also would have died for the Slav cause, and had indeed undergone imprisonment for its sake before the war. He is still facing grave danger, for he ran his movement from the point of view of an English pre-war Liberal, who abhorred all violence, and he not only attacked the Yugoslavian Government for the repressive methods it used against Croatia but also attacked those Croats who used violence against the Government and who accepted Hungarian and Italian support for terrorism. Like Bishop Strossmayer, he risks losing his only friends. He is a great gentleman, an intellectual, and a moralist, and has carved himself, working against the grain of the wood, into a man of action.

As we talked of the political situation, there ran to our table a beautiful young Russian woman, who could be with us only half an hour because she was supervising a play of hers about Pushkin which had been put on at the National Theatre a few nights before and was a failure. She brought the news that this amazing Easter had now produced a

blizzard. On her golden hair and perfect skin and lithe body, in its black dress, snowflakes were melting, her blood running the better for it; and failure was melting on her like a snowflake also, leaving her glowing. 'They are hard on my play!' she cried, choked with the ecstatic laughter of Russian women. '*Ce n'est pas bien, ce n'est pas mal, c'est médiocre!*' The editor, smiling at her beauty and her comet quality, tried to upbraid her for her play. The drama, he said, was a great mystery, one of the most difficult forms of art. All men of genius have tried their hand at a play at some time, and he had read most of them. These people, I realized, could make such universal statements. Both the editor and his wife knew, and knew well, — in addition to their native Serbo-Croat, — English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Latin, and Greek.

Nearly all these dramas, the editor continued, were bad. The drama demanded concentration on themes which by their very nature tempted to expansion, and only people with a special gift for craftsmanship could handle this problem. And one enormously increased this difficulty if, as she had done, one chose as one's theme a great man, for what could be more obstinately diffused than the soul of a great man? Often, indeed, the soul of a great man refused to be reduced to the terms necessary even for bare comprehension! And especially was this true of Pushkin. Which of us can understand Pushkin? At that the editor and the editor's wife and Valetta and the Russian all began to talk at once, their faces coming close together in a bright square about the middle of the table. The talk had been in French, it swung to Serbo-Croat, it ended in Russian. My husband and I sat tantalized to fury.

There was nothing more indicative of the high level of culture among these people than their capacity to discuss the work of one amongst them with complete detachment. But before the Russian

went she made a last defense. For a short time she had found herself united in experience with Pushkin, and even if that union covered only a small part of Pushkin it was worth setting down, it might give a clue to the whole of him. Looking past her at her beauty, in the odd way that men do, the editor said, though only to tease her, 'Experience, indeed! Are you sure you have enough experience? Do you think you have lived enough to write?' She answered with an air of evasion suggesting that she suspected she might some day have a secret but was too innocent to know what it might be, though she was actually a married woman at the end of her twenties if not in her early thirties: 'I will not argue that, because the connection between art and life is not as simple as that!' But then her face crinkled into laughter again: 'Sometimes the connection between art and life is very close! Think of it, there is a woman in the crowd in this last scene whose cries always give a lead to the others and have indeed given the end of the play much of its effect, they are always so sad. The audience cannot hear the words the actors in the crowd are using; they only catch the accent of the whole sentence. And as this woman had caught the very accent of anxious grief, I listened to what she had to say. And she was crying: "O God! O God! Let Pushkin die before the last bus leaves for my suburb!"' She turned from us laughing.

X

'This is a very delightful place,' said my husband the next morning. It was Easter Sunday, and the waiter had brought in on the breakfast tray dyed Easter eggs as a present from the management, and we were realizing that the day before had been wholly pleasant.

'Of course, Austria did a lot for the place,' said an Englishman, a City friend of my husband, who was staying in the hotel and had come to have break-

fast. 'I suppose so,' said my husband, and then caught himself up.

'No, what am I saying? It cannot be so, for this is not in the remotest degree like Austria.'

There came into the room Constantine and Gregorievich, who was still a little cold to us because of the company we had kept on the previous night. 'What has Austria done for you?' asked my husband. 'Nothing,' said Constantine; 'it has not the means. What can a country without history do for a people with a glorious history like the Serbs?'

'I was talking of Croatia,' said my husband.

Gregorievich said anxiously, as if he had been detecting himself looking in the mirror, 'The answer stands.'

'But the Austrians have their history,' objected my husband.

'No,' said Gregorievich, 'we are its history. We Slavs in general, and we Croats in particular. The Hapsburgs won their victories with Czechs, with Poles, and above all with Croats. Without us the Austrians would have no history, and if we had not stood between them and the Turks, Vienna would now be a Moslem city.'

The Englishman laughed, as if a tall story that knew its own height had been told. Gregorievich looked at him as if he had blasphemed. 'Is it a little thing that only yesterday it was decided that Europe should not be Islamized?' he asked.

'What does he mean?' asked the Englishman.

'That the Turks besieged Vienna in 1683 and were turned back,' said my husband, 'and that if they had not been it is possible that they would have swept across the whole of Europe.'

'Is that true?' asked the Englishman.

'Yes,' said my husband.

'But it's not yesterday,' said the Englishman.

'To these people it is,' said my husband, 'and I think they are right. It's uncomfortably recent. The blow would

have smashed the whole of our Western culture, and we shouldn't forget that such things happen.'

'But ask them,' said the Englishman, 'if Austria did not do a lot for them in the way of sanitary services.'

Gregorievich looked greenly into the depths of the mirror as if wondering how he showed not signs of gayety but signs of life under the contamination of these unfastidious English. 'Your friend, who showed no emotion at the thought of the spires of Vienna being replaced by minarets, doubtless would expect us to forgive the Austrians for building oubliettes for our heroes so long as they built us chalets for our necessities. Are you sure,' he said, speaking through his teeth, 'that you really wish to go to hear Mass at the village of Shestine? It is perhaps not the kind of expedition that the English find entertaining.'

We drove through a landscape I have often seen in Chinese pictures; wooded hills under snow looked like hedgehogs drenched in icing sugar. On a hill stood a little church, full to the doors, bright inside as a garden, glowing with scarlet and gold and blue and the unique rough warm white of homespun, shaking with song. On the women's heads were red handkerchiefs printed with yellow leaves and peacocks' feathers, and their jackets were solidly embroidered with flowers, and under their white skirts were thick red or white woolen stockings. Their men were just as splendid in sheepskin leather jackets with appliqué designs in dyed leathers, linen shirts with fronts embroidered in cross-stitch and fastened with buttons of Maria Theresa dollars or lumps of turquoise matrix, and homespun trousers gathered into elaborate boots.

The splendor of these dresses was more impressive because it was not summer. The brocade of a Rajah's costume or the silks of an Ascot crowd are within the confines of prudence, because the Rajah is going to have a golden umbrella held over him and the Ascot crowd are not

far from shelter, but these costumes were made for the winter in a land of unmetaled roads, where snow lay till it melted and mud might be knee-deep, and they showed a gorgeous lavishness, for hours and days and even years had been spent on the stuffs and skins and embroideries which were thus put at the mercy of the bad weather. There was lavishness also in the singing that poured out of these magnificently clad bodies, which indeed transformed the very service. Western church music is almost commonly infantile, a petitioning for remedy against sickness or misfortune, combined with a masochist enjoyment in the malady; but this singing spoke of health and fullness.

The men stood on the right of the church and the women on the left. This is the custom also in the Orthodox Church, and it is reasonable enough. At a ceremony which sets out to be the most intense of all contacts with reality, men and women, who see totally different aspects of reality, might as well stand apart. It is inappropriate for them to be mixed as in the unit of the family, where men and women attempt with such notorious difficulty to share their views of reality for social purposes. From this divided congregation came a flood of song which asked for absolutely nothing, which did not ape childhood, which did not pretend that sour is sweet and pain wholesome, but which simply adored. If there be a God who is fount of all goodness, this is the tribute that should logically be paid to Him; if there be only goodness, it is still a logical tribute. And again the worship, like their costume, was made astonishing by their circumstance. These people, who had neither wealth nor security, nor ever had had them, stood before the Creator and thought not what they might ask for but what they might give. To be among them was like seeing an orchard laden with apples or a field of ripe wheat endowed with a human will and using it in accordance with its own richness.

This was not simply due to these people's faith. There are people who hold precisely the same faith whose worship produces an effect of poverty. When Heine said that Amiens Cathedral could only have been built in the past, because the men of that day had convictions, whereas we moderns have only opinions and something more than opinions are needed for building a cathedral, he put into circulation a half-truth which has done a great deal of harm. It matters supremely what kind of men hold these convictions. This service was impressive because the congregation was composed of people with a unique sort of healthy intensity.

XI

Gregorievich had arranged to take us on Easter Monday into the country, with Constantine and Valetta and some young Croat doctors. It is a sign of the bitterness felt by the Croats against the Serbs that because we were in the company of Constantine and Gregorievich, who were representatives of the Yugoslavian idea, very few Croats would meet us; and Valetta, who came to see us because of an existing friendship with us, was slightly embarrassed by the situation, though he concealed it. These Croat doctors were ready to come with us because it was our intention to visit first a castle belonging to a great Hungarian family who still used it as a residence for a part of the year, and then go on to another castle owned by the same family, which was used as a sanatorium for tuberculosis by a Health Insurance Society. This gave them a professional excuse. But it snowed all through the night of Easter Sunday, and we woke to an Arctic morning, so we telephoned to ask Valetta and these doctors to come all the same, though the expedition would obviously have to be canceled. They came and proved to be delightful young men, graduates of Zagreb University, with hopes of postgraduate work in Vienna and Berlin and Paris, and we

were having a pleasant conversation over our coffee and boiled eggs when the door opened and Gregorievich came in, and we saw that we had done wrong.

It is of the highest importance that the reader should understand Gregorievich. If it were not for a small number of Gregorieviches, the Eastern half of Europe (and perhaps the other half as well) would have been Islamized, the tradition of liberty would have died forever under the Hapsburgs, the Romanovs, and the Ottoman Empire, and Bolshevism would have become anarchy and not a system which may yet be turned to many uses. His kind has profoundly affected history, and always for the better. Reproachfully his present manifestation said to us, 'Are you not ready yet?'

We stared up at him, and my husband asked, 'But is not the weather far too bad?'

He answered, 'The sun is not shining, but the countryside will be there all the same, will it not? And the snow is not too deep.'

'Are you sure?' my husband asked doubtfully.

'I am quite sure,' answered Gregorievich. 'I have rung up a friend of mine, a General who has specialized in mechanical transport, and have told him the make of our automobiles, and he is of the opinion that we shall be able to visit both castles.'

There, as often before and after, Gregorievich proved that the essential quality of Slavs is not, as might be thought, imagination. He is characteristically, and in an endearing way, a Slav, but he has no imagination at all. So now he conceived of an expedition to the country as being undertaken for the purpose of observing the physical and political geography of the district, and this could obviously be pursued in any climatic conditions save those involving actual physical discomfort. Nevertheless the Slav quality of passion was there, to disconcert the English or

American witness, for it existed in a degree which is found among Westerners only in highly imaginative people. As he stood over us, grey and grooved and severe, he palpitated with the violence of his thought: 'These people will go away without seeing the Croatian countryside, and some day they may fail Croatia for the lack of that knowledge.' His love of Croatia was of volcanic ardor; and its fire was not affected by his knowledge that most of the other people who loved Croatia were quite prepared, because he favored union with the Serbs, to kill him without mercy in any time of crisis.

We rose, abashed, and filed out to the automobiles; and indeed at first the weather was not too bad. We went out of the town in a light drizzle, passing a number of women who were hurrying to market. They wore red kerchiefs on their heads, red shawls and white skirts, and carried red umbrellas in one hand, while with the other they pulled their skirts high over their red woolen stockings, so high that some showed their very clean white drawers of coarse linen edged with elaborate *broderie anglaise*. There was a Breughel-like humor about their movements; their faces showed that there was nothing brutish about them. This was very marked among the old women. Slavs grow old more beautifully than the people of other races, for with the years their flesh clings closer to the bone instead of sagging away from it. This ribbon of laughing peasants ran beside us, in an unbroken comic strip, right out into the country, where they exercised their humor with extreme good temper, for the automobiles raised fans of liquid mud on each side of them and everyone we met had to jump some distance into deep snow to keep her clothes dry and clean. But they all made a joke of it. In one village, where the plaster houses were all painted a deep violet which was given great depth and vibrancy by the snow and the grey sky, a lovely young girl laughingly put her

umbrella in front of her and mocked us and herself with clownish gestures that were exquisitely graceful and yet very funny.

Then we saw nobody. The snow began to fall thickly. People at the door of a cottage smiled, waved, shivered theatrically, and banged the door. We passed through a broad valley paved with the dark glass of floods. In the driving snow a birchwood looked like a company of dancing naked nymphs; the hills were hidden, and there was nothing but the mist. Sometimes it parted and we saw a gross-towered, butter-colored *Schloss*. Our companions told us what Austrian or Hungarian family had lived there, and what it was now: a textile factory, a canning plant, a convalescent home.

It grew colder. We stopped in a little town and went into the hotel and warmed ourselves with plum brandy, which is the standard odd-time drink in Yugoslavia. The landlord spoke to us proudly of the place, telling us they had a beautiful memorial to some Croat patriots in the market place, and that not far away they had found the skeleton of a prehistoric man. We said we knew how that had happened. The poor man had been taken for a nice drive in the country by Gregorievich. This delighted Gregorievich; it was pathetic to see how pleased he was because the young Croats could lay aside their hatred of Yugoslavia and joke with him for a little. He was very happy indeed when, because he had pretended to be aggrieved, we drank another round of plum brandies in his honor. Then we started out again, into hillier country, where the snow was still deeper. At the top of a hill our automobile stuck in a snowdrift. Peasants ran out of a cottage near by, shouting with laughter because machinery had made a fool of itself, and dug out the automobile with incredible rapidity. They were doubtless anxious to get back and tell a horse about it.

Now the snow was so thick on the

wooded hills that the tree trunks were mere lines and the branches were finer than any lines drawn by a human hand. No detail was visible in the houses of the villages at the base of the hills. They were blocks of soft black shadow edged with the pure white fur of the snow on the roofs. Above the hills there was a line of mist that drew a dull white smudge between this pure black-and-white world and the dark grey sky. There was no color anywhere save certain notes of pale bright gold, made by three things. So late was this snowfall that the willows were well on in bud; their branches were too frail to carry any weight of snow, save in the crook of the branches, and the buds were too small to be discernible, so each tree was a golden-green phantom against the white earth. There were also certain birds flying over the fields, bouncing in the air as if they were thrown by invisible giants at play; their breasts were pale gold. And where the snow had been thickest on the banks of the road it had fallen away in a thick crust, showing primroses. They were the same color as the birds' breasts. Sometimes the road ran over a stream, and we looked down on the willows at its edge. From this aspect, the snow that their green-gold branches supported looked like a white body prostrate in woe, an angel that had leaped down in suicide from the ramparts of the sky.

We passed through a village, still as midnight at midday, and stone-blind, every door and window closed. 'Think of it,' said Valetta, 'in all those cottages there are sitting nothing but dukes and duchesses, barons and baronesses.' The peasants here had received an Emperor handsomely when, through the stupidity of his nobles, he had found himself tired and wounded and alone after a day's hunting, and he ennobled the whole village by patents of perfect validity.

And a little farther on was our journey's end. We got out of the automobile and found ourselves at a lodge gateway

with what were recognizably 'grounds' behind it, the kind of grounds that were made in England during the nineteenth century after the Georgian and Regency schools of landscape garden, shrubby and expensive and futile; these sloped to the base of an extremely steep sugar-loaf hill which had something like Balliol on the top of it. As we gaped, a mist swooped on us and all was suddenly veiled by the whirling confetti of a gentle snowstorm. Not unnaturally, nobody was about.

'What can have happened to them all?' asked Gregorievich. He went and pounded on the door of the porter's lodge, and when an astonished face appeared at the upper windows he demanded, 'And where is Nikolai? Why is Nikolai not here to meet us?'

'He is up at the castle,' said the porter; 'he did not think you would be coming.'

'Thought we were not coming!' exclaimed Gregorievich. 'What made him think we were not coming?' It had distressed him very much to find that Valetta and the Croats and my husband and I seemed unable to grasp the common-sense point of view that if one wanted to see a castle one went and saw it, no matter what the weather was, since the castle would certainly be there in spite of the weather; but he had excused it because we were by way of being intellectuals and therefore might be expected to be a little fanciful. Here, however, were quite simple people who were talking the same sort of nonsense. He said testily, 'Well, we will go up and find him for ourselves.'

We climbed the sugar-loaf hill by whimsically contrived paths and stone steps, among fir trees that were striped black and white like zebras because of the branches and the layer of white snow that lay on each of them, while the porter, who was now invisible to us through the snow, cried up to the castle, 'Nikolai! Nikolai! They have come!' I was warm, because I was wearing a

squirrel coat, but all the men were shaking with cold, and we were all up to our knees in snow. At last we came to a walk running round some ramparts, and Nikolai, who was a very handsome young peasant with golden hair and blue eyes framed by long lashes, dropped the broom with which he had been trying to clear a path for us and ran towards Gregorievich, crying, 'How brave you are to make such a journey in this weather!' 'Lord above us,' said Gregorievich, 'what does everybody mean?'

We passed through a mediæval portal into a mediæval courtyard with a well that had been there, probably, ever since there was a castle — which was for about six hundred years — and passed into the nineteenth century. There were ramparts and great halls and galleries and staircases built in the baronial style which owed so much more to literary than to architectural inspiration; and they were covered from floor to ceiling with hunting trophies. It recalled the story of the old Hungarian count who was heard to mutter as he lay dying, 'And then the Lord will say, "Count, what have you done with your life?" and I shall have to say, "Lord, I have shot a great many animals." Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It doesn't seem enough.' Nobody but the fool despises hunting, but as a sole offering to the Lord it was not enough, and it might be doubted if this was the right kind of hunting. These trophies spoke of nineteenth-century sport, which was artificial, a matter of reared beasts procured for the guns by peasants, and so essentially sedentary that the characteristic sportsman of the age, commemorated in photographs, had a beard and a paunch. The whole castle made it seem likely that its inhabitants of the generation that had set its mark on the place had not hunted or indeed done anything else really well.

It was not that they were of poor stock. They had the courage to be Illyrian patriots; and they had other graces too. There were portraits of them which

showed people with good strong bones and fully human faces. The loveliest showed a red-haired girl, daughter of another famous Hungarian family, who had come here as a bride in the seventeenth century, slender and witty and proud. A descendant of hers, a hundred and fifty years later, painted by a disciple of Winterhalter, showed the same resilient health of mind and body. But something had happened to these people which had deprived their external lives of meaning, had made them cumberers of the earth. That was their connection with the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Their taste had been, at first, excellent. Testimony to that existed, because by the mercy of God every fool has always known that old china and books are precious; they had some very pretty majolica and Moustiers china, and a number of eighteenth-century books, notably a very pleasing edition of Voltaire. But the rooms, which were themselves often of fine proportions, for parts of the castle had been left as they were within a baronial shell, were cluttered up with the most hideous furniture of the sort that was popular in the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the second half of the nineteenth century, walloping stuff bigger than any calculations of use could have suggested, big in accordance with a vulgar idea that bigness is splendid, and afflicted with carving that made even the noble and austere substances of wood ignoble as fluff. It would have been interesting to know where the later inhabitants had put the old furniture that must have been displaced by these horrors.

A malady had fallen on these people, which could be detected in the paintings. Their old family portraits were beautiful. As everybody who has visited the Budapest Museum knows, the Hungarian portrait painters of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were artists of great accomplishment and coherent vision, who saw how great lords and ladies and their robes and jewels fall

into a pattern. But having the honor of employing these artists did nothing for the education of these people. For a time they seemed to have learned something, for they had some delicious bizarre pictures of the late eighteenth century, depicting savages as lovely as fireflies, in islands as lovely as branches of flowering shrubs seen at night by a ray of light from an unshuttered window. But thereafter the deterioration had been profound. They bought flushed nudes which would have set a cannibal's mouth watering, and immense and static historical pictures which made it seem as if the wretched human animal had suffered only that there should be *tableaux vivants* at an eternal charity performance.

And one of the family had indulged in the greedy indelicacy of amateur art. She had been a woman of enormous energy; a fashionable portrait painter had represented her, full of the uproarious shire-horse vitality common to the women admired by Edward VII, standing in a pink satin ball dress and lustily smelling a large bouquet of fat roses in a massive crystal vase, apparently about to draw the flowers actually out of the water by her powerful inhalations. This enormous energy had covered yards of the castle walls with pictures of Italian peasant girls holding tambourines, lemon branches, or amphoræ, which exactly represented what is meant by the French word *niaiserie*. They proved that bad art is in fact an evil thing, that it is morally perverse. For they showed a complete indifference as to what an Italian peasant girl was really like; and it could not be doubted that if the painter had had to deal with such a girl on the human plane she must have failed in charity towards the girl, from sheer ignorance of what her needs and appetites would be.

These active and silly pictures, the clumsy furniture, and the lines of rubbishy and justly forgotten books in French and German and English which had been added to the library during

the last hundred years, made this castle seem poor with a real poverty that was only mocked by the many evidences of material wealth. In the same room with these Italian girls was a portrait of a male member of the family, a Hungarian general gorgeous in a white and gold uniform, physically superb, and solemnized and uplifted by the belief that he had mastered a ritual that served the double purpose of establishing his personal superiority and preserving the civilization as he knew it. By contrast to the world outside, with its vast tracts of snow and its cold that burned like heat, this place seemed minuscule and drab, and man's obligation to separate himself from nature presented itself as an enforced retreat into tameness and insignificance.

I left my companions and turned back to another bedroom which had an enchanting view of a little lake that lay, now a sheet of snow, among wooded knolls of an artificial grace at the foot of the sugar-loaf hill. I found Gregorovich sitting on the windowsill, with his back to the view, looking about him at the hideous pictures and furniture with a dreamy and absorbed expression. 'It would be very pleasant to live this way,' he said, without envy, but with considerable appetite. This was the first time I had ever heard him say anything indicating that he had ever conceived living any life other than his own, which had been dedicated to pain and danger and austerity; and I could be sure that it was not the money of the people who lived in the castle, not the great fires that warmed them or the ample meals they ate — it was their refinement that he envied, their access to culture. I had never thought before what mischief a people can suffer from domination by their enemies. This man had lived his whole life to free Croatia from Hungarian rule; he had been seduced into exalting Hungarian values above Croatian values by what was an essential part of his rebellion. He had had to tell himself and

other people over and over again that the Hungarians were taking the best of everything and leaving the worst to the Croats, which was indeed true so far as material matters were concerned. But the human mind, if it is framing a life of action, cannot draw fine distinctions. He had ended by believing that the Hungarians had had the best of everything in all respects.

XII

On the way to the sanatorium the party was more silent. The young men were hungry, we had all of us wet feet, the sky threatened more snow, and the houses were now few and widely scattered. We could understand enough to realize that it was worrying them a little that if the automobiles broke down we should have a long distance to walk before we found shelter. Nobody, however, seemed to blame Gregorovich. It was felt that he was following his star. But after an hour and a half we arrived at the sanatorium, which was a fine baroque castle set on a hill, abandoned by the Hungarian family that owned the other castle because the lands all round it had been taken away and given to peasant tenants under the very vigorous Agrarian Reform Scheme which the Yugoslavian Government put into effect after the war.

As we came to the gates a horde of people rushed out to meet us, and since my husband, who finds one of his greatest pleasures in inattention, had never grasped that this castle had been converted into a sanatorium, he believed them to be the family retainers, and wondered that such state could be kept up nowadays. But they were only the patients. They rushed out, men and women and children, all mixed together, some wearing ordinary Western clothes and some in peasant costume; some of the men wore the Moslem fez, for the Health Insurance Society which manages the sanatorium draws its members

from all over Yugoslavia. They looked strangely unlike hospital patients. There was not the assumption of innocence which is noticeable in all but the wilder inmates of an English institution, the tramps and the eccentrics; not the pretense that they like starched sheets as a boundary to life, that the authority of doctors and nurses is easy to accept and reasonable in action, that they are as Sunday-school children mindful of their teachers. These people stood there dark, inquisitive, critical — our adults.

This was, of course, partly due to their mixed origin. Many of them came from parts of Yugoslavia where there was still no trace of a class system, where there were only peasants. They had, therefore, not the same sense that in going into a hospital a worker places himself in the hands of his superiors and must please them by seeming undangerous. But also, as it appeared when we went into the doctors' room, the theory of illness was not the same as in a Western European hospital. We found that the superintendent — who was a Serb, though long resident in Croatia, and pro-Croat in politics — and his three Croat assistants all had an oddly unmedical air to English eyes. I do not mean that they looked unbusinesslike; on the contrary, each of them had a sturdy air of competence and even power. But there was in their minds no vista of shiny hospital corridors leading to Harley Street and the peerage, with blameless tailoring and courtesy to patients and the handling of committees as subsidiary obligations, such as appears before most English doctors. There was no sense that medical genius must frustrate its own essential quality, which is a fierce concentration on the truth about physical problems, by cultivating a self-restraint and a conventional blankness which are incompatible with any ardent pursuit.

Had I been visiting a sanatorium in England, cold and with wet feet, I should have had to go to the matron's room, and time would have been wasted.

Here we shook hands, hurried to the radiators, sat down on them, took off our shoes, and pressed our stocking soles against the warm iron, while the doctors talked around us. Did we know that tuberculosis was the scourge of the Southern Slavs? It had to be so, because the country was being rapidly industrialized. Peasants came to the towns blankly ignorant of hygiene, drawn by wages that looked high on paper and were in fact far too low to buy proper housing or clothing; and there was still so little hospital treatment that a tuberculosis case was as likely as not to remain untreated and spread infection. And this was not because they were Balkans. They said that with a sudden leap of fire to their eyes, which could be understood by anyone who has heard Germans or Austrians use the adjective *Balkan*, with a hawking excess of gross contempt. We English, they said, had had just as much tuberculosis at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

At the door a lovely nun had been telling them for some time that a meal was ready for us, but they would not listen, not till Constantine asked them if it was as painful to die of tuberculosis as it was to die of starvation. Then we were taken to the doctors' mess, which was curiously adorned with a vast poster of a nude woman who sat half obesely in the shade, half slenderly in the sunlight: it was an advertisement for a German preparation of hormones for middle-aged women. There was humor in the choice; the poster was wrapped in mists from the heavy weather of nudism. We were given a great deal of plum brandy and then a platter of cold meat such as I never expect to eat in my life again. There was sucking pig so delicate that it could be spread on bread like butter, and there was veal as remarkable, in an austerer way, and ham and sausage and tongue, cheese and butter and capers, all superb in their class. All the food was raised on the lands round the sanatorium and prepared by the nuns who staffed it.

'The patients eat such food,' said the superintendent, with pride. 'Everything costs so little, we might as well have it. But I am sorry, we expected you at twelve and it is now two; the rest of the dinner will not be ready for some time, so we will take you round the sanatorium.' My husband and I laughed politely, believing him to be joking, and thanked him for the meal. 'No, that was only the hors d'œuvres,' said the doctor. We could not dispute it, for he had spoken in the tone of one accompanying to the opera a barbarian guest who prepares to leave at the end of the overture.

The place was clean, fanatically clean, clean like a battleship. There at least was something that an English hospital authority would have had to approve; perhaps, however, the only thing it could. The patients within doors were shocking to Western theories, as they had been when they had met us out of doors on our arrival. They were evidently preoccupied with the imaginative realization of their sickness, and no one was attempting to interfere with them in their pleasure. This was a visiting day; and in what had been the grand drawing-room of the ladies of the castle, a large apartment adorned with sugary Italianate late nineteenth-century murals representing the islands of the blest, women sat holding their handkerchiefs to their lips with the plangent pathos of *La Dame aux Camélias*, and men assumed the sunrise mixed with sunset glamour of the young Keats, while their families made no attempt to distract them from these theatrical impersonations but watched with sympathy, as audiences should.

The patients who had no visitors were resting; and when we went into the wards they were lying on their beds, the quilts drawn over their mouths, the open windows showing a firmament unsteadily yet regularly cleft by the changing stripes of snowfall. Shivering, they stared at us, their eyes enormous over the edges of their quilts, enjoying at

its most dramatic the sense of the difference between our health and their disease; and indeed, in the dark beam of their hypnotic and hypnotized gaze, the strangeness of their plight became newly apparent, the paradox of the necessity which obliged them to accept as a savior the cold which their bodies believed to be an enemy, and to reject as death the warmth which was the known temperature of life. The doctors beside us appeared to take for granted this atmosphere of poetic intensity, and made none of the bouncing gestures, none of the hollow invocations to optimism which in England are perpetually inflicted on any of the sick who show consciousness of their state.

The tolerance of these doctors, indeed, was wide. As we passed along a corridor overlooking the courtyard, there trembled, in one of the deep recesses the windows made in the thickness of the wall, a shadow that was almost certainly two shadows, fused by a strong preference. 'Yes,' said the superintendent, 'they sometimes fall in love, and it is a very good thing. It sometimes makes all the difference; they get a new appetite for living, and then they do so well.' That was the answer to all our Western scruples. The patients were doing so well. Allowed to cast themselves for great tragic rôles, they were experiencing the exhilaration felt by great tragic actors.

The doctors themselves had chosen good enough rôles. They were enjoying the sense of power which comes to the scientist when he applies his knowledge to a primitive people. They talked of the peasants as of beautiful and vigorous animals that have to be coaxed and trapped and bludgeoned into submitting to the treatment which will keep alive the flame in their bodies without which they will have neither beauty nor vigor. So, of course, do any colonial administrators; but these doctors cared for loveliness with the uncorrupted eye of an unmechanized race, and though they

were divided from the patients by the gulf that divides a university graduate from a peasant, that gulf was bridged by the consciousness that they all were Slavs and that their forbears had all been peasants together. Each of these doctors was a magician who was working his spells to save his father and his mother.

It is this same situation, I imagine, that is responsible for the peculiar enthusiasm shown by officials engaged in the social services in Soviet Russia, which is often regarded as a specific effect of a Communist régime but which could certainly be matched all over the Balkans, in all the Baltic provinces that were formerly under the Tsardom, and Turkey. These Yugoslavs were intoxicated with their X-ray department and their operating theatre, where they had a pretty record of successful collapses of the lung, and with their plumbing. 'We have to teach them everything — everything, you understand!' said the superintendent, leading us into the men's lavatory as into a workshop where something really interesting was made. He explained how each closet was used only by the inmates of certain beds, so that offenses against cleanliness could be checked, and how they were all taught again and again that excrement which was merely useful manure in the country was a source of deadly danger in town.

I perceived that America's interest in plumbing might not be a sign of artificiality and standardization, but of its recent emergence from a pioneer state. To those who have been brought up in a mechanized civilization, the disposal of excrement seems no problem at all, simply because it is so grave that it has had to be efficiently solved. But to people who have just moved from country into town it must be a nightmare which they dispel with the force that yesterday they spent on cutting down trees and damming rivers, and gain thereby, owing to certain identifications our idiot mind makes too easily, a sense

of victory over sin. We saw in this Serb's bright eyes this obscure form of romanticism at the moment of its flowering.

'We teach them, and we feed them!' he cried, hurrying us down the corridors, down a staircase of stone so old it was black as iron, and through a door of wood so old that it shone like glass, to a vast kitchen, obscure in its great vaulted roof, glowing near the fires which were roaring like the night wind in a forest. At long tables half as thick as tree trunks, pretty nuns in white robes put the last touches to that state of order which women make twice a day after meals and live only to unmake. The prettiest one of all we found in a store-room half the size of my flat in London, standing by a table covered with the little sweet biscuits made of nuts and meringue and fine pastry which are loved in every Slav country. We caught her eating one. She swallowed it in a gulp, and faced out the men's roar of laughter in the most serene confusion imaginable, smiling with some tiny crumbs caught in the fair down on her upper lip.

It was then that somebody remembered that our dinner was ready for us: our real dinner. Very soon we were back in the officers' mess, drinking a great deal of white wine and eating pancakes stuffed with chopped steak and mushrooms and chickens' livers. 'This is the best dish I have ever eaten in my life,' said my husband, and I could have said the same. Then they brought spring chicken served with a border of rice on a bed of young vegetables, which we could admire only as dramatic critics can admire plays; we knew it was good, but we had eaten too much to enjoy it.

That, at least, was our opinion, but the superintendent urged us on. 'There is no such food as we have here!' he said. 'You must eat a lot. Look, we all do! You must!' We looked round at our companions, and saw that they were sitting in front of plates heaped beyond

the demands of any normal appetite. Even Constantine, who is as a rule priggish in his abstinence, was behind a mountain. Valetta said in my ear, 'You really must eat, you know. They will think you dislike their food if you do not. It is our custom to give our guests too much to eat, as a kind of boastfulness, and of course out of good will, and the guests show how strong they are by eating it. We are really a very primitive people, I am afraid.'

I believed him, for I saw there was more on Gregorievich's plate than on anybody else's, and I knew that no grossness of appetite would have persuaded him to overeat unless the act of overeating had been sanctioned by Croatian custom. My husband and I took a second helping of chicken, and once we had accepted the idea that we must throw overboard our Western belief that what one ate should be decided by physiological requirements, we found that the pleasure of taste survived longer than would be expected. 'And mind you,' cried the superintendent, 'this is the same food that we give to the patients. They have just the same as this. It is so cheap we need not skimp it. And that it is fresh and well-cooked costs us nothing extra.' We were by then eating a compote of quinces, cherries, and peaches, with the little biscuits like the one we had found the nun eating. 'We send the patients home,' said another of the doctors, waving his glass at me, 'five and ten and fifteen kilos heavier.'

'We send the patients home five, ten, and fifteen kilos heavier.' That phrase had struck on my ears like a bell, because it referred to the belief which was at the bottom of the Slav way of living, which made all Yugoslav events and institutions so completely different from their Western counterparts. These people held that the way to make life better is to add good things to it, whereas in the West we hold that the way to make life better is to take bad things away from it.

It was that contrast which had made every minute of this visit to the sanatorium interesting.

With us, a satisfactory hospital patient is one who, for the time being at least, has been castrated of all adult attributes. With us, an acceptable doctor is one with all asperities characteristic of gifted men rubbed down, by conformity with social standards, to a shining, cornerless blandness. With us, a suitable hospital diet is food from which everything toxic and irritant has been removed, the eunuchized pulp of steamed fish and stewed prunes. Here a patient could be adult, primitive, dusky, defensive; if he chose to foster a poetic fantasy or personal passion to tide him over his crisis, so much the better. It was the tuberculosis germ that the doctor wanted to alter, not the patient. And that doctor himself might be just like another man, provided he possessed also a fierce intention to cure. And to him the best hospital diet would be that which brought the most juices to the mouth; and there was not the obvious flaw in the argument that one might think, for the chicken and the compote were the standard dishes of any nursing home, but these were good to eat. One of the doctors raised his glass to me; I raised my glass to him, enjoying communion with this rich world that added instead of subtracting.

The worshipers at Shestine had come before the altar with a habit of addition, which made them pour out the gift of their adoration on the godhead, which made them add to themselves by imaginative realization the divine qualities which they were contemplating in order to adore. The effect had been of enormous, reassuring natural wealth; and that was what I had found in Yugoslavia on my first visit. I had come on stores of wealth as impressive as the diamonds of Golconda or the gold of Klondike, which took every form except actual material wealth. Now the superintendent was proposing the health of my husband and

myself, and when he said, 'We are doing our best here, but we are a poor country,' it seemed to me he was being as funny as rich people who talk to their poor relatives about the large amount they have to pay in income tax.

'But since they have this Slav abundance here and at Shestine,' I wondered, 'why have I had so little enjoyment of it since I arrived?' But my attention was caught by a crack that had suddenly begun to fissure the occasion. The superintendent had been telling my husband and me what pleasure he had in welcoming us to Croatia, when Gregorievich leaned across the table and corrected him. 'To Yugoslavia,' he said in the accents of a tutor anxious to recall his pupil to truth and accuracy. There fell a silence. 'To Yugoslavia,' he repeated. After another silence the superintendent said, 'Yes, I will say that I welcome them to Yugoslavia. Who am I, being a Serb, to refuse this favor to a Croat?'

They all laughed kindly at Gregorievich after that; but there had sounded for an instant the authentic wail of poverty, in its dire extreme, that is caused by a certain kind of politics. Such politics we know very well in Ireland. They grow on a basis of past injustice. A proud people acquire a habit of resistance to foreign oppression, and by the time they have driven out their oppressors they have forgotten that agreement is a pleasure and that a society which has attained tranquillity will be able to pursue many delightful ends. There they continue to wrangle, finding abundant material in the odds and ends of injustices that are left over from the period of tyranny and need to be tidied up in one way or another. Such politics are a leak in the community.

XIII

We had spent the morning going round the sights of the town with a Croat lady and Constantine, and over the soup we

told Valetta how much we had liked her; and Constantine exploded: 'I did not like her. She is not a true Slav. Did you hear what she told you when you were at the Health Coöperative Society Clinic? She said that all such things were very well looked after in the Austrian times. Yes, and she said it regretfully.'

'Well, it was so,' said Valetta.

'Yes, it was so,' said Constantine, 'but we must not regret it. No true Slav would regret it. That is, no true human being would say it, for if a true human being is a Slav, he knows that to be a Slav is what is important, for that is the shape which God has given him, and he should keep it. The Austrians sometimes pampered you, and sometimes the Hungarians, so that each should play you off against the others. Benefits you get so are filth, and they spoil your shape as a Slav. It is better to have nearly nothing at all, and be a freeman with your brother Slavs.'

He paused, but Valetta was silent and went on eating. 'Do you not think it is better?' Constantine asked. Valetta nodded slightly. 'Well, if you do not feel that strongly, you can feel nothing at all!' said Constantine, a little louder. 'Oh, yes, I feel it strongly,' said Valetta, quite softly; and then, more softly still, 'It would be much better for us to be freemen with our brother Slavs.'

For a moment Constantine was satisfied and went on eating. Then he threw down his knife and fork. 'What is that you are saying? It *would* be better . . . you mean it is not so?' 'I mean it is not quite so,' said Valetta. 'How is it not so?' asked Constantine, lowering his head like a bull. Valetta shrugged his shoulders. Constantine collapsed quite suddenly, and asked pathetically, 'But are we not brothers, we Croats and Serbs?'

'Yes,' said Valetta. He was speaking softly, not — as a stranger might have thought — out of guile, but out of intense feeling. He was quite white. 'But in Yugoslavia,' he said painfully,

'it is not so. Or, rather, it is as if the Serbs were the elder brother and we Croats the younger brother, under some law as the English, which gives the elder everything and the younger nothing.'

'Oh, I know what you think!' groaned Constantine. 'You think that all your money goes to Belgrade, and you get hardly anything of it back, and we flood your country with Serb officials, and keep Croats out of all positions of real power. I know it all!'

'You may know it all,' said Valetta, 'but so do we; and it is not a thing we can be expected to overlook.'

'I do not ask you to overlook it,' said Constantine, beginning to roar like a bull; 'I ask you to look at it. You did not have the spending of your money before, when you were under Hungary. All your money was sent to Budapest, to landlords or to tax collectors, and you got some railways, yes, and some hospitals, yes, and some roads, yes, but not costing one half of your money, and you got also Germanization and Magyarization — you got the violation of your soul. But now you are a part of Yugoslavia, you are a part of the kingdom of the South Slavs, which exists to let you keep your soul; and to guard that kingdom we must have an army and a navy to keep Hungary and Italy in their places, and we must drain marshes and build schools and make military roads, and it is all for you as well as for us, but you will not see it!'

'Yes, I see it,' said Valetta, 'but if you want to found a strong and civilized Yugoslavia you should have brought the Serb schools up to the Croat level, instead of bringing the Croat schools down to the Serb level.'

'But now you show you see nothing at all,' wailed Constantine. 'It is a question of money! It is more important that one should have good schools everywhere than that one part of the country should have very good schools. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. What good is it to you in Croatia that

your boys and girls can read Hindustani and paint like Raphael if the young men in Macedonia bang-bang indiscriminately all night because they do not know anything else to do?'

'We might feel more confidence that our money went to build schools in Macedonia if it did not go through Belgrade,' said Valetta. 'You must forgive us for fearing that a great deal of it sticks in Belgrade.'

'Of course it sticks in Belgrade!' said Constantine, his voice going high, though it is low by nature. 'We must make a capital. We must make a capital for your sake, because you are a South Slav!'

'If it were only ministries and hotels that were being built in Belgrade, we Croats might approve,' said Valetta, 'but we understand that there are many private houses which are being built for people who have been connected with politics.'

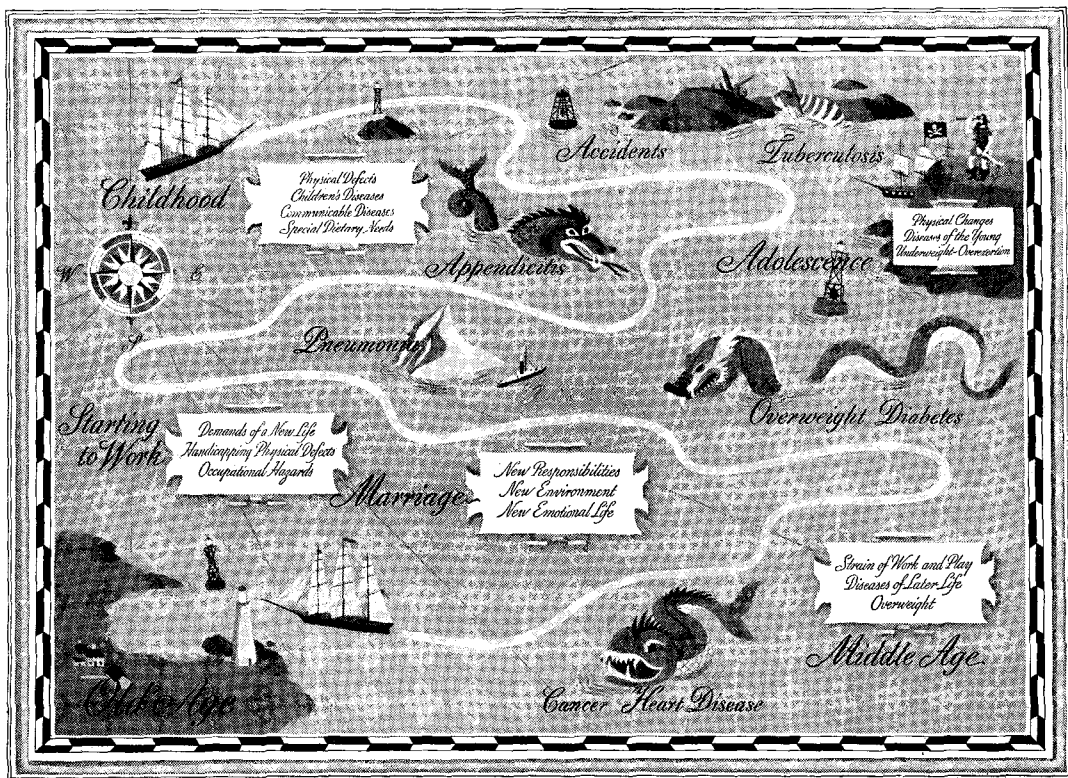
'It is not true — I swear it is not true,' cried Constantine.

'Are you telling me,' asked Valetta, 'that all Serb politicians and officials are honest?'

Constantine rocked in his seat. 'I am all for honesty,' he said, giving the *h* its guttural sound; 'I am a very honest man.' And that is true: during his life he has had the unquestioned administration of much money, and never has one penny stuck to his fingers. 'And I admit,' he continued heavily, 'that in our Serbia there are sometimes people who are not honest. But what could we do? There are not enough people in our country to take on the administration, so many of us were killed in the war. Ninety per cent,' he wailed, 'ninety per cent of our university students were killed in the war.' That, too, I learned afterwards, is true.

'Then why do you not draw on us Croats for officials?' asked Valetta. 'There are many Croats whom nobody in the world would dare to call untrustworthy.'

'But how can we let you Croats be



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officials?' spluttered Constantine. 'You are not loyal!'

'And how,' asked Valetta, white to the lips, 'can we be expected to be loyal if you always treat us like this?'

'But I am telling you,' grieved Constantine, 'how can we treat you differently till you are loyal?'

It is an absolute deadlock; and the statement of it filled the heart with desolation. Constantine pushed away his plate and said, 'Valetta, I will tell you what is the matter with you. Here in Croatia you are lawyers as well as soldiers. You have been good lawyers, and you have been lawyers all the time. For eight hundred years you have had your *procès* against Hungary. You have quibbled over phrases, you have wrangled about the power of your Ban, you have sawed arguments about *regna socia* and *partes adnexæ*, you have chattered like jackdaws over your rights under the Dual Monarchy, you have covered acres of paper discussing the Hungaro-Croatian compromise. And so it is that you are now more lawyers than soldiers, for it is not since the eighteenth century that you have fought the Turks, and you fought against the Magyars only a little time. But now that we are making Yugoslavia we must feel not like lawyers but like soldiers; we must feel in a large way about the simple matter of saving our lives. You must cast away all your little rights and say that we have a big right, the right of the Slavs to be together, and we must sacrifice all our rights to protect that great right.'

XIV

When Valetta had left us Constantine said, 'I do not know why you trouble yourself with that young man. He is not of importance; he is quite simply a Croat, a typical Croat.' After a silence we came to the square in front of the cathedral, and he burst out again: 'They do appalling things and they make us do appalling things, these Croats. When

God works through the Croats he works terribly. I will tell you what once happened in the war. There was a hill in Serbia that we were fighting for all night with the Austrian troops. Sometimes we had it, and sometimes they had it, and at the end we wholly had it, and when they charged us we cried to them to surrender, and through the night they answered, "The soldiers of the Emperor do not surrender," and it was in our own tongue they spoke. So we knew they were our brothers the Croats, and because they were our brothers we knew that they meant it, and so they came against us and we had to kill them, and in the morning they all lay dead, and they were all our brothers.'

We went up the hill and looked at the archaic statues on the porch of St. Martin's Church, which is a battered old spiritual keep, rebuilt and rebuilt again and again since the thirteenth century. 'Zagreb is the heart of Croatia,' said Constantine, 'and this old square is the heart of Zagreb. I think that only once did it fall, and then to the Tartars, to whom all fell. But now they have renamed it the square of Stefan Raditch, after the great leader of the Croat peasant party, who was shot in the Belgrade Parliament in 1928. Here in Croatia they say we Serbs did it, they say our King Alexander plotted it,' said Constantine, his voice rising to a wail, 'but it is not so. He was shot by a mad Montenegrin deputy whom he had accused of corruption. The Montenegrins are a Homeric people; they do not understand modern life; they think that if a man attacks your honor you kill him, and it is well. But the Croats do not know that, for they will never travel; they have no idea of going any farther than Dalmatia. And why would King Alexander want to kill Raditch? He knew very well that if Raditch were killed the Croats would go mad and would make with the Italians and the Hungarians to kill him also. And so they did. And that is a thing to

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remember, when the King is blamed for suspending the Constitution. Always King Alexander knew he would be killed. It is proof of the lack of magnetism of all you English Liberals that you forget that a man's policy is a little different when he knows he is going to be killed.'

Down in the town we sat and drank chocolate in a café, till Constantine said, 'Come, you must go. You must not keep Valetta waiting.' Since he was staying in the same hotel as we were, and he looked tired, I said, 'Come back with us.' But he would not. 'I will come later,' he said, and I am sure he was afraid of meeting Valetta in the lounge and having to admit that Valetta wanted to see us but not him. The Serb, though he seems tough and insensitive, is sometimes childishly hurt by Croat coldness.

When we got to our hotel we found Valetta waiting for us, and we took him up to our room and drank plum brandy, pleased to see him again though we had seen him so recently. He stood by the window, pulled the curtains apart, and grimaced at the snow that fell aslant between us and the electric standards. 'What a terrible Easter we have given you!' he laughed, and raised his glass to his lips, smiling on us with the radiance that is usually the gift of traitors, but means nothing in him but kindness and good faith. He went on to apologize for the violence with which he had spoken at lunchtime. 'I could not help it,' he said. 'I know that Constantine is a wonderful man, but he is all for Belgrade, and you will understand how we are bound to feel about that. I am so afraid that, as you are just passing through the country, you will not see what we Croats have to suffer. Of course everything is better since 1931, when the King gave us back some sort of Constitution; and since the King died it has improved still further. But it is still terrible.' And he added sadly, 'Our Clerical Party is very violent.'

The Croat Clerical Party has always worked with a motive power of anti-

Serb hatred, which naturally created its material. The Serbs retorted with as bad as they got, and the Orthodox Church showed no example of tolerance to the Roman Catholics. The greatest of nineteenth-century Slav patriots of the pacific sort, Bishop Strossmayer, once announced his intention of visiting Serbia, and the Serbian Government had to make the shameful confession that it could not guarantee his personal safety. But the greatest stimulus to anti-Serb feeling has lain outside Croatia, in the Roman Catholic Church itself. During the last sixty years or so the Vatican has become more and more Ultramontane, more and more predominantly Italian in personnel; and since the war it has become more and more terrified of Communism. Can the Roman Catholic Church really be expected to like Yugoslavia? To like a state in which Croats, who used to be safely amalgamated with Catholic Austrians and Hungarians, are outnumbered by Orthodox Serbs, who are suspected of having no real feelings of enmity towards Bolshevik Russia?

An important indication of the pro-Italian and anti-Slav attitude of the Roman Catholic Church is her callousness towards the unhappy Slovenes who were incorporated in Italy under the Peace Treaty. These six hundred thousand people are one of the worst-treated minorities in Europe. 'Have bugs a nationality when they infest a dwelling? That is the historical and moral position of the Slovenes living within our borders,' once said the *Popolo d'Italia*. The 1929 Concordat which Pope Pius XI signed with Mussolini did not adequately protect the religious rights of the Slav minority, and the Slovenes no longer enjoy the right, which they prized highly, of using the Slovene liturgy in the Churches. The Slav so loves his language that this was a gesture of hostility to the Slav soul.

It is, therefore, not sensible to trust the Roman Catholic Croat to like and understand the Orthodox Serb, or even



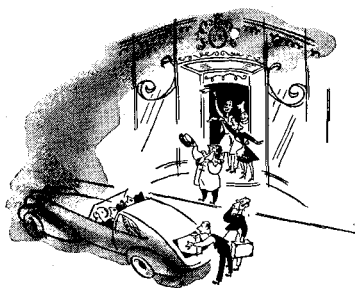
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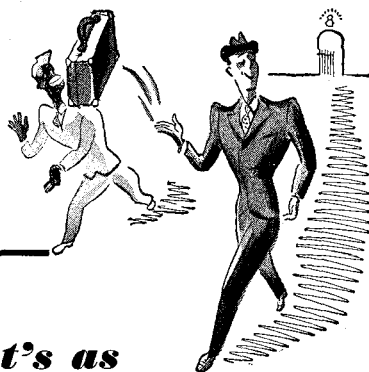
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to discourage the artificial hatred that has been worked up between them in the past. 'Do you not think, Valetta,' said my husband, 'that the Belgrade Government knows this, and therefore bargains with the Church, giving it assistance in its anti-Communist campaign on condition that it keeps the anti-Serb and Croatian Separatist movements within bounds?'

Valetta hesitated. 'It may be so,' he said, his long fingers fiddling with the fringe of a cushion.

'And there is another thing,' said my husband. 'There is the present Concordat.' He paused. In 1937 all the Serbian parts of Yugoslavia were up in arms because the Government had signed a Concordat with Pope Pius which gave the Roman Catholic Church immense advantages over the Orthodox Church: in any town where the Roman Catholics were in an absolute majority over the Serbs all the schools, without exception, were to be Roman Catholic; the child of a Roman Catholic mother and Orthodox father was to be brought up as a Roman Catholic even if the mother were received into the husband's church; it was to be far easier for Roman Catholic soldiers to practise their religion than for the Orthodox soldiers, and so on. The terms were so grossly favorable to the Roman Catholics that the Government made it very difficult for the Serb public or for foreigners to obtain the text of the Concordat.

'Yes,' sighed Valetta, 'this wretched Concordat. We none of us want it here, in Croatia, you know.'

'Is it not the tragedy of your situation here,' suggested my husband, 'that you Croats are for the first time discovering that your religion and your race run counter to one another, and you are able to evade that discovery by putting the blame on the constitution of Yugoslavia? The Croats, like all Slavs, are a democratic and speculative people. You lived for long under the Hapsburgs, whom you could blame for every inter-

ference with individual liberty. Since the great pro-Croat Strossmayer was a bishop, you could even think of the Roman Catholic Church as the arch-opponent of the Hapsburgs, and therefore the protector of liberty. Now the Hapsburgs are swept away you should see the Roman Catholic Church as it is: not at all democratic, not at all in favor of speculative thought; far more alarmed by the vaguest threat of social revolution than by any actual oppression, provided it is of monarchical or totalitarian origin, and wholly unsympathetic with any need for free expression but its own. You should proceed to the difficult task of deciding whether you can reconcile yourself to this bias of the Church for the sake of the spiritual benefits it confers upon you. But you are postponing this task by letting the Church throw the blame for all its suppressions of free speech and free press on Belgrade.'

'It is possible that you are right,' said Valetta. 'Nothing has any form here. Movements that seem obvious to me when I am in Paris or London become completely inconceivable when I am here in Zagreb. Here nothing matters except the Croat-Serb situation. And that, I own, never seems to get any further.'

'But this is something very serious,' said my husband, 'for a movement might rush down on you here, say from Germany, and sweep away the Croat-Serb situation and every other opportunity for debate.'

'You are perfectly right,' said Valetta. 'I know it; I know it very well. But I do not think anything can be done.'

XV

They had got out of bed at an incredibly untimely hour to say good-bye to us at the railway station, the good Gregorievich and Valetta. They stood side by side on the platform, these two enemies, the early morning rain dripping on their turned-up coat collars. Valetta laughed

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and wriggled as the drops of water trickled down his neck, but Gregorievich merely bowed beneath the torrents. 'Nothing is as it used to be,' he said stoically; 'even the seasons are changed.'

Politics, always politics. In the middle of the night, when there was a rap on our bedroom door, it was politics. 'It may be a telegram,' said my husband, springing up and fumbling for the light. But it was Constantine.

'I am afraid I am late, I am very late. I have been talking in the cafés with these Croats about the political situation of Yugoslavia; someone must tell them, for they are quite impossible. But I must tell you that I shall be leaving tomorrow for Belgrade, very early, earlier than you will go to Sushak, for they have telephoned to me and say that I must go back; they need me, for there is no one who works so well as I. I would have left you a note to tell you that, but there was something I must explain to you. I have spoken not such good things of Raditch who was killed and of Matchek who is alive, — you had better put on your dressing gown for I will be some time explaining this to you, — but I want to make you understand that, though they are not at all clever men and cannot understand that there must be a Yugoslavia, they are honest. They would neither of them take money from the Italians and Hungarians. They and their followers would spit on such men as go to be trained in terrorism at the camps in Italy and Hungary. These were quite other men, let me tell you. . . .'

But for dear Valetta it is not all politics. He is a man of letters, he is a poet. What he could give the world, if there

only could be peace in Croatia! But how is there to be peace in Croatia? Easily enough, if the Serbs of Yugoslavia could nerve themselves to grant Federalism on the Swiss model. That would change the twilit character of Croatian history. It would give the Croats a sense of having at last won a success; it would give their national life a proper form. But supposing Croatia got her independence, and the peasants found they were still poor, surely there would be a movement towards some form of social revolution; and surely then the bourgeoisie and the conservatives among the peasants would try to hand their country over to Hungary or Italy for the sake of stability. Surely, too, the Roman Catholic Church would be pleased enough if Croatia left its union with Orthodox Yugoslavia and became part of Italy. And if that happened there would be no more peace in Croatia, for either Gregorievich or Valetta. They are both true Slavs, and they would neither of them be able to tolerate Italian domination, first because it was foreign, and secondly because it was Fascist.

Suddenly they looked to me strange and innocent, like King Alexander of Yugoslavia in the first part of the film, as he was in the boat and on the quay at Marseille.

I pulled down the window so that I could see them better, my two dear friends who were each other's enemies, who might yet be united to each other, far more closely than they could ever be to me, by a common heroic fate. I found myself obliged to pray to God that my friends should continue to be enemies, and as I prayed I canceled my faith, because I was incensed by the disgusting intricacy of life.

(To be continued)

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